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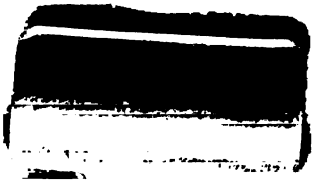

BROWN MEN AND WOMEN

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BROWN MEN AND WOMEN.

CHAPTER I.

THOUGHTS IN SOUTHERN LATITUDES.

> "But while I plan and plan, my hair
> Is grey before I know it."

THE South Sea Islands! To us New Zealanders, when we were young in the "Sixties," what a charm they were of mystery, barratry, piracy, kidnapping; of tales of innocent, gentle southern natives torn from their paradises and sold into slavery by English-speaking devils; of more northern fierce cannibals, Fijians, New Hebrideans, and Solomon Islanders, down whose throats disappeared, in most satisfactory retribution, some of our compatriots!

Most English boys would have to look up the dictionary if suddenly confronted with, and asked the meaning of, "barratry," but to us in "West Coast goldfield" days it was almost a household word. Handy schooners, filled at Dunedin with everything useful for an alluvial gold rush, were quite as handy for a South Sea island. At the new goldfield township of Hokitika, on the almost unknown, at any rate unexplored, west coast of the Middle Island of New Zealand, consignees waited long in vain. Then the brig *Sarah*, or the clipper-built, topsail schooner *Rover*, was given up as lost with all hands. Insurances were paid. The sailors' widows wept, and married again. The captain and crew died to New Zealand, and rose happily in the heaven of Tonga, Vavau, or Samoa. The *Rover* was painted afresh, out of ship's stores, or, may be, out of cargo. Her name was altered, a new set of papers forged, her cargo exchanged for pearl-shell and cocoanut-oil. Native men and women, bought at auction or from the chiefs at Nukualofa, or Leuka, or more economically deported, at first hand, from some lonely island, were "traded away"—a euphemistic form of speech, meaning that they

were sold into slavery, or worse, parted with one by one to the cannibal for his gruesome feasts. After these exploits the successful captain and crew had only to go modestly for a year or two into retreat among "The Thousand Isles,"[1] and the very names of their vessels became forgotten by New Zealand and Australia in the excitement of new gold fevers and land settlement. Soon would these ship and slave stealers, or that percentage of them which managed to elude the cannibals, boldly retire with a competency into honourable private life in England, or settle as leading citizens in Fiji or Honolulu.

The greatest of all these gentlemen was the late lamented "Bully Hayes." Imperfect sketches of him appear in *A Modern Buccaneer* and in *Through Atolls and Islands in the Great South Sea*, and in several other books; but they hardly touch the tragedies of this career. Those who knew most held their peace. The fact is, many of the island traders were either in complicity, or at least sympathised, with his plunderings, and would not tell against him while he was alive. After he was gone their tongues wagged. Then was the time to learn the whole truth about him. Our best modern writer of adventure, the late Robert Louis Stevenson, in his South Sea Island novel, *The Wrecker*, mentions Hayes casually, and evidently without the most distant conception, that in the life and adventures of this pirate, kidnapper, murderer, and ship-stealer was material for a book of adventure second to none that ever was written. By rare combination of circumstances the author of *Kidnapped* and *Treasure Island* was specially endowed with the necessary genius, fitted out with the necessary intellectual skill, and sent to live in the very spot where, in the circle of a few days' sailing, could have been collected all the materials for the true story of Hayes. From the lower standpoint of romantic fiction, even a novel on the subject would have been a much greater than either of those books on which his reputation is founded.

Had they chanced to come together what collaborateurs in such a work would have been Stevenson and the author of the brilliant stories in *By Reef and Palm*, "Lui Becke," who knew the Pacific as few men alive or dead have ever known it! Becke cruised with the pirate for a time in some ordinary trading expeditions, and must have heard in his wanderings more than he chose to tell to *his* collaborateur. That Hayes, though not so piously and picturesquely bloodthirsty as his forerunner, the Buccaneer of New

[1] *The Paumotu Group*, consisting of seventy-eight atolls or clusters of islets on coral reefs. *Paumotu* signifies "Cloud of islands."

A CANNIBAL FEAST IN FIJI, 1869.

The meat, the fire, and the cooks.

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York under King George, was one of the most remarkable of the pirate chiefs of this century—an able leader and persuader of men—is undoubted. Now the hour and the man have passed, and that rich mine of adventure, crime, and tragedy of a modern Satan in a southern paradise, can never be worked to fullest advantage.

I remember Hayes in New Zealand in the "Sixties." My experience of him was slight. It was not profitable; no one's ever was. I mention it to show that nothing came amiss to him. He enjoyed stealing a few pounds as much as seizing a merchant ship and making crew and passengers walk the plank. It must have been, as nearly as I can recollect, about the year 1864 that he dropped into Hokitika River with the brig *Rona*. He was a stout, bald, pleasant-looking man, of good manners; chivalrous, with a certain, or rather uncertain, code of honour of his own; loyal to anyone who did him a good turn; gentle to animals, fond of all kinds of pets, especially of birds. Of these he had a number, and he treated them with tender care. He was never without some caressed favourites, and sauntered about Hokitika wharf, followed in the most affectionate manner by three little white poodle dogs.

I have heard him likened to *Count Fosco*, and really think, in some respects, both for physical and mental "copy," he might have sat to a Wilkie Collins for just such a villain. He was decidedly the *Captain Starlight* of the sea. The *Rona* was fitted up with, for those times, a most luxurious cabin ("saloon," it would be called nowadays), where his two white wives sat, each with a child in her arms.

Jack Castles, of South Sea Island fame—he knew Hayes only too well in later days—was in Hokitika at the time. That is over thirty years ago. I came across old Jack, very much alive, the other day at Nukualofa. He has settled down, quietly, as harbour-master to the Tongan Government, and is to marry a grand-niece of the old king's nephew, so I must take no liberty with reminiscences of *him*.

Hayes knew well, when he ventured into the Hokitika River, that he was "wanted" in the more civilised parts of New Zealand, but he felt perfectly safe, for there were no telegraphs in those days; and Westland, shut off by a high range of mountains, had communication with Christchurch on the eastern side by coach only once a week. The *Rona* had a lot of South Sea Island curios on board. An auction sale was arranged and was a great success. Gold diggers are proverbially open-handed. Having only the small town of Hokitika to go to for a spree, these West Coast men thirsted for even the most trifling change of excitement.

Hokitika, the rainiest, yet the balmiest and most delightful climate in New Zealand, just as Wellington, the capital town, is the healthiest and yet the most boisterously uncomfortable, was, and still is, situate at the mouth of one of a number of short rivers proceeding from the backbone of mountains which tower aloft, a few miles from the coast. The washed-down *débris* formed a flat, covered at that time with forest, and rich in alluvial gold. Alternately snow-and-rain-fed, the river was subject to sudden freshets, which frequently altered its channel. The ocean, beating on a sandy low shore, formed a bar, and forced the river to run, tortuously out, for about a mile along the beach. There were no tug-boats and no harbour improvements in those days. The crossing of the bar was a very dangerous operation, and afforded the sole spectacular excitement to the inhabitants of the little township.

One calm Sunday morning, at high water, was a gay sight not easily forgotten. Seven sailing vessels, laden with food, liquor, clothing, diggers' tools, building materials, and everything hard to do without and long waited for, had lain for a week in the roadstead, their heavy sides appearing and disappearing in the long, rolling swell. A smooth, broad, black sand beach, as far as eye could see north and south, received the great roaring waves of the Pacific Ocean, tumbling in from the unbroken waste of waters that extended westward for four thousand miles. A balmy air, a sky without a cloud, on that fine Sunday morning! The joyful news had spread that the bar had changed for the better; the whole town gathered on the beach—at least three thousand—well-dressed, laughing, talking, strolling men, women, and children, waiting for the tide to rise. Just before high water up went the black ball to the harbour mast-head as a sign that the bar was safe. Immediately bustle was evident on board the vessels, which, after being twice blown out to sea, were also eagerly waiting for that welcome signal.

With sails set, the whole seven headed, one after another, for the bar, while the lookers-on held their breath; for there was no insurance in those days. They were not only lookers-on, they were players in the game, each with a big stake on the blue waters for a gambling board. On came the first vessel, a little light-draught schooner, bravely scudding over the bar, and then through the tortuous channel, nearly broadside on to the crowd; while surf to starboard on the bar, surf to port on the beach, tossed its spray with threatening, warning roar, over the skeletons of former wrecks.

She is safe!

No! She is not! Driven on rapidly by the wind a big brigantine, breaking into the distance imperative for safety between each sailing

ship crossing a bar, follows her too closely, and, unable to stop or swerve, takes the wind out of her sails at a critical moment. She loses her way; a big wave whirls her bow round, and on to the beach. As she touches the ground, within half a cable's length of the crowd, there is a faint murmur from some of the unfortunate consignees, but they soon cease to think of their own little loss in the big scramble. Over her dashes surf, and over her sailors clinging to the rigging. One of them, high up on the foremast, has a coiled hand-line loaded with a leaden ball. See! as the mast is swung round towards the land by that big roller he throws the coil, and the heavy ball darts through the air. On shore a hundred willing hands seize it and haul. The thick rope attached to the end of the line appears and is made fast. By its aid the men are helped through the breakers. Soon the beach is littered with cargo tossed in, on every wave, from the crashing wreck, to the very feet of the eager children who press down to the edge of each receding billow, and flying back again from the returning mountain of water, look on the catastrophe as grand fun. With a hurrah from the crowd, especially from the owners of her cargo, the big brigantine gets in safely.

Out of the seven *four go ashore* and leave their bones on beach or bar! The other three get in. No lives are lost this trip, so everyone is joyous. The losers (*one of them £1200 poorer than he was at breakfast-time. That fairly-sized stake happened to be in a big lumbering brigantine, called the "Maria." She drew too much water: he never liked the name "Maria," even before this jade treated him so scurvily*) go and take an extra "nobler," and drink to better luck next time. In an hour it is all over.

After experience of this big kind of gamble and spectacle, all small gamblings with coin, all theatrical scenes and spectacular effects seem tame and insipid. But in time even it grew monotonous, we wanted more variety.

This auction sale of curios on the infamous *Rona* by a villain with a price on his head, was then a godsend to the diggers wearying for a fresh excitement. All the lots were cleared at absurdly high prices. It was late in the afternoon before the sale was over, everything paid for, orders given for delivery, and before the auctioneer had settled up with the skipper. Hayes gave out that the lots would be delivered next morning. Several wise purchasers took theirs away at the time of payment, but the majority, trusting the pleasant-looking pirate trader, waited, and were "paid with the topsail sheet!" On the night tide Hayes was over the bar, and by breakfast time was out of sight with both money and curios. Trifling such an incident is to

record? Its significance is its simplicity. In dealing with men like the West Coasters, who think themselves very cute, simplicity is the highest art, and he knew it. Silly of the buyers, no doubt, but Hayes had a way of persuading ordinary people to do the simplest of foolish things. Instance the absurd ease with which he avoided the obnoxious poll-tax on Chinese immigrants on one occasion at Melbourne. The story has been variously told by a number of writers. I believe the following to be the simple truth:

Hayes appeared in the offing at Port Phillip, a flag of distress flying at half-mast. When the tug was hurried out to ascertain what was the matter, its captain found the strange vessel half full of water, sinking, and the crew working for bare life at the pumps. "Save my passengers and go back quickly for assistance," cries Hayes; "my brave fellows are nearly exhausted, but they will hold on pumping till you return with more hands, and a carpenter with appliances for stopping the leak," which he technially described. Once rid of his Chinese passengers, and the tug at a safe distance, Hayes calmly set sail and away, pumping his vessel out—half full of water, it is true, but not leaking! The Government never got the heavy poll-tax for which ship and master were legally responsible. Nothing could be done with the childlike and bland John Chinaman. They smiled. They "no savee," "no money," "pay it all to that bad Capitaine Hayes!"

I will just mention one more of the little tricks he played on New Zealanders. The man was marvellously persuasive. In Wellington, New Zealand, he succeeded in obtaining the confidence of a most conservative and respectable shipowner, who sold him a ship on terms. This ship, represented now as his own, served him as introduction to an Auckland merchant, who fitted him out with a valuable trading cargo for the islands. The profits were estimated at a fabulous rate per cent. To lull suspicion he proposed that the merchant's son should go with the vessel, act as supercargo, and take care of the money. Once out at sea he turned the youth adrift in a dinghy in the ocean, but within sight of land, and sailed away for the South Sea Islands!

There, imitating the extortions of a Pizarro, his next exploit was to lure on board his vessel two of the principal chiefs of one of the islands, and refuse to release them until the natives filled his vessel with cocoanuts. Still holding the chiefs prisoners, he sailed away to another island, the natives following in their canoes. Here he made them unload his cargo and dry the fruit into copra. While the natives, loudly lamenting the unhappy fate of their beloved chiefs, strained and toiled desperately to redeem them by working at the

given task, Hayes sailed back, released one chief, and demanded another cargo of cocoanuts to be treated in the same way before he released the second chief; ending in making both of them his fast friends by sheer persuasive power and knowledge of character!

Again, with a new crew of dare-devil, mean whites and savage natives in a big ship (stolen and plundered after its captain and men had been decoyed ashore by the assistance of the chiefs and the women, and murdered in cold blood), he would swoop down on some lonely islet, where a hundred natives were living in simple harmlessness, and seize the whole lot, men, women, and children. Regardless of the tears, the agonies, of his helpless victims, who deemed being torn from all they loved on earth a fate worse than death, he would sell them into slavery on the South American coast, and exchange the tell-tale ship for an honestly-bought, innocent-looking, trading schooner. Would not a simple, detailed description of one such incident, with all the horrors of the middle passage, make a story of harrowing interest? After perpetrating such a deed Hayes would come up, smiling and gentle, again into civilized society, bringing his poodles and pet birds with him.

Here, indeed, is, of boyish imagination, the much-married, *beau-idéal* gentleman-pirate, who rushes up the companion ladder with a pistol in each hand and a knife in his mouth to murder a jealous rival. Literally in that position did Hayes receive his quietus. Peters, his mate in a stolen trading schooner and his rival in a small love affair—uninteresting Peters, with unromantic common sense—did not wait to be murdered, but as soon as his chief's head appeared over the companion smashed it in with the tiller, and threw overboard the body, still clutching in its death grasp the pistols and the knife! . . .

These were some of the thoughts of New Zealanders about their neighbours, the South Sea Islanders, a generation ago. Now everything is changed. The pirate has disappeared. Law and order have, in most of the islands, succeeded unbridled license. Christian principles and European ideas have superseded native superstitions. The death drum calls to church! Idolatry, human sacrifices, cannibalism, and cruel domestic practices retire year by year into further corners and remoter islands, and are replaced by European vices and diseases which demoralise and murder ten to their one. Dying out is the beach-comber, an individual who corresponds to the *pakeha Maori* of New Zealand, except that he is a meaner white man, and generally a runaway convict; whereas the *pakeha Maori*, who adopts native dress and customs, is no worse than a runaway sailor or ne'er-do-well. The greatest of humanisers, that only perfect missionary,

the regular steamship service, is bringing the far East every day more in touch with the luxuries, the aspirations, the morals of the West. The South Sea Islander's home is a greater marvel of beauty than ever. The men and women in these fairy islands are more interesting in this transition state, this vain struggle against a powerful and, to them, death-dealing civilization, than in their former monotonous and, to us, distasteful barbarism.

It is in their present transition state that I propose here to describe them. And who am I? All that the reader need know about me in connection with the work—nay, my whole biography—is it not writ small in two lines of Tennyson which head this chapter? Once upon a time an old sailor's advice to me was: "Make your money ashore, my lad, and go to sea for pleasure!" He muttered something about an alternative, about "going to some other place for pastime," but I did not quite catch that part of it at the time. Paraphrasing his advice, I stick to the *terra firma* of business, and go to the sea of literature for pleasure. Ergo, this venture now launched is not a financial speculation; so, whether my ill-found shallop get rough usage in the trade winds, or go down among the "roaring forties" of criticism, or become derelict in the doldrums of neglect, or whether, indeed, I had not better have gone "to another place for pastime," will not much matter to anyone except the publisher, who is 14,000 miles away, and can't get at me even with "author's proofs," and nobody is likely to sympathise with *him*.

I was first led to attempt this book by reading all the others I could get hold of relating to the South Seas. In those the chief thing that struck me was the absence of pictorial illustration in some of the best works, and the misleading character of the engravings and woodcuts in others. Failing extraordinary sketching power on the part of the traveller, photographs, I came to the conclusion, were the most perfect form of illustration. It cannot be denied that there is in all sun pictures a false glamour that needs correction by cold criticism. I know their faults, and may point them out as they crop up later on; but I maintain that the photograph taken from the quick is truth itself compared to drawings made in England, even by the best artists, who illustrate from the verbal descriptions, hazy recollections, and crude sketches of a traveller after his return from a long voyage. An artist's imagination, unable to create what it has not seen, other than in the likeness of what it has seen, paints a ludicrous travesty of the original. After seeing the real persons and places, and comparing them with the pictorial representations in books, I was so struck with the falseness of the idea, with the unlikeness of portraiture, conveyed in stiffly posed,

unnatural groupings, that I felt I would be doing good service if, by means of *fac-similes* of photographs of real current life and action, interpreted by letter-press representations, I placed before the English public a faithful picture of these lovely islands and their inhabitants; doing good service as well as giving pleasure; for I would feel ashamed to waste my time writing it had I no other motive than to amuse the idler in his armchair. Since I spent some time in the East End of London, among the poor, the horrors of that terrible place have burnt themselves into my brain, so that most things seem of little value unless they have *some* bearing on the contrasts of poverty and riches. In a series of articles in the *Westminster Review* ("Poverty in London," "The Land Laws of New Zealand," "Why New Zealand Women get the Franchise," "The Present Position of Adult Male Labour in New Zealand") I have tried to show one road—that now being taken by New Zealand—towards a better state of society. May it not be also of importance, in the same direction, to show how superior in happiness the healthy, singing, laughing, well-fed, fat, sober, land-owning, young or old South Sea Island savage, erect and tall, without a care or a curse, is to the white slave of Stepney, to the drunken barbarian of Glasgow Wynds, to the landless, joyless Wiltshire hind, marching stolidly, with bowed back and bent head, day after day nigher the workhouse, and, more than all, to the starving, diseased, little savage children of Deptford, growing up in Old England, a danger and a curse to the next generation?

Is it hopeless to make the rich feel what a sin against the nation it is to squander fortunes on converting (?) other races to our ways—ways that have bred such a terrible state of society—while refusing to our own poor, not alms, which are ever an ostentatious curse, but *rights*, lawful means to support themselves out of the land—their birthright, and generally to work out their own salvation? How can this be possible to the poor unless the rich relinquish unjust, tyrannous privileges, royalties, monopolies, and so-called vested rights? A noble, self-sacrificing, simultaneous effort of a God-fearing aristocracy and plutocracy might raise the English poor to the happy level of the South Sea Islander. Is it a hopeless Utopian idea? Is there, then, no other way than a bloody revolution—fire, plunder, and extermination? Surely these are the greatest of questions. The step of proving the superior happiness of the South Sea Islander, and the benefits of letting him alone, that we may turn all our efforts, time, and money towards improving the position of our own poor in England, is one tiny step towards answering the questions.

This book is not a history of the South Sea Islands. I will not

suddenly burst upon the reader with learned paragraphs filched from other works on the subject, or with mountains of erudition copied out of cyclopædias. It is just an account of two trips, and of what I saw and heard from day to day on those trips; and it is honestly dated,[1] fairly written out and amplified afterwards, in moments stolen from business; it is the clean copy of a mass of notes taken as I went along.

To say to one's self, "I will put down impressions and state things as they occur," is a common form of self-deception. Most people who travel start with the firm intention of doing this, but find it no joke to write everything down day after day. Knocked about on board ship in a rolling sea, or stewed ashore in a clammy atmosphere of 85° to 90° in the shade, they generally shirk the continual task after the first week or two, and console themselves with another delusion—that they "will remember it all when they get home." From faulty effort, after lapse of time, to recall and disentangle masses of circumstance and impressions, arise many of the seemingly wilful misstatements that puzzle us in some travellers' books. I have omitted much and forgotten much, but I have never allowed a day to go by, all the time I spent among the Islands, without making some notes for this work.

In it I aspire to nothing more ambitious than to give a simple, chatty, and, I hope, life-like description of the happy brown men and women, and the comfortable missionary of Tongatabu, Heapai, Vavau, Samoa, Fiji, Aututaki, Huahina, Rarotonga, and Johiti, as I saw them in the years 1895-6; and, if it be possible, without preaching or posing, to make some of the more reflective of foreign mission enthusiasts think the matter out for themselves to a logical conclusion, and realize how dismal, in comparison, is the state of the poor of their own flesh and blood; to make them ponder and honestly face the hard question, "What is my whole duty to my neighbour?" "Is it wholly or partially fulfilled by subscribing to the London Missionary Society, or to the Wesleyan Missionary Society, in the South Seas?"

I shall not attempt to give even an outline of the true history of any of those foreign Church Missions from their foundation. Such a work, undertaken in an impartial spirit by an accurate secular historian able to sift the wheat from the chaff of the numberless religious publications that have darkened the subject, and to discover those truths which have

[1] The other day I was nearly taken in by a big book on the South Sea Islands, which bore a recent date on the title-page, till I discovered that the steamer in which the writer travelled had been wrecked twenty-five years ago. The book contained not a single year-date, and was evidently intended as a description to serve for all time!

been deliberately withheld for the good of the cause, would be of great value to posterity. A work of such importance and magnitude is not only beyond my capacity, but also beyond the scope and intention of this book. The world has known for ages that a theocratic or priestly despotism of any kind is the worst, the most deadening, the most unrelenting of all despotism. Briefly stated, what many writers have told, and told in vain, and what, after a residence of thirty-five years on this side of the world, I believe to be true of the other Pacific Islands as well as of New Zealand, is this:—

Where the missionary, himself educated in a broad spirit of philanthropy and able to make judicious selections from the mass of habits we call morality, has taught these, and the simple, noble humanity breathing through the recorded sayings of Jesus of Nazareth, and also has taught certain suitable parts of our trade, labour, and sanitary civilization, *and has avoided interference with politics*, he has done good! Where he has taught doctrinal Christianity to Maori and Mongolian he has done no good! Where he has tried to grasp lands and temporal power he has done much harm! It makes one's heart bleed to think of the wretched children in squalid English cities giving their hard-earned pence to fatten missionaries, and to murder natives by the unsuitable customs and virtues of a different civilization; it makes one shudder to think of the enormous sums of money wasted in building huge, gaudy churches, and supporting a political priestcraft here, while more heathens are killed in a day in the East End of London alone—at the very centre of Christendom—by cold, hunger, and by the cruel slavery and demoralization of our unjust system of society, than would, in a year, miss happy, natural deaths in the whole of the vast South Pacific, were there not one missionary left! I shall enlarge on this aspect of the question in Chapter X. Meantime, dear reader, pardon this digression, this harping on a subject so near my heart.

Nor has this book any pretension to rank among standard works of travel. These are, indeed, few and far between. Said a bookworm friend once to me, "If you want really good books of travel, you must go back a hundred years; people don't make them now." Allowing a little margin for hyperbole, the remark was a true one. The old writers were grand fellows, more anxious to set down exactly what they saw or thought than to care what their readers might expect or wish them to see or think. Time seemed no object to them; they took infinite pains, and, when they had nothing to say, said it, and did not cover up the blanks with word-painting. If, for instance, they wished to describe the common phosphorescence of the sea disturbed by the heaving of a ship on a foggy night in the Tropics, they did not write

about it: "*Wonderful hushed darkness, in the midst of which the ship hung, floating on fire.*" They did not tell us that "*the scenery around Apia harbour is beauteous beyond description.*" They simply gave careful landmarks, and told us what the people did and said. They would probably have designated by a word of four letters their modern prototype who word-paints thus:—

"I have seen strikingly beautiful faces and faultless forms among the island girls, as, all unconscious (?), they threw themselves into attitudes so graceful and unstudied, that a sculptor would have coveted them for models. Among these children of nature, roaming at will through their paradisal isles, the perfection of the human form has doubtless been developed. But there was a subtle charm about this girl as she stood with bare feet beside the plashing wave—a statuesque presentment of nobility, courage, and refinement—which I had never before recognized in living woman."

Had they ever stood, barefooted, beside a wave that wouldn't "plash" when it got the chance, the fact might have been chronicled.

I do not quite grasp what this author means by "unconscious." The brown woman is quite too conscious of her womanhood and its attractions. She is quite as fastidious and "proper" about the scanty clothes she wears as is the white woman about her more ample coverings, and quite as shocked about being seen without them. Flatteringly ask her to take them off to be photographed as a model of beauty, and you will soon see how virtuously indignant she can be! Unconventional? Another absurd mistake. She is one of the most conventional persons alive. It is true, she will do many things differently from her white contemporary, but not differently from her own customs. Nearly all the Maori legend and poetry—and the New Zealand Maori poetry, in boldness and originality, in its treatment of love in the highest form, self-sacrifice, and of the drama of life, in intellectuality, in short, far exceeds that of any other South Sea Island race—arise from the wonder surrounding women, that breaks through established rules for the sake of love or hatred. It is often figuratively said of the white lady that she will rather die than be out of the fashion. It can be said literally of her brown sister. The wife of a great chief has been known to insist on being strangled, agreeably to custom, at her husband's death, against the entreaty of friends, under circumstances which even those leaders of South Sea Island society considered to admit of deviation from the strict rule. "Live on like the wife of a common slave?" No! She must follow the strictest fashion; so she begged her lady friends to pull the cord which she herself had placed round her neck. Reluctantly they

pulled, not daring to refuse. They also were conventional to the backbone.

The descriptions by the old travel writers may not excite that breathless interest which modern literary dram-drinkers demand. Nowadays, if unable to take a band of soldiers armed with repeating rifles, and shoot down numbers of ignorant savages who are armed only with bows and spears, and to march, coolly and monotonously, over their bodies for the mere purpose of seeing what is on the other side, and of publishing an account of the murderous march in newspapers, the next best way is to take the simple truth of travel, pour into it large doses of romance and *risqué*, psychological unveilings, and bottle the whole, coloured with fantastically-arranged words without depth of plot, and labelled with a title like one of the headlines of an American paper, into a short, sensational novel, to be swallowed before bedtime. The old explorers got along unprotected by bands of murderers. In their books they abhorred sensational *journalese*. And yet theirs was no mean style when compared with even the most polished non-sensational writers of the present day. Were Vavau, that island gem of the Pacific, described by a Pater, it would be, as it were, a reflection in a silver mirror, burnished and reburnished; by a Swinburne, afar in the depths of a magic crystal; by a Stevenson, in a looking-glass, simplicity the perfection of art. But to read Dr. Martin's *Mariner's Tonga* is to see the island itself, is to listen to the faithfully, yet elegantly, paraphrased recollections of a yarn, such as reels off the sailor in the forecastle, or the sailmaker, or, better, the ship's cook (from the peacefulness, perhaps, of his daily occupation more prone than another to fiery adventure on occasion), when he lays down his accordion, changes his quid to the other cheek, spits with precision through the doorway, and begins: "I mind when I was in the brig *Sarah!* You've heerd tell of her, Jack? She traded out——" And so uncoils the yarn.

What can beat Mariner's oft-quoted description (vol. i. p. 117) of the Chief Finow trying to understand communication by writing, and Mariner trying to explain to him how speech was solidified and handed round:—

"Finow snatched the paper (containing his name, which another Englishman had read out aloud, Mariner's back being turned) from his hand, and, with astonishment, looked at it, turned it round, and examined it in all directions. At length he exclaimed, 'This is neither like myself nor anybody else. Where are my legs? How do you know it to be I?' He then desired Mariner to write:—Tarky (whom Mariner had not yet seen. This chief was blind in one eye). When Tarky was read Finow inquired whether he was blind or not!"

"This," says Dr. Martin quaintly, "was putting writing to an unfair test."

Again, where can we find a quainter commentary on modern political economy, and the secret of poverty and riches, and the coming crushing supremacy of the Jew and of the American millionaire, than in his vol. i. p. 251? There Mariner tells us how, after puzzling over money, and trying to find out by what process all nations could unanimously arrive at an agreement to make believe that money had an intrinsic value, so that they could exchange it for everything they wanted, Finow probed the dangerous secret of modern progress straight off with wonderful shrewdness. The chief decided that the system was not one that would benefit his people, and he would have none of it; *because the power to hold money and hoard it up, which could not be done with yams, or bananas, or cocoanuts, must make people very selfish.*

How much William Mariner is indebted to Dr. Martin we can guess by looking further back to the books of some of the earlier travellers, who, with greater and more startling knowledge and boundless patience, had no method, no discrimination; who mixed up fabulous puerilities with wonderful novel truths, unable to separate the real from the unreal. What a much more trustworthy and interesting record we should have now in Marco Polo's *Voyages and Travaylle*, for instance, if had been there to take down and rewrite the story poured forth with so abundant wealth of recollection by the great voyager, pacing up and down his prison-room at Genoa, such an amanuensis as Dr. Martin!

One can picture to one's self the gifted compiler of *Mariner's Tonga* questioning Marco Polo, with literary acumen, where links of evidence or circumstance were wanting, and eliciting facts of deepest importance that now are lost for ever; compressing with clearness, where the verbose ramblings are left printed as they were dedicated to that incompetent literary hack—Rusticiano of Pisa—so prosy as to make the reading of two-thirds of his work an intolerable bore.

A stout German gentleman in the smoking-room of our steamer bound to Tonga (short for Tongatabu, as well as for the whole Tongan Group or Friendly Islands) this 1st August, 1895, backs me up unexpectedly. Since 1877 he has lived on the islands, where he has a half-caste wife and some very pretty children.

"You should read Dr. Martin's *William Mariner*," says he, "if you can get a copy. It is very scarce. You could not buy one in the islands now under £3. That's a classic, if you like, and every word of it is true. I used to lie on my mat in the afternoons and dra—w it

all gra—d—ually out of Aichima. Aichima was an old, old woman. She is dead now."

Possibly his mother-in-law, but we asked no questions. He is right; no one can read *Mariner's Tonga* without being impressed with its life-likeness, without feeling the immense difference between this solid classic and the cloudy nebulæ of knowledge in a false halo of romance contributed by many modern writers on the South Seas, the narrow views and egoism of officialdom, or the biassed, inaccurate reports to be found in missionary publications. "Style is of the essence of every man's thinking." Lacking the unanalysable spirit of genius which changes a bundle of words into written music, as formyle changes the insipid juice of flowers into honey, I cannot hope to copy Mariner's wealth of apt detail, Dr. Martin's discrimination, methodic arrangement of matter, and brilliantly lucid style; but I can, at least, learn from their example to describe to the best of my ability and with painstaking accuracy, in simple and unpretentious language, the islanders exactly as they appear to me. I am in hopes that the truth, as I find it, will be a novelty; I was going to say, a refreshing novelty. I fear it will be too tame to be so designated. You see, though I have been among interesting aboriginal races for a number of years, I never heard any of the clever dialogue and beautiful broken English spoken by the savages of remote islands in books. Nor am I able, like some of the more attractive historians, to hold long conversations with men, women, and children who speak, in six or seven different groups of islands, six or seven languages I never heard before.

The first to go down, under pressure of the unvarnished truth, in the estimation of the big world which knows her not, and has always taken her on hearsay of poet and traveller, is that fraud—the beautiful brown woman. And about her, the mightiest liar of all, though I have just given it qualified praise, is the photograph, because it is absolutely silent about her manners and customs and movements, and communicates none of her odour. If it be a mistake to think her a slave, in depths of unhappiness and cruel treatment and ignorance of woman's mission on earth, unless she have a missionary constantly at her side, it is still more absurd to imagine her to be a dream of beauty and refinement. Had I ever come across the full-grown "savage," whom the novelist "translates from the wigwam to the Queen's drawing-room," where she becomes a leader of society, I might think differently; but I have not, and, moreover, I do not believe one such person exists, or ever existed, in the whole brown world.

I will illustrate by a little experience of two charming Maori girls. A quarter of a century ago I was travelling through the confiscated

Maori lands in the province of Taranaki, in New Zealand. The coach had to pay black-mail—more politely toll—to the Maori chiefs for permission to pass through unmolested. A Maori sat on the box-seat as a safeguard from, and sign to, native marauders, and to collect the toll. Where now it is covered with towns and smiling farms, the country was absolutely desolate then; not a soul or a *pah* to be seen for miles, and the only place to stop and dine and change horses was the half-way house, a solitary Maori *whare.*

Dinner consisted of wholesome beef and potatoes. On the evening before the Maori cooks had collected heavy, flat stones, which they placed close together in the ground in a hollow about 5 feet by 3 feet. A wood fire was lighted on these stones. By 11 p.m. this primitive oven had become red-hot, and the fire was removed.

A bullock, skinned and cleaned and wrapped in a wet mat, was placed on the hot stones. Round it watercress was heaped, and two or three big bowls full of cold water were thrown over it. Then, while steaming, it was quickly covered with mats and sweet-smelling leaves, and over the whole was thrown earth, beaten down firmly, so that none of the steam or heat could escape. The cooks went comfortably to bed, and troubled themselves no more about their oven. At nine o'clock next morning the meat was found to be thoroughly cooked, tender, and of a delicious flavour.

The potato oven, covered in the same way for a shorter time, was now opened. A cook went down to the stream close at hand, brought back a great dish full of fresh, cold water, and threw it over the hot stones. As the steam arose among the half-baked potatoes their skins broke, and showed the floury insides most invitingly. European food cooked Maori fashion is not at all bad.

In this *whare* we had a fair opportunity of seeing the brown woman, partially unspoilt by civilization. As we ate our dinner the little room gradually filled with Maori women. The men—nobler, handsomer, better-formed, more dignified—disdained to show impertinent curiosity, and kept aloof. These women had long, straight, matted black hair, tattooed under-lip and chin, gnarled, large, bare feet, and wore sharks'-teeth earrings, dirty cotton short petticoats, and handsome mat shawls, made, some of glossy flax dyed in brilliant colours, some of lovely pigeons' feathers. One fair visitor had suspended from her neck a long heavy bar of greenstone, and fastened on her shoulder a large star of flax, composed of four bows in two knots. Between their big blue lips were huge-bowled clay pipes stuffed with acrid Maori tobacco. We dared not turn them out. Every inch of floor-space was filled with their squatted shapeless figures, to which adequate justice could

only be done by describing (in most improper language) the marvellous faculty they have of making the abdomen revolve when they dance. Every cubic inch of atmosphere became gradually impregnated with the odour of bad tobacco, "high" fish, and rotted maize—their favourite food.

I was glad to leave a half-finished dinner and beat a hasty retreat into the sweet, fresh air outside.

> "There sat a gentle savage of the wild,
> In growth a woman tho' in years a child;
> The infant of an infant world, as pure;
> From nature—lovely, warm, and premature,
> With eyes that were a language and a spell—
> A form like Aphrodite's in her shell."

So sings Byron. But he had never seen the island or a Maori girl, he had only read *Mariner's Tonga.*

On a fern-tree log sat side by side two pretty Maori girls, about 14 and 16 years old—their best time. Maori women look old at 25 and hags at 30. They called out in soft, liquid Maori accents:—

"Ekoro!	Tamaiti pakeha!	Ko wai koe?	No hea koe?"
(Hallo!	white boy!	Who are you?	Where do you come from?)

NEW ZEALAND MAORI GIRLS.

"They called out in soft, liquid Maori accents, 'Ekoro! tamaiti pakeha!'"

Then at my approach, rising from their seat and twining arms together and showing their white teeth, they criticised me aloud:—

"He atua gnohikore ranei? Titiro i te hanga o tona potai?"
(Isn't he pale and thin? Look at the make of his hat!)

More covered than their Tongan ancestors, simply because they had migrated to a colder climate—soft, sheeny black and white flax mats, thrown with careless grace over one shoulder, fell in folds down past the knee. Their brown feet moved restlessly among the withered, brown, branched leaves of the *phormium tenax* that lay strewn around them—what a picture they made, with glorious Mount Egmont in the background!

From the plain to a perpendicular height of 8000 feet the mountain rises, like a sugar-loaf, in one magnificent long curve of 12 miles, unbroken by hill or ridge. The whole upper half, part of it below the line of perpetual frost, is covered with the winter snows, which, until the very end of our New Zealand summer, fill all the water-worn ridges and unsightly gaps. Touching the snow, and descending almost to the plain, a dense forest, seven miles in breadth, forms a semicircle round the south and west of the mountain. Down from this leafy reservoir of absorbed waters rush a hundred streams to the rich alluvial plain covered with native grasses and fern-trees and flax. The plain, deeply honeycombed by these ridges, is a mass of brown volcanic earth. Ejected from the crater-summit in some prehistoric time, the mass must have moved slowly on, like a huge pudding, till, reaching the shore, its edge was washed away by the waves which it now overhangs—a clean-cut wall forty feet high. So gradual is the curve of the mountain, that the coach-line crosses it and rises a thousand feet almost without the traveller noticing that he is being carried upwards. From this vantage-point is a magnificent view over the furrowed plain, over the fern-trees and flax, far beyond to where the deep blue of the Pacific sparkles in the sunshine. The clouds that gather round the mountain break in frequent showers of gentle rain. The deep, porous earth quickly absorbs all, and no sign of moisture lingers except the fresh greenness of the rolling sward, and of the thick curtains and carpets of ferns that line the steep walls and shady banks of the noisy brooks.

Here, standing in the warm, soft breeze, against the dark green background of dense flax—some of its leaves, eight feet high, are yet overhung by tall brown stems, topped with purple flowers—the two Maori girls might well be taken for beau-ideals of the brown woman, meet helpmates in that idyllic life where—

"Never comes the trader, never floats an European flag;
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, swings the trailer from the crag;
There the passions, cramp'd no longer, shall have scope and breathing-place,
I will take some savage woman; she shall rear my dusky race.
Iron-jointed, supple-sinewed, they shall dive and they shall run,
Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their lances in the sun."

(Not a word about boiled shark, mutton birds, and *pipis* for breakfast, dinner, and tea!)

In a few minutes, apparently satisfied, or perchance dissatisfied, with their examination of my personal appearance, they turned away, and resumed *what had evidently been their previous occupation.* One sat down again on the prostrate fern-tree. The other knelt and laid her head upon her elder sister's lap. What a touching moment! "Head friends," I might say, as in England you would say, "Bosom friends." My first thought was: "How charming, how natural and refined, they would look photographed in that attitude!" It would have been one ever-living lie! The elder began carefully to examine her younger sister's head, pushing the hair from side to side with her fingers, her eyes eagerly watching. Anything discovered there alive was seized and eaten.

"Now then, all aboard!" sang out Shepheard, the well-known Yankee driver of our coach.

"*Te nakoe, pakeha!*" "*Te nakoe!*" our reply. Shepheard cracked his whip, away started the four fresh horses. At the first turn of the road I looked back. The two young ladies at the log had changed places.

One more verbal illustration of a dinner-hour in poetic Maoriland. A few miles from Waitotara is a well-known Maori *pah*, made famous by proximity to the spot of the supposed massacre of non-combatant Maoris by colonial troops, mentioned in Rusden's history—a traveller's tale based on the usual inaccurate missionary information, and so triumphantly refuted before the Privy Council in England by John Bryce. One Sunday, many years ago, Mr. F——, who was born and brought up among Maoris, speaks the language like a native, and is much trusted by them, drove me to the *pah*, where we were *unexpected*, but heartily welcome. The principal building was an oblong, one-gabled house made of fine New Zealand wood, richly carved. The side walls, roof, and floor, extending six feet beyond one end wall, formed a very picturesque verandah. The inside was beautifully wainscoted in neat patterns with various-coloured reeds, fastened without a nail by coloured flax lashings. There was no window, and only one low doorway, about four feet high, in the middle of the verandah. Walking innocently up to the doorway, I was driven

back by most disgusting effluvia. "That is not the way to go in," said F——: "keep your head low, and make a bolt for the back of the room, you will find the air much sweeter there." So we made as polite a run in as we could, and looked around us. The Maoris, loosely clad in blankets, were at dinner, grouped on the floor near the doorway, round a deep tin dish of stewed meat and potatoes swimming in gravy. When a gentleman or a lady desired a choice morsel the arm disappeared to the elbow in the savoury pottage, and appreciative fingers felt for and brought in triumph to the surface the achieved portion. Three dogs ate off the top of the dish.

Then came the second course, probably the only one we would have seen had we received a formal invitation—it was tea in the English fashion. A separate English-built little house contained every requisite for this—tea, sugar, milk, bread, butter, spoons, knives, forks, plates, cups, saucers. The Maoris are fastidious about their crockery. Each tribe must have a distinct pattern, and all cups, saucers, plates, even if 500 be required, must be of one pattern; so the storekeepers often find difficulty in executing orders and replacing breakages. The stew was cleared away, a table brought in, and we had afternoon tea in most approved fashion.

(*Which photograph, could I give him either, would the reader choose for verisimilitude—dinner or afternoon tea?*)

A very big Maori was walking about in the yard, clad in a sheet of spotless white, which displayed his burly form to advantage. This, we ascertained, was "Billy," one of the younger generation which does not tattoo; and he wore a sheet simply because he was too lazy to put on his clothes—lazy, but handsome. When he threw aside the ceremonious sheet, and his magnificent proportions stood out in "full undress"—soft, fine-textured, white flax mat with long black fringe—no woman was there at all equal in good looks to this haughty, good-humoured aristocrat. I must confess I admire

"The naked knights of savage chivalry"

(page 23) more than their women. From photographs I have in my possession for comparison I can say that the Tongan girl of Tongatabu, Haapai, or Vavau is also a Maori; that the Samoan, Tahitian, Rarotongan, and Rotuman are not much better; and that the Fijian is only a shade darker and uglier. In truth, all South Sea Island women are very much the same. Like that of the Egyptian, the Arab, the Moor, the Tamyl, and the darker Singalese, the more you see of the skin of the South Sea Island women the less you can admire or want to touch it. "Her lovely bare foot"

is another delusion of the poet. Small, pretty, bare feet are only to be seen on the stage, they are an impossibility in active women who really use them out of doors.

In short, to compare any brown beauty with a neat Scotch lassie or an English country girl is absurd. To compare the prettiest

SOLOMON ISLAND WARRIORS.
Their skins well rubbed and shining with cocoanut oil.
"The naked knights of savage chivalry."

Tongan, Samoan, Tahitian, or even Rotuman to the plainest and most simply-educated Irish, French, or Colonial girl that has been decently brought up is an insult to one's intelligence.

Seeing, however, is believing, and I can assure my readers that if they wish to make up their minds on this point, the best way is to book themselves for a month's trip (if they can spare no longer time) among the islands of Tonga, Samoa, and Fiji, by the steamers of the

Union Steamship Company of New Zealand, at a cost of £20. A good alternative course is to take the Frisco mailboat from Auckland or San Francisco as far as Samoa, and join the coasting steamer there, proceeding *viâ* Fiji, Vavau, and Tongatabu. By this route Haapai, one of the most interesting groups, cannot be visited without another month's delay.[1] They will be charmed with what they see, for here they will see natural men and women, and judge how far holding up the mirror to nature shows her perfections and her imperfections, and may decide for themselves the important question, Does civilization improve the primitive man and woman, or is nature best? Even if unable to decide this vexed question, they will at all events have a new experience, to recall which in after life will be a constant source of pleasure. If they do visit these islands, I recommend June, July, and August as the best months. The following register of dates and places may be useful as a guide to intending tourists:—

ITINERARY OF THE MONTHLY ROUND TRIP OF THE UNION STEAMSHIP COMPANY OF NEW ZEALAND FOR AUGUST, 1895.

Steamer left Auckland . .	Wednesday,	31st July,	1895	6.30 p.m.
Arrived Russell Bay of Islands, in order to coal at Opua Mines	Thursday,	1st Aug.	,,	8.30 a.m.
Left Opua . . .	,,	1st ,,	,,	2.30 p.m.
Arrived Nukuaelofa, Tongatabu	Tuesday,	6th ,,	,,	8.30 a.m.
Left ,, ,,	Wednesday,	7th ,,	,,	4 p.m.
Arrived Lifuka, Haapai . .	Thursday,	8th ,,	,,	Daylight.
Left ,, ,, . .	,,	8th ,,	,,	4 p.m.
Arrived Neuafa, Vavau . .	Friday,	9th ,,	,,	Daylight.
Left ,, ,, . .	,,	9th ,,	,,	2 p.m.
Arrived Apia, Samoa . .	Sunday,	11th ,,	,,	Daylight.
From Apia can proceed by monthly large mail steamer direct to Auckland, or *viâ* Honolulu to San Francisco.				
Left Apia, Samoa . .	Monday,	12th Aug.,	1895	8 a.m.
Arrived Suva, Fiji . .	Thursday,	15th ,,	,,	Daylight.
From Suva can proceed direct to Sydney or to Auckland by same company's steamers.				
Left Suva . . .	Saturday,	17th Aug.,	1895	11.30 a.m.
Arrived Neuafa, Vàvau, to load oranges in season . .	Monday,	19th ,,	,,	5.30 p.m.
Left Neuafa . . .	Tuesday,	20th ,,	,,	Noon, in order to reach Kopa Cave before sun passed.
Arrived Nukualofa, Tongatabu.	Wednesday,	21st ,,	,,	7 a.m., load bananas.
Left ,, ,, .	,,	21st ,,	,,	3 p.m.
Arrived Auckland direct . .	Monday,	26th ,,	,,	11.30 a.m.

During October, November, December, January, when oranges are out of season, steamers cannot be calculated on to call at Vavau twice in the same round trip.

[1] The Cook and Society Groups have a different—I may say, unique interest—but they can only be reached by a separate steamer, and a rather long, tedious, and more expensive voyage from Auckland, or by schooners carrying the French mails from San Francisco to Tahiti.

Starting more conveniently for me from New Zealand, I choose July–August as being the very middle of the south tropical winter, and the driest season in Samoa.[1] The whole of the round trip from Opua, in the Bay of Islands, New Zealand, to the South Sea Islands and back to Auckland or Sydney, calmer in summer, with rain and a chance hurricane, is generally a rough voyage in July and August. Indeed, both in the Northern and Southern Hemispheres the "Pacific" Ocean is misnamed. It is not pacific. There is a constant, long swell in the lower southern and higher northern latitudes, as well as in the regions of the north-east and south-east trade-winds, and throughout a great portion of the tropics. The south-east trade-winds have been so irregular during the last few years that it is difficult to say what sort of weather may be expected at particular seasons. For some time past, either on account of the strong continued southerly winds, or from other causes, a wave of cold air has swept over the whole of Australasia. There have been great atmospheric disturbances proceeding out of the Antarctic regions, and, in consequence, gales and rain. In Australia, which unlike New Zealand and the South Sea Islands, is subject to violent changes, the temperature in the shade rising to 120, snow has fallen where it never fell before within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, and ice actually formed, for a brief space of time, in the sheltered portion of a New Zealand harbour. This wave of cold has even reached latitude 29 south, where we wore heavy woollen clothing and top-coats on the 1st August, 95. The weather in the South Pacific has also been unusually ough. A run of thousands of miles over a smooth sea in a dead calm, frequent in the Indian Ocean, is a rare occurrence here.

Compared to the Atlantic Liners, or even to the new boats of the P. & O., Orient and Messagerie, Services from the Australian Colonies to England, the South Pacific steamers are slow and small.[2] From

[1] SAMOA AVERAGE OF SEVEN YEARS—1851-1858.

	Fine days without rain.	Average temperature at 10 p.m.	
January	14	78	Fahrenheit.
February	13	76	,,
March	18	77	,,
April	18	77	,,
May	21	76	,,
June	23	75	,,
July	22	74	,,
August	23	75	,,
September	21	75	,,
October	19	76	,,
November	17	78	,
December	15	78	

[2] Larger ones are now being built. (January, 1897.)

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the first moment he goes on board until nearing a harbour, or a protecting island, or a coral reef, the traveller is pitched and rolled about until his body is tired—if he be a good sailor. If inclined to sea-sickness he is glad to keep to the seclusion of his cabin until drawn out by sheer force of hunger, thirst, or need of fresh air.

SAMOAN CHIEF IN FULL DRESS.

The four rows of large beads and the flowers in the head-dress are red.

Our steamer, although expressly built for the island trade, is not, in my opinion, a suitable boat. One of the other boats of this line is larger and a little better fitted. They need not be of an inferior class. There is plenty of water and ample steerage way in the harbours of Tonga, Samoa, and Fiji for good vessels of ordinary draught, and even for men-of-war. The tourist traffic would undoubtedly increase were the steamers of a better class. Saloons ought to be amid-ship, extending from side to side. Thus not only would they be cooler and

more comfortable, but the sleeping cabins would also be freed from the stuffiness caused by the latter opening out of the dining-room. There should be more sleeping berths on deck with windows opening on to both the port and starboard covered decks. Electric light should replace kerosene. The objection to kerosene is not only its dis-

FIJIAN CHIEF.

agreeable smell, but the stifling atmosphere caused by the necessity for closing sky-lights and ports in a breeze, for fear of lamps exploding or being blown out. Add a comfortable social hall, currents of compressed air passed through cabin passages down stairs, a small refrigerating apparatus instead of an ice-chest, in larger and faster boats. With these and a few other less costly improvements there is no reason why tourists should not travel over this route through most of the summer with more comfort than we now do in winter.

I except the two months from the middle of January to the middle of March—the rainy and hurricane season. Then a moist heat of 90° to 95° Fahrenheit is decidedly unpleasant, and very trying to some constitutions. Bear in mind that from October to December fruit is not at its best. Even with the present inferior steam service I will go so far as to say that, all things taken into consideration, for those who do not intend to stay any length of time ashore, parts of the summer, especially about Christmas, would be a very pleasant time.

To make this service a first-class one requires a Government subsidy, and I do not see how the New Zealand public money can be better spent than in encouraging such a line.

To write exhaustively of the importance of the South Sea Islands, even of the kingdom of Tonga alone, its future, the possibilities of cultivation, settlement, and reciprocal and political relations with New Zealand, its exceeding richness, or of the, to us, perhaps still greater importance of our sister colony Fiji, would take up the whole space of this book. I can only glance at this subject from time to time, using sparingly, or hiding away in footnotes, such statements as would distract the reader's attention from the bird's-eye view of native life now presented. Australia will soon be able to wholly supply herself with fruit. New Zealand, on the contrary, can never do so. She must look to the islands to supply her with tropical and semi-tropical kinds. They in return will need the dairy and agricultural products of her temperate climate. From her geographical and isothermic position the island trade will naturally fall to her share, unless discouraged or artificially diverted. Much of the future benefit to New Zealand depends, therefore, on the present attitude of our Government. There is no doubt that the trade, both ways, between New Zealand and the South Sea Islands is in its infancy, and needs fostering. Take the production and export of fruit alone—what an immense trade and manufacture could be developed! The possibilities for fruit growing in the South Seas can be only faintly gauged by the enormous crop of bananas in Cuba, and of oranges in Florida. The Tongan, Fijian, and Society Groups, if as carefully cultivated, would easily beat those countries by reason of greater richness of soil and suitability and equability of climate, and freedom from diseases or natural enemies.

It is vital to the trade that fruit be carried to market quickly, and stowed where there is ventilation and cool air, combined with shelter from sun, rain, and sea-spray. At present large quantities of oranges, bananas, and pine-apples are spoiled from being exposed on open decks or stowed in hot holds. Therefore two or perhaps three large, fast, well-

furnished boats are necessary. A fortnightly line of fourteen-knot twin-screw steamers, each 2500 tons gross register, furnished with cool chambers, compressed air, and improved fan ventilators for the fruit holds, one boat starting from Lyttelton, the best port for New Zealand produce, calling at the Chatham Islands, Tahiti, Rarotonga, Samoa, Fiji, Vavau, Tonga, and back, *viâ* Auckland and Wellington; and

MARQUESAN WARRIOR.

With necklace of human hair, and girdle and anklet of feathers. The outsides of his legs are beautifully tattooed.

another, starting from Lyttelton, *viâ* Wellington and Auckland, going round the reverse way, so as to pick up island produce both ways, and permit passengers to stay at any port a week or a fortnight,—such a service, combined with a small feeding steamer for the Tongan and neighbouring groups, to act as the S.S. *Maori* does in Fiji, and as a new steamer is about to do in the Samoan Group, and backed up by

the making of roads from the interior to the principal ports, thus causing to be utilized the produce from remoter islands, and far inland, where fruit simply rots for want of conveyance, and thus bringing nearer the possibility of local factories, including oil mills[1] and mills for making the new food, banana meal, meantime diverting to oil mills in New Zealand, where the refuse oil-cake would be readily saleable for fattening cattle, or to England, *viâ* New Zealand, the large quantities of copra now shipped to Marseilles and Lisbon, may be a Utopian idea.

[1] In his inaugural address, in 1887, to the Agricultural and Industrial Association at Suva, the then Acting Governor of Fiji, Sir John Thurston, who is an experienced tropical agriculturist, says:—"Next to sugar the cultivation of the cocoanut forms, at present, our chief industry, and, in connection with it and the production of oil nuts and seeds generally, I submit for your consideration the question whether it would not be more profitable to express oil in the Colony instead of exporting its producing substance. If no local or comparatively local market could be found for the sale of *poonac* or oil cake, I incline to think it would at £6 or £7 per ton in Europe pay its own freight and assist to pay for that of the oil. My reason for thinking that this question may be resolved in the affirmative is that, during my late visit to England, I found the great copra firms adverse to a scheme submitted to me for erecting oil mills in the Colonies. It was shown to me that efforts would not be wanting to preclude the success of such mills by—for a time at least—bidding higher upon the spot for copra. My impression is that the copra market is in the hands of one or two large firms in Europe, who control the market pretty much as they please, and I am persuaded that thus the planter of Fiji does not obtain fair value for his copra . . . But it is not upon cocoanuts alone that such a new industry need depend. All the drier parts of the Colony would produce castor seed in immense quantities. The value of the castor oil imported into Australasia averages £95,000 annually. There are other oil-yielding nuts which would bring grist to the oil mills. Of the common Wiri (*curcas purgans*) some 17,000 tons are exported from the Cape De Verdes alone to Europe . . . Of candle nut (*Aleurites Triloba*) oil there is a large consumption in the East . . . The West African palm (*Elaiguineensis*) grows luxuriantly in Fiji . . . pea-nuts (*Arachis Hypogea*) may be included. There are many other oil-yielding products upon which such a mill as I have suggested could begin operations. To go further, there is no reason why a portion of the oil should not be applied to soap and other manufactures within the Colony. . . .

"Of other local manufactures Australasia imports £10,000 worth of ginger, £9000 arrowroot, £25,000 maizena, £7000 of lime juice; in all of which we can compete with the producers of those articles. Would it not pay to make maizena in Fiji, where two crops of maize per annum can be grown as against one in the southern colonies of Australia and those parts of America where maizena is manufactured? Where could flower-farming be carried on to better advantage? In one district bordering on the Mediterranean Sea 1,478,000 lbs. of orange blossoms are annually produced, also 45,000 lbs. of the flower of the acacia (*Famesiana*), which grows like a weed in this Colony. . . . The whole of the valuable cocoanut fibre is lost, because the makers of the copra have no means of preparing the husk or fibre of the nut for sale. Six thousand nuts will produce one ton of coir, as well as one ton of copra. . . . There are also twenty-five varieties of plantains. . . . The *soaga*, which grows wild in all the valleys, is the *musa troglodytarum*, and the *vundi viali* is the *musatextalis*, from both of which manilla hemp is obtained."

The distances at sea are, doubtless, exceptionally great. Roughly they are as follows :—

Lyttelton to Chatham Islands	182 miles.
Chatham to Rarotonga	1776 ,,
Rarotonga to Tahiti	625 ,,
Tahiti to Apia, Samoa	1302 ,,
Samoa to Suva, Fiji	650 ,,
Fiji to Vavau	462 ,,
Vavau to Haapai	82 ,,
Haapai to Tongatabu	130 ,,
Tongatabu to Opua	1037 ,,
Opua to Auckland	130 ,,
Auckland to Wellington	563 ,,
Wellington to Lyttelton	175 ,,
	7118

Some day not far distant, if promoted in earnest by New Zealand, such a service, subsidized by New Zealand, Tonga, Fiji, Samoa, and Tahiti, will be an accomplished fact. Meanwhile, Rarotonga and Tahiti, at which latter island the French put prohibitive duties on our Colonial manufactures, and force New Zealand merchants to import under bond from Marseilles, are well enough served by a little steamer with the moderate subsidy of £1000 per annum from the New Zealand Government, and another small temporarily subsidized steamer, which may be withdrawn at any moment;[1] while the far more important service with Tonga, Samoa, and Fiji is carried on without any assistance at all A subsidy of a few thousand pounds a year, for a faster and better service, would soon lead up to one great service that would secure to New Zealand the South Sea Island trade with all its enormous possibilities. Sir Julius Vogel foresaw this twenty years ago; but he spoke as a man before his time, and none heeded him.

Were the interests of the future British settlers in the South Sea Islands, who, with coolies from British India to work for them—as the Islanders never work—will transform the condition of these islands into an amazingly prosperous one, alone to be considered, the best and most immediately profitable line would be from Wellington, as the geographical centre of New Zealand, direct to Papeete, in Tahiti, carrying the French mail thence *viâ* Rarotonga to Apia, in Samoa, to join the North American mail steamer, then from Apia to Suva, and on to Noumea, in New Caledonia, and Sydney, returning by the same route. By this line a large trade in live-stock would undoubtedly spring up.

[1] Taken over by the U. S. S. Co. and replaced by a larger steamer, January, 1897.

A submarine cable, touching at Fiji or any other part of these groups, would greatly facilitate profitable trade by enabling traders to calculate more accurately when to expect steamers, an important matter in the fresh fruit trade. A fine service like either of those suggested would, however, be able to keep time-table time, even for

HAAPAI GIRLS.
One with pandanus fan, English cotton blouse, and native fringed skirt; the other with printed tappa cloth skirt.

such long distances, with great accuracy. Looked at from the selfish point of view of our own interests, as apart from the true welfare of the South Sea Islanders—a matter of much less consequence to all sincere commercial Christians—it seems short-sighted policy for New Zealand to highly subsidize a San Francisco mail service, which is of little commercial, or even postal, use to us, and contrary to the Federal interests of the empire, while leaving this valuable island trade and tourist traffic to languish.

CHAPTER II.

YARNS IN OUR SMOKING SALOON.

"Nor yet the fear of little books
Had made him talk for show."

THE New Zealand Union Steamship Co.'s screw steamer, a ten-knot boat of 1200 tons gross register, bound for Tongatabu, Haapai, Vavau, Samoa, and Fiji, rolls and pitches over an easterly long ocean swell to a stiff breeze coming out of a cloudy north-east.

The company aboard—that is, the smoking-room company—is a very mixed one. There are four young Englishmen, indistinguishable from hundreds of their compeers who are to be met with all over the world, stiffly cool at first, and constantly using that irritating Anglicism, "Thank you, *very much*," more genial as the time goes on, conservative in politics, reticent (*i.e.*, the elder ones) about their own accomplishments, honourable, enthusiastic about Old England, ready to shoot ducks or climb a hill at a moment's notice, rather disliking Colonial ideas—in short, with all the pleasantnesses and prejudices of the well-educated, travelled Briton. One of them, an enthusiastic butterfly-hunter, burdened with a mission from a still more enthusiastic entomological society (Fiji is the place for him, full of beautiful and rare butterflies), is the "late passenger," often in the future to be seen at a distance, under the blazing sun, running, and frantically brandishing his net at us, to make us wait for him after the last whistle has gone. Sitting in the corner of the smoking saloon next to them, his long legs on the seat jammed into one of the short spaces between the divisions or elbows, is frequently a commercial traveller who, having been three months in India, undertakes to teach us all about that vast continent, whether we will or no: what is there about India more than any other place that makes the man who has been a short time there feel as Mr. Dick did about the head of Charles I.? Don't we all know the bore who cuts into a conversation about tooth-picks with his "When I was in Calcutta"?

"You shouldn't say 'house,' you should say 'bungalow'; when I

was in——" and so forth, insists our C. T. to a rather reserved passenger, who turns out afterwards to be an old Ceylon settler! Then we have a Glassite—a gentleman burdened with the distinction, of which he is not over-proud, that a grandfather or an uncle who bears his name invented a new religion, one of the 386 on the grotesque census list of sects in England; also (part of the way) a Malthusian (of course a bachelor), with blood-curdling ideas about the suppression of population (he will find that a tough job in Tonga, but will be charmed by-and-bye to learn that, in some of the Solomon Islands, if provisions run short the population is checked by permitting only chiefs to propagate the species; the common male children being submitted to a peculiar surgical operation which permits them, on arriving at puberty, to enjoy marriage, but hinders them from having children). Also we have a single taxer, rather a rare kind of person in the Colonies, yet, individually, much in evidence; that ubiquitous crank, the stamp-collector (lots of scope for him in Tonga and Samoa); also an Englishman, an old bachelor, who might be Mark Twain's grave young man grown up, thoroughly disillusionised and soured by age, or may be by an unrequited attachment, disbelieving everything strange to him unless evidence be immediately forthcoming, more taciturn, less ingenuous and more irritating than ever, with a wonderfully high opinion of himself. He calmly volunteered the statement that he was "the only intellectual man on board this ship." He does not appear to us very brilliant, perhaps because there is no Mark Twain on board to draw him out. But chief and most constant of smokers is a short, stout, genial German trader who keeps us all alive when he is awake, and more so when he is asleep! All unconscious of his great gifts, he—so he tells us—is a good musician *lost*. Alas! his cabin neighbours know what a good musician he is *still!* Last, but not of least importance in our tobacco-loving little company, we have occasionally the most genial of skippers—his stout smile is nearly as good as an extra knot an hour in a head wind; a purser chock full of South Sea yarns; a Scotch first officer with the inestimable gift of capping one story with another and a bigger one; the second officer; and the chief engineer, who has a rich baritone voice.

The reader is vastly mistaken if he jumps to the conclusion that these gentlemen are here cunningly introduced to be *dramatis personae*, each with a part to play; that we are to tramp across Veti Levu with the English sportsman, shooting ducks, killing turtle, and having adventures; that the philatelist and the moth catcher are to be followed in exciting chase after rare postage stamp or butterfly; that the bagman is to tell him all about India; the single taxer to engage the governor

of Fiji in a brilliant argument about customs tariffs; and that the Malthusian, after tragic love-partings, is at last to be captured by a sweet Samoan, and lay bare his soul in vain struggle of theory against nature. They are simply types of plain, ordinary fellow-passengers, some of whom smoke and read, lounging on deck chairs, or play deck quoits or "Homeward Bound," interchange a yarn or two, and then vanish out of this book at the next chapters as they do out of the steamer at the next ports, and leave no trace behind.

KILLING TURTLE—FIJI HUT.

And here I may as well relieve his mind by at once stating that I have no imagination, and can invent nothing. I simply record plain facts. If ever, when exasperated by the literary acrobats and hill-top novelists of the end of this century, I let myself dream of writing a novel, I find a perfect cure for so absurd an aspiration by reading fifty pages of Thackeray, at whom those gentlemen sneer, and by having borne in upon the secret recesses of my vanity that I would need to be born again before I could write, not fifty, but even five of those luminous pages.

Several other passengers besides those I have mentioned join us occasionally in the smoking saloon. But soon the rough weather separates the goats from the sheep; the officers, glued to their duties,

look in only now and then; thus our company dwindles down to a select constant six good sailors, viz., three of the Englishmen, the stout German, the grave man, and myself.

The grave man keeps the German—a good story-teller—in a constant state of irritation by sticking a question like a knife into his stories. It was the German who, after the C. T., with his bothering "When I was in Calcutta," had gone out of the smoking saloon, used the expression—"Cutting into a conversation about tooth-picks." "Why about tooth-picks?" murmured the grave man.

"Why *not* about tooth-picks?" roared the German.

On the third day out from Auckland we are all too uncomfortable to play euchre or nap (whist is out of the question in such weather), or even to read, and the chessmen not being pegged won't stand upright, so we sit on the cool wooden seats of the little smoking saloon amidships, rather a silent, gloomy, ordinary kind of company, our bones sore vexed with knocking against things, and our appetites low—not by any means belonging to the class of persons you read of who say none but smart things. Last night the full water caraffe fixed over my washstand was lifted right out of its deep wooden socket and deposited on the sofa! My back against the seat and my knees against the little marble-topped table with iron legs, I am now simply holding on, and enduring, and staring out of window. As the steamer rolls the sky and the dark clouds seem to fall into that little round hole. Then the window dives, and huge waves jump up into sight, boiling, while the swish of water along the deck tells that we are buried in it up to the scuppers. I am not sea-sick, but I cannot spin a yarn to save my life.

The liveliest of our party is the stout trader. He has been trying to light his pipe with five or six bad wooden matches (supplied by the ship), and some very bad words in German. We take a pleasure in reminding him whence come these horrid *tänstickers*, and what a long-suffering nation of stupid, one-sided free-traders Englishmen are. Prodding him with this sentiment refreshes us somewhat, and puts him in a good humour. Presently he wakes us up with graphic little reminiscences of island life. The Brown Woman is, of course, the most interesting subject, and the young men (and old ones too) ply him with questions.

"Marriage with a Tongan woman? It is made binding all over the world by both English and German Governments. Englishmen marry before a consul, and afterwards in church—the same as they do in all foreign countries. Everywhere in the islands the native women are warned that they must go before a consul. The German gets a

certificate from a magistrate, and also marries in church. Some young swells thought to pooh-pooh this kind of marriage; they went home, and left their Samoan wives behind. The German Government was angry, and, as a punishment, sent the women after them. Ach! It was beautiful—the surprise of those young gentlemen when the brown wives arrived at Berlin in their mats and bare feet."

"I wonder what year that was in," murmured the grave man. Luckily the speaker did not hear him this time, but went on:—

"Mind you, the natives don't care much about the reality of marriage, but they have got from the missionaries a sort of superstitious feeling about a certificate. In the old times the marriage ceremonies were much more impressive—music, dancing, displaying of costly mats with which the bride was covered; the feasting, when a fine old Mataboole, one of the sacred ministers, counsellors, and directors of public morals and ceremonies, would stand up and deliver a homily on bravery and chastity to the young bridegroom and all the young men assembled, telling them that a brave deed is its own reward, and any allusion to it afterwards destroys its prestige; that envy of a superior is absurd; promotion for the bravest deed in war being impossible, no man being able to take a rank to which he is not born; counselling them to be virtuous in the true extended meaning of the word (which, from its derivation, was never intended to apply to women); to be discriminating in applause[1]; to be modest and to praise the adversary, never himself; to be brave without useless rashness, which is not war; never, if vanquished, to commit the impropriety of re-opening an argument, say, on the beauty of a woman or the proper way to grow yams, or to build a war canoe, or on any other subject about which two clever people may dispute for ever without hope of convincing one another after it had been decided by a wrestling match before witnesses; never to repudiate a bargain once solemnly ratified by the *passing* of a whale's tooth—for no common man was allowed to *retain* or conceal such a valuable article as a whale's tooth under pain of death, it being the permanent property of his chief; to refrain from low, disreputable curses, such as telling an opponent to go and eat his grandfather[2]; to take care of wives and children; to respect, in all cases, the wives of their neighbours; and never to take liberty with even an unmarried woman against her free consent. Is it not all written in *Mariner's Tonga?* That's a classic, if you like."

As I hinted in the previous chapter, our friend waxes enthusiastic whenever *Mariner's Tonga* is mentioned. After a short dissertation on modern travellers' books and missionary reports, he continues:—

"It was not considered necessary to preach to the bride, not at all. If she did not behave herself her husband would knock out her

[1] An old Tongan war song has the curious refrain, "Mark how the uncultivated spectators are profuse in their applause."

[2] For explanation of the reasons why it is more appropriate to call this cursing than swearing, see description of the sacredness of ancestry, page 39, chap. vii.

brains with a club; and she knew that, and liked him the better for it. Do you know what the old chief Finow did when there was a dispute about some women captives once? He had never heard of King Solomon, but he ran the old Hebrew pretty close in his judgment. Six women were captured in a fight against the Vavau people, and, as they were very young and pretty, dispute waxed high as to which men were entitled to them by the laws of war? The actual capturers naturally claimed them, but the superior relatives of the capturers, *i.e.*, those blood relations who were elder and also in a higher rank, revived a not-often-exercised old custom, and insisted on the women being handed over. Finow could not ignore the ancient right of the superior relatives, but not wishing to anger his warriors, the capturers, he ordered the six women to be cloven down the middle, and the left sides to be given to the superior relations, and the right sides to the capturers. This brought the disputants to their senses, and the matter was 'arranged out of court.'

"Don't you believe, however, for a moment that the married women as a body were unhappy. Why? Tongan women were so honoured in the old days, that they were never put to hard labour; and a child took its rank from the mother, not from the father. Even in Fiji the health of wives and children was so thoughtfully cared for, that whenever one of them bore a child she was *tapu* (*i.e.*, set apart as sacred) for two years, thus giving her health and strength, and time to nurse and bring up her child to be strong and healthy also.

"Not only married, but also single women, had lots of pleasure and social intercourse together. Engaged modern girls needn't think they have invented anything new when, just before marriage, they invite their girl friends to an 'afternoon tea' or 'at home,' where presents are displayed. Tongans, and Samoans too, did it before Susan, and Mary, and Gretchen were born. Only instead of tea the betrothed hostess gave them sweet drinks; and they piled before her white *ngatu* (printed *tappa*) rugs, covered with black pictures of the *beka*, and made by the women of sacred *Hihifo*, the shrine for the making of kings and the home of that great tabooed bat, the *beka* or flying fox, hundreds of which slept hanging in strings reaching nearly to the ground, one holding on by the claws to another from four big banyan trees, and impregnating the whole surrounding atmosphere with a repugnant odour. Many other presents did her guests bring to her, such as fine mats and *tappa* cloth, and embroidered *sisis*, and cocoa-nut wristlets, and flowers. Being thoroughly well up in the subject they talked, no doubt, about lovers and men and, as a distinct branch of experience, all about marriage, and had a good time generally.

"Of course the virgin maid of the village, the adopted daughter of the biggest chief, was there too, and her experiences of the attentions paid to her by the latest visitors, whom it was her proud duty to entertain, would be worth hearing. They told each other yarns about the ways of the wonderful white men with some of their girl companions—the beginnings of the *papalagi's* attentions to one in the manner so forcibly pourtrayed by Lui Becke, and the horrible endings of such another, as he tells in that creepy, shuddery style of his, that

seems to cling to one's memory, whether one will or no. You remember the two stories I mean—one where the girl is 'cotched' by the roll of Turkey-red twill thrown to her, and starts housekeeping for her drunken lord by 'bashing the mosquitoes' off his sleeping mats; and the other, when the terrified wife is made to carry her lover's bloody head in her arms, and sing in a quavering voice his seducing song, 'Marriage hides the tricks of lovers.'

"Perchance, sitting in a circle in the open air before the doorway, the betrothed hostess and her girl friends played a game of cat's cradle,

"THE MAID OF THE VILLAGE LEADING, THEY PERFORMED A 'LAKA LAKA.'"

or *lafo*, or *fise*, and threw oranges, and smoked the wonderful new cigarettes of tobacco wrapped in banana leaf, and sang, all together, the *sibi* or love song we were trying on the piano last night; or, the maid of the village leading, they performed a *laka laka*,[1] and laughed merrily and innocently, while all around from hut to hut, among the motionless feathery coco-palms, rang out the cheery tap, tap, tap of the *tappa* hammer. That was in the good old days, before the reign of the Reverend Mr. Shirley Baker. Now they must have a piece of paper before they marry; that's all the difference. I will tell you a good story about that.

"One evening in Apia, the Consul's clerk was dining with the German firm's clerk. Looking out they saw, among a number of girls sitting about on the grass under the cocoa-nut trees, playing and talking, one very pretty girl. It was Fanini.

[1] *Vide* chap. v., Music.

"'I should like to marry her,' said the German clerk. 'Let us have some fun. You shall be consul. Here's paper, pen, and ink; write out a certificate, and we will have a mock marriage. Now I shall go and ask her.'

"'Can you tell us the name of the German firm's clerk?' sneaks in the grave man! We all laugh, for it seems a palpable hit.

"'Never mind his name. Don't interrupt me.'

"'Yes, go on, please Mr. Müller,' we cry.

"Fanini, the girl, was quite agreeable—a pretty little thing she was. I will show you her photograph another time (*which he did; and here it is on page* 41). She was at once escorted home, with singing and laughter, by her playfellows. The whole family and all the relatives turned out, and after rubbing Fanini all over with cocoa-nut oil till she glistened—the oil being rubbed in so hard that her skin became soft and smooth, and *dry* as satin—and dressing her in a handsome bridal loin mat, which showed her shapely figure to advantage, they brought her to the door of the house where the two young men were waiting.

"'Are you going to be the Consul?' said the father.

"'Yes,' said the Consul's clerk.

"'Then write the paper, and give it to me. I keep it.'

"'How much shall I say?' asked the clerk.

"'Ten dollars,' replied the father.

"So the paper was filled up. The German clerk engaged the girl as servant for one month, for ten dollars; the father pocketed the paper and the money, and everyone was satisfied. Then the leetle bride, carrying herself proudly erect, smiling, showing her white teeth and her shapely bosom and limbs, vas brought up, and handed over to the young husband. Ach! vat a beautiful sight!"

"What about the cocoa-nut oil?" shouts the whole smoking-room.

"De cocoa-nut oil is scented mit powdered sandalwood. You get to like it. Why, some men are so fond of the native women that they can't bear the smell of a white one! Moreover, it is wrong to bring a white woman to these islands. They cannot stand the climate. Their complexion changes to an anæmic paleness. They fade away and die, and so do their children."

"Talking about dying now. How many white men in this wicked world long to die and cannot!"

"I shall feel that way in a bit if this beastly weather continues much longer," interrupts the grave man with a growl.

"Mr. Blackmore, de European can growl and curse, but he can't die," retorts our German friend. "De native can die when he likes. I remember two Solomon Island boys who worked for me died in that way. The Solomon Island natives are very fierce, and look very formidable in their war costume, and so does the Gilbert Islander in his coir-matting armour, coir head-shield, and carrying his *tukalau*, or shark's-teeth sword. One of them can fight a dozen Tongans, but

they are very good workers and faithful fellows, and they dance and sing, and are generally light-hearted and merry. They turn out great swells when in full dancing costume. One of these Solomon boys suddenly refused his food, lay down on his mat, turned his face to the wall, and in a few days died. I was very kind to him, gave him delicacies, forced him to eat some rice, and brought the doctor to see him. The doctor said that his temperature was a little higher than usual, but that

"ONE VERY PRETTY GIRL. IT WAS FANINI."

there was absolutely nothing the matter with him. All I did was in vain. He had no what we call illness, not even nostalgia—home-sickness—that complaint so fatal to Solomon Islanders.

"You see, fevers are almost unknown in these islands. The only disease they get is a very light attack of measles. The moment they feel ill of measles they jump into the water, and you can't stop them. Then the chill kills them. If you can keep them in their huts (which is almost impossible unless you chain them down; one employer saved forty of his men in that way) they will recover.

"Well! he died and was buried. Next day I missed another of the Solomon boys, and found him in his bed of mats stiff, cold, his face turned to the wall. I shook him; I spoke to him; he would not move or answer. So I asked the other boys what was the matter with him?

"'Don't you know, master?' said they. 'He and Maui' (the one

SOLOMON ISLANDER.

"They turn out great swells when in full dancing costume."

who died) 'all as one like Sammy and Gussy' (my two little boys). 'Maui die, he die too.'

"Yes, they were brothers. So he died too.

"Nothing the matter with him at all, the doctor said; only he chose to die.

"They have a very weak hold of life, and yet they are brave beyond belief. Once I remember my horse got loose, did some damage to a native garden, and was put into the pound—forty-eight dollars damage. It was all Spanish and Mexican dollars in those days. Now English

gold and silver is everywhere. I am taking down a thousand pounds' worth of silver with me this trip. I wasn't going to pay any forty-eight dollars, not likely! So I said to my five Solomon Islanders, 'Go and find my horse' (it was removed from the pound for security), 'and bring it here, no matter where you find it'; and I went to bed.

"In the middle of the night I heard an awful row, and getting up I

MAUI IN HOLIDAY DRESS.

"Maui die, he die too."

saw about two hundred Tongans outside the house, and my horse, as I thought, in the yard; so I went down. Here were my five Solomon boys defending the yard. They were covered with wounds and bruises, but they had beaten off the whole two hundred Tongans! I had great trouble to make peace. It appears my boys, seeing a horse exactly like mine in a native village, had seized it, and the whole village, aroused at the theft of their horse, had followed.

"'This,' I said, looking at the animal in the dim light, 'is my horse, I think.'

"'No, Mr. Müller,' shouted the villagers; 'your horse is a mare!'

"So I struck a match; and lo! this was a horse!

"'Now go home quietly,' I said to the whole village, 'and your horse shall be returned to you safely in the morning.'

"The next day my horse was brought back, so frightened were the Tongans of my five Solomon boys!"

"Rum fellows, the Solomon Islanders," says the purser, who had been listening. "Some time ago we were commissioned by the Fiji Government to return some of the labourers to their homes, after their turn of service to the planters had expired—what they call, in their big parliamentary lingo, the 'repatriation of emigrants.' Taking them back safely is even a more dangerous and ticklish job than securing them in the first place. You see, each man and woman gets a certificate from Government, all drawn out carefully in official form, containing particulars of name, age, time hired, time to be returned, the exact description, not only of the island whence they were taken, but the bearings of the exact place on the island, and we were under a bond of £500 to obey the Act, and had to see that they were landed there and nowhere else.

"Why? Because if you landed them five miles away from that spot you might put them ashore among the natives of another tribe, and they would be clubbed and eaten before you could say Jack Robinson!

"I remember once two women, Raika and Domari, had to be landed at two different places. Raika was what was called in the Polynesian Immigration Act a 'fugitive woman,' *i.e.*, a woman who had cut and run from her own tribe and dared not go back, so she begged the Government Agent, who was aboard of us and in charge of the 'returns,' as they are called, to let her go with Domari. In fact, she *would* go ashore with Domari, who said it was all right, she'd protect her friend. So we arrived at the exact spot where Domari was due by her certificate, at a sandy beach.

"Two boats were sent ashore, one with the two women and their boxes—for the labourers have always boxes containing all the knick-nacks they buy with their money, their wages, you know—about £3 a year, sometimes double if they are old hands at plantation work—and, my word, they do try to take strange things!

"They are not allowed to take powder, shot, or guns, but they are awfully keen on dogs,[1] and often try to smuggle the brutes on board in the boxes, boring holes for them to breathe through; but we find it out and chuck the dogs ashore pretty quick, I tell you. The regulations compel us to have two boats to work recruiting or returning parties, except at the Line Islands, where the natives are a peaceful lot. The second boat is a covering party, and every man has his revolver or rifle ready in case of a surprise.

"Not a soul was to be seen, although we could see miles along the

[1] Among the numberless cruelties, extortions, and villainies of the planters, before the annexation of Fiji, with which the Blue Books teem, one cunning "Legree" is mentioned, who after working his poor slaves nearly to death took advantage of this trait in the Solomon Island character, and at the expiry of their term of contract sent them home *with a dog each, in full payment of their wages for the whole period.*

sand each way, and we put Raika and Domari on the lonely beach and backed out.

"You always *back* out for fear of a surprise, never turn round. By the time we had backed out a cable's length the beach was alive with natives as black as your hat——"

"Excuse me," struck in Blackmore; "I thought none of these islanders were black?"

"They are blacker than your hat, anyhow," retorted the purser, "and not a stitch of clothing on; others, in the distance, running like mad

SOLOMON ISLAND HOUSE.

"He built her a pretty hut, with grass roof and dandy-painted doorposts, and they lived happily ever after, as the story-books say."

up to the two who sat still on their boxes. A native got a big stone, broke open Raika's box, and all rushed to help themselves to the unfortunate woman's little knicknacks. One took a gaily-striped umbrella and opened it over his head, another played her Jew's-harp, a third put a chemise on, another a dress, until everything was gone but the box. This a man who could find nothing else put upon his head, and walked about with great pride.

"The woman had short shrift. She was seized, dragged to the cocoanut-trees, clubbed before our eyes, and no doubt afterwards eaten. But Domari, her box untouched, was led away in triumph by friends and relatives, and probably married one of the niggers and taught him a lot of things. Perhaps he built her a pretty hut, with grass

roof and dandy-painted door-posts, and they lived happily ever after, as the story books say. Whether Domari had a taste of her friend or not we never knew. Perhaps she intended to all along, and looked forward to picking a bone. The men take all the tit-bits, especially the hands and feet. Cannibal nations unanimously agree that human flesh roasted is delicious, especially that of captive boys, who in Fiji were first treated like capons and then fattened for the table."

Another of the purser's yarns, if repeated as simply and graphically as it was told to us, when later on we were steaming among the Fiji Islands, would read like a page out of *Robinson Crusoe*:—

"An eccentric army surgeon travelled as passenger in one of the black-birding schooners. He insisted on being set ashore, with three years' provisions and powder and shot, on a beautiful island about five miles off the mainland of a larger island, to collect specimens and what not, and to write a book about the Bible. There was no one else on the island,[1] so he thought it was all right. Six months afterwards—this was before we passed in the steamer, and stopped at the main island for water—a schooner was in the creek, becalmed, and, my word, the skipper *was* glad to see us come in. He told us the natives had discovered this man. It appears a great chief had died on the little island nine months before, and there had been a great feast.

"There is awful extravagance and waste of food on such occasions. Sometimes the yams are piled, in several stacks, sixty feet high, with roasted pigs on the top of each stack. After such a big chief's death the whole island was tabooed for nine months, and during that time none but chiefs were allowed to eat cocoanuts and bananas there under pain of death. The taboo is a priest's dodge to let the fruit grow again plentifully, so as to be ready for another big ceremonial, you must understand. That is the reason why there was no one on the island when the doctor was put ashore.

"Well, when the nine months were up, the chiefs, accompanied by the priests, had to go out and take the *tapu* off—a religious act they are obliged to perform punctually to the moment under fear of supernatural pains and penalties.[2] They lit a fire and danced, and

[1] Out of 225 islands in the Fiji Group only 80 are inhabited.

[2] There is an old island legend that once upon a time, after such a great feast, on a beautiful island teeming with cocoa palms and plantains, certain common men and women, misinterpreting the commands of the "Evil Spirit of the Sea," whom they carried about in a little box, and whom in their superstition they consulted, disobeyed the priests. They broke the *tapu* and ate the fruit. Now, waxing lusty and insolent, they became still more wicked. Disregarding the Malthusian law mentioned (between brackets on p. 34, chap. ii.), they increased and multiplied incontinently. Soon all the fruit was eaten up, and these wicked sinners, driven by hunger to their canoes, were carried away by the "Spirit of the Sea" to a great barren island in mid-ocean, where fruit-trees do not grow, where the women ever bear many children in pain and sorrow, and where, forbidden to die, both men and women toil at agriculture, ceaselessly night and day, planting yams and taro; but, population ever pressing more and more on food, never able to produce enough for all. This legend has some faint resemblance to the Bible story of Adam and Eve eating of the fruit of the tree of (carnal?) knowledge, and driven out of Eden to raise food by the sweat of their brow.

went through all their confounded antics and ceremonies; but as they had landed on the other side of the island from where he was, the Englishman never knew anyone had been there. They, however, found traces of him pretty quickly.

"So in the middle of the next night it appears they had gone back again in great numbers in their canoes, surprised him asleep with his loaded gun by his side, clubbed him, and brought him and all his belongings to the mainland the day before we arrived, and the remains of his bones were still beside the fire. We went up and found the charred bones, and the unfortunate man's prayer book, with his name and the number of his regiment on it. That was the last of him. We collected the bones and buried him, or rather them, at sea. A fair wind rose, and you should have seen that skipper making tracks out of that little bay with his schooner! He won't go in there again in a hurry, I bet."

"What regiment did the surgeon belong to?" said Blackmore, and the corners of his mouth relaxed. No one answered.

"Isn't it strange how some people like to be buried at sea?" struck in our skipper. "There was the girl, now, at Napier, who, at her dying request, was taken out seven miles to sea and buried."

"I suspect her lover was drowned at sea," says a sentimental passenger.

"Well, old Peter's lover wasn't drowned at sea, anyhow. He was a partner in a big shipbuilding firm. When he died he left special instructions in his will that his ashes were to be taken to sea, and sent afloat in boxes to the four points of the compass. The old skipper who had the job—you knew him, Mr. McPherson (to the first officer)—why he told me about it himself. He *was* a rum 'un. In the middle of telling me the yarn he brought his fist down on the table, and says he, 'Since I had that job for that old swine I have never had any luck nor a fair wind, d——d if I have!'"

"I remember a comical thing about a body. It happened in a ship I was in," chimed in the second officer. "One of the sailors died, and the first mate had the body sewn up and put into one of the boats, ready for prayers the next morning. Well, somehow, in fixing it up they let the body fall overboard. The first mate he was in a devil of a stew. He knew the old man (*i.e. the captain*) would give him beans if he were done out of reading the prayers over the body next day. So the first mate rigged up a dummy corpse, and the old man read the prayers, and knows nothing about it to this day. There was no other way out of it."

"Talking about corpses and about sailors dying aboard, it's no' a nice job to break the news of a man's death to a poor widow. I'll tell ye how a second mate did it once," said Mr. McPherson, evidently resenting the story about a first mate. "When I was a 'prentice in the *British Queen*, discharging cargo at Glasgow wharf a long while ago, William Smith, an able seaman, fell over the hatchway and broke

his back. So McNab, *the second mate*, was asked if he knew where the poor wife lived.

"'Aye,' says he.

"'Take the body home, Mr. McNab, and see you break the news gently to the widow,' says the gaffer (*i.e. the captain*).

"'I know,' says McNab. So he knocked at Mrs. Smith's door.

"'Are you the widdy Smith?'

"''Deed I 'm not, sir!'

"'Are ye nut, by gob! Just come out to this caiart and see, my woman!'"

But we can hear these sorts of yarns in any sea. We are thirsting for more about the South Pacific; so we worry Müller again with questions.

"What do the natives eat?" we ask.

"Eat? Why yams and *taro*, both something like potato; also bananas, breadfruit, poultry, and pigs—pork fed on yams and cocoanuts is delicious. I can't say I care to eat native pork myself, unless I see how it fed. The natives make scavengers of their pigs, letting them eat filthy ordure. Then there are pigeons: roast pigeon put on a clean mat on the floor, a little heap of salt in one corner, is first-rate. You wash your hands before you begin; then you squat down, take the pigeon by the two legs, tear it in halves, and dip it in the salt, take a yam in your other hand, dip it in the salt too, and eat turn about. You wash your hands again. What could you have better? If you were accustomed to that you would tire of using a knife and fork. The king of Tonga and some of the other natives use knives and forks on occasion, but they think it a great bother. They like their own old way best. Often have I seen missionaries enjoying themselves much without knife or fork, across their knees a clean mat with a little heap of salt on it, a yam in one hand and a piece of roast leg of pork, held by the shank, in the other, dipping the pork in the salt, taking a bite, then the same with the yam, till nothing but the bone of the leg of pork was left in de missionary's hand!

"Then they have the finest turtle you ever saw, and plenty of delicious fish."

"And what do they drink?"

"Have you never tasted the wonderful Kava?" interrupted the purser. "Well! you *will* open your eyes and feel a shiver of disgust go down your back when you take your first drink; but you will get to like it. You must be careful not to drink any prepared from the green root. I remember once some of our men went to visit a Tongan family, and one young sailor got larking with the girls, so for fun the women served him a trick. They pounded a little of the green kava root, and made him drink it. Soon afterwards our men started for the ship, and suddenly missing their larky mate, went back to look for him. They found him standing up against a tree, perfectly sensible, but wondering what was up with his legs, for he could not move them;

and the girls, hidden behind the trees, were watching him, and laughing fit to split their sides. So his mates had to carry him on their backs, turn and turn about, all the way to the ship, he laughing and swinging his arms about and moving the upper part of his body freely all the time. He suffered no pain or ill effects, and was as right as a trivet next morning."

. . . . . .

"If you want a tasty bit for breakfast you will find a flying-fish between the back bars of one of the deck seats on the port side," said the second mate one morning, putting in his head. "He must have come on board last night, at a great speed, too, for he is jammed so tightly between the bars that it will be difficult to get him out whole."

"By Jove! that must be the seat Mr. Müller generally sleeps on!"

"What a narrow escape he has had," said Ortenham.

"I don't see it. If he had been there, snoring as loudly as usual, p-p-perhaps the fish wouldn't have come aboard," said Sandilands.

"Pooh! What nonsense! I never snore. I sleep like one lamb, sir."

Frank Whitcombe here broke into the conversation, which was becoming decidedly tangled. He has lived nearly all his life in Tonga, and is a great fisherman. He joined us at Tongatabu, and is on his way to the island of Rotumah, which is three hundred miles from Fiji, and, I should say, is just about the end of the world.

"Do you know," says he, "there's a sort of sword-fish, called an *onu* when it is big, *haputu* when it is small, that will fly at you?[1] It can run along the top of the water and jump twenty yards! Sometimes when standing in the water fishing you throw a spear at one. If the spear miss, the *onu* will jump right at you."

"What with flying-fish and *onus*, this appears to be about the only part of the world with a thoroughly new and sound reason for a black-eye—quite a relief after ordinary tiresome excuses," whispers Blackmore to me.

"The natives get tired of fish," continues Müller; "they are now very fond of tinned beef, which they buy whenever they have money. They are regular children in their ideas, as the trader finds to his cost sometimes if he is not careful. A tinned-meat manufacturer was nearly ruined by changing his trade mark to a dragon's head; though he was warned by his agents, he persisted. Out came shipment after shipment from San Francisco, each tin branded with a flaming dragon. The natives shuddered at the sight of the hideous thing. *They* were not going to eat such a disgusting beast! In vain did the agents tear

[1] This is probably the garfish, which Guppy, in *Solomon Islands*, page 133, says "sometimes jumps out of the water and strikes natives with such force that they die."

off and scrape off the labels. The natives got suspicious, and would not touch the meats. The whole shipment had to be returned, and fresh tins of different shape and colour substituted, with a fat ox or a sheep on the label. They fully believed that the figure on every label was a true picture of what was inside! In the Marquesas some tribes are even more unreasonable; they smell the outside of the tin, and if the odour be unpleasant or unfamiliar they won't buy! Yet they prefer a cocoanut-tree represented on the outside even to the picture of a fat bullock! Last year the islanders got £88,000 for their copra, equal to £3 per head, so they have plenty of money for tinned meats and other little luxuries just now, and they grow vegetables. The only disgusting thing they eat is a white grub, the size of my little finger, found under the bark of a tree; but I have seen white men eat it also. Australian blacks and many other savage races are fond of such grubs."

. . . . . .

"Ah! you want to hear more about de ladies? Divorce?—is very easy to get. I knew a young woman who got tired of her husband. She met a native policeman, and said to him, 'I go sleep in Tamatai's house; you come in and see me there, and say "Guilty!" then I go before the court.' Houses being always open—what would they be shut for at night? there are no snakes and no wild beasts—the native policeman went in, crossed the verandah, stepped softly into the room, lifted the mosquito curtain which was suspended over the mats, struck a match, and said 'Guilty!' Tamatai and the woman got a summons from the court. She pleaded guilty, and both were fined—the woman twenty-six dollars, the poor co-respondent fifty-two dollars, and she got a divorce from her husband. Everyone was satisfied except the co-respondent, poor fellow, who had to pay in cash; the woman had given her to do at home what Tongan law calls 'a task of native manufacture'—she had to make so many mats or hats to the value of twenty-five dollars (of 4*s*. each English currency).

"Nobody's character suffered in any way! What is the good of missionaries trying to graft European principles suddenly on South Sea Island virtue? It is as easy to ride a coach and four through the Christian dogmas as through an Act of Parliament."

. . . . . .

"Have you ever seen a marriage in Rotumah?"[1] said Frank Whitcombe.

"You know we have never been there, so, of course, you will say there is no place like it," growled Blackmore; "but we intend to go, so it is hardly worth while stuffing us with traveller's yarns, you know."

"Well, believe me or not, it is really a little paradise. I would not leave it to be made Governor of New Zealand. I've got a trading station at Oinafa, the principal village there, and I hope you will give

[1] Rotumah is a very interesting island. There are 2285 inhabitants, two-thirds of whom are Wesleyans, one-third Roman Catholics. The language differs from any other in the Pacific.

me a call. You would be very welcome. It takes only four days to get to Rotumah by a trading schooner from Lefuka, in Fiji.

"When a white man lands the girls don't come rushing round and staring at him, but keep modestly in the background; while their elders, who most of them speak English, come up and shake hands and welcome him to the little island, which is about the size of Haapai, but of volcanic formation. As to the girls, well I don't know what to say good enough for them. They surprised me, and it takes a lot to do that. There are some bad ones, but the most of them are real ladies, and can put some white girls to shame. They are beautiful, well formed, not bundles of blubber like the Tongan girls. They don't put lime on their hair, which is generally as black as soot. They are very light-complexioned, a lot of them having Spanish and Portuguese blood in them."

"I suppose you get on very well with them?" said Blackmore.

"I ought to, being the youngest white man on the island. The others—there are eight white men all told—are mostly old shellbacks. The girls all like the white men best; and when they love a man they stick to him, I tell you. The white sailors each have a pretty young Rotumah girl to cook for them and look after them. When they fix on a girl they take a pig or a case of tinned beef and some kava, and go to the girl's house and present their gift to the father, tell him they love the girl, and when the feed is finished take the girl home. But the young ladies are very shy and proper with *me* because the Commissioner is my brother-in-law, you see, and he and his wife are great people to them.

"The men are great voyagers. Lots of them go pearling in Torres Straits. The best of these men is that when they go away they seldom take to the white man's vices; at least, if they do, they drop their bad habits when they come home. Lots of them won't touch liquor of any sort, and the great thing is they are honest. I only know of two people in Oinafa who steal, and that is a boy and his father, so you see it is in the family; and, mind you, the natives warned me about them. I don't think you will find any other natives like that. If you are walking anywhere they always stick you up and ask you if you would like a cocoanut. They are very intelligent and good-natured, and they never fight. Old Captain Kaad, who has been there for years, told me he never saw two Rotumans fighting.

"It is great fun the way the young native men cruise around after the girls. You know in Tonga the girl comes to the man, but here the chap creeps in under her mosquito net when the old people are all asleep. It must be a very exciting game. One night I recollect a young native at Motusa, another village, was creeping to a girl when the father heard him. The old man had been a whaler, and had an iron bar near his bed. He jumped up and promptly let drive. The young fellow disappeared through a window, fell over a stone wall three feet high, and then into a well about four feet deep, where he stuck for fully three minutes. Jolly, wasn't it!

"But a real Rotuman marriage among chiefs is a fine affair, and

often takes place when one of the big men comes back from a successful pearling in the Straits. The whole of the first day the bride and bridegroom sit on mats alongside of each other, tied together with bright-coloured handkerchiefs—the nuptial knots—and people come from every village on the island with presents of food, mats, and other things. When all the guests have arrived the men are cleared out, and the women all sit round the bride and bridegroom and monopolize them altogether, and entertain the company with dancing, shouting, and making ugly faces (sometimes you will see old women with elephantiasis in both legs dancing as merrily as the healthiest young ones, their wizened, wrinkled old faces shining from the quantity of kava they have been drinking all their lives); whilst the men, poor beggars, are set to work cooking and preparing for the feast; and if they don't hurry up the women throw nuts at them, and call them all the insulting names they can think of. On the wedding-day the women take entire command over the men, and, in fact, boss the whole concern, while the oldest hags have the privilege of chewing the kava ready for drinking. The bride's maiden lock is cut off, and a piece of poetry is said over it. The bridegroom smokes a native cigarette and hands it to the bride. Then the whole party proceeds to the little coral-lime church, where the marriage is performed by the missionary. After that games are carried on. Commissioner Leefe is generally made boss of the women's side, and my sister, Mrs. Leefe, of the men's side; these two direct all the games. When all the feasting and larking is finished, the bride and bridegroom, headed by a procession of a hundred girls in single file, carrying mats, the kava root ceremoniously in front of all, and followed by half a dozen men carrying whole pigs and other food, old women bringing up the rear driving the men on, proceed with their friends to the bride's house, where they have another feed, and this goes on for seven days—three days and a half with the bride's people and three days and a half with the bridegroom's. The best of it is the poor wretches are not allowed to rest. Every two hours during the night they are awakened to have a feed, and this goes on for seven days.

"Yes, it is a jolly place and a jolly life—no worry, no trouble—I love it. I believe I am the black sheep of the family; I am only good for sea or the islands. I could not live anywhere else.

"When a ship comes in most of the traders 'run a mucker,' as they call it. When the ship goes out they sit and think and weep for about one week. Then with a little wholesome necessary bad language they rouse up their girls to cook better and tidy up, and they go about things in the usual way for a couple or four months until the next vessel arrives. Queer life, ain't it?"

"Yes," said one of the listeners, "it takes a lot of people to keep a world from becoming uninteresting."

Before Whitcombe had finished his yarn the glaring sun had disappeared below the horizon, and darkness was suddenly upon us.

It was a calm, sultry night. We got little fresh air, though the four

windows and both doors were wide open. Huddled on the hatchway, just abaft the smoking saloon, and brimming over towards us, the curious, spying, native passengers crowded silently round. Although they could not understand what we said, they loved to listen to the white man talking, and to watch his every movement. The window openings were filled with glittering eyes and teeth. At both doorways others, lying flat on their stomachs, chins resting on the sills, stared motionless and intent. From the hatchway beyond came the sound of a Sankey and Moody hymn, led by a native preacher, and the odour of cocoanut oil was everywhere.

"Clear out, there!" shouted the purser, and the eyes and teeth vanished noiselessly into the darkness.

"Is it not a lovely night?" said the sentimental passenger.

"Maybe!" said Mr. Macpherson, the first officer, hearing the remark and stopping at the door. "I could do mysel' wi' a trifle more wind. There are so many ways of enjoying a fine night. It depends, ye see, on what ye want."

Then came one of his sarcastic little yarns:—

"Once, after a hot day, I mind wandering to the river's brink, on a February evening, in a wee agricultural township in New Zealand, where I was livin' then. A cool air frae the near mountain was a'most motionless, and a full moon possessed the whole sky. Two men above me, on one end of a half-mile-long wooden bridge, talket low, looking down on the wide, straggling river-bed, where the sparse summer waters, broken into a hundred rivulets away far below (*ahem!*), murmured a'most unseen, lingering among the great boulders that gleamed like white ghosts in the moonlight.

"'What a gran' cool night!' said one of the men.

"'It is,' said the other. 'I wish I had thirty pigs down in salt. I'll kill to-morrow, whatever happens!'"

With another loud affected cough, Mr. Macpherson abruptly continued his walk, his nose in the air, and a broad grin under his moustache. We had nothing handy to throw at him, so held our peace. Then Blackmore suddenly remembered him of a little Scotch tale suitable for the occasion:—

"At Tahita, which is a French colony, as you know, *vin ordinaire* is usually put on the table at meals, and is not charged for separately. It is cheap, and is drunk freely. A good story is told of a Scotchman, who, walking a little way out of Papeëte, and becoming tired and thirsty, stopped at a restaurant, and, with Doric discretion, asked for a glass of water.

"'Monsieur would perhaps prefer wine?' said the genial Frenchman. Sandy took a long drink of *vin ordinaire*, and pulled out his purse.

"How much dive you charge for that?'

"'Nothing, nothing, monsieur!'

"'Gudesake! man, dae ye tell me you charge naething for wine here?'

"'Nevere! nevere! Monsieur has thirst, monsieur is welcome to drink!'

"'In that case I may as weel tak the bottle,' said Sandy, calmly putting it in his pocket. Shake hands, mountseer. Good-bye, and thank ye.'"

Mr. Macpherson was not at all hit, or at any rate he did not show that he was.

"I should hae liked weel to hae travelled wi' Sandy," was his stoical remark.

. . . . . .

"Phew! Isn't it hot! I wonder if we could have the wind-shoots in our portholes?"

"I don't think so," said the purser, "there is too much sea on, and the stewards would have a nice mess to clean up in your cabins if a wave caught half-a-dozen wind-shoots."

For the benefit of those who are not often at sea in calm hot weather, I may explain that the wind-shoot is a piece of iron, about eighteen inches long, like half a stove pipe, fixed into the porthole. Projecting out over the sea, it catches any light air and drives it into the cabins. Carried in a certain position, it looks not very unlike a coal-scuttle.

"An awfully good thing, in the way of misunderstanding all round, happened to young Dawfort yesterday morning, when we were crossing the haw-baw bar," here struck in Sandilands, the clean-shaved Englishman with the eyeglass. "He wanted to write a letter, don't you know, to post at Tonga, and catch the Taviuni for Sydney or something, so he went to the steward—

"'Chief steward! can you oblige me with some writing-paper?' 'Certainly, sir. James!' (to the bedroom steward, that bullet-headed, unhappy, rum-looking customer, don't you know) 'James! just go to my bedroom and bring my portfolio, will you?'

"'What has he got now, in the name of goodness?' ejaculated Dawfort, as James suddenly appeared with a strange-looking thing in his hand. 'Why he's bringing a coal-scuttle!'

"'What do you mean by bringing the wind-shoot, stupid?' broke out the chief steward. 'Mr. Dawfort wants writing-paper—letter-paper—out of my portfolio—my writing-desk!'

"'You might have said so, then, and not made a fool of me,' growled James. 'I knowed this belonged to your porthole.'"

While Sandilands was talking, Müller got so interested that he actually took his pipe out of his mouth. We waited to see what it was all about.

"Tell me now—I'm learning English. Och! it is so difficoolt! why do you say haw-baw-baw when it is spelt (trilling his r's) harr-barr-barr?"

He got no answer, but a laugh all round, in which Sandilands good-naturedly joined.

. . . . . .

"Tell us more about the Rotumah girls, Whitcombe. Dawfort, you are nearest the bell, give the steward a call, will you? What will you have, Whitcombe," said Blackmore, "a John Collins or a whisky and soda?"

"I'll take lemonade, thanks; I don't drink spirits. I think if you live here you are better without it."

"We all live here at present, but I am going to chance a whisky and soda." And so said we all.

We were going slow in the darkness between Samoa and Fiji, and the engines seemed almost noiseless. There was not a breath of air, and no sound in the night but the churning of the screw, heaved out of the water by the long swell which made the tops of the masts describe huge circles among the stars. The natives had stopped singing, and the stillness on deck was only broken by the murmuring croon of an old woman lying under a tappa blanket, and the distant sound of a hymn played on a nose flute by a pious native away forward.

"It is too hot to live in here; let's go outside and sit on the hatchway to hear Whitcombe yarn."

So we all adjourned to the open air and sat down just outside the smoking-room on the main hatch, not far from the natives. The Malthusian, who was at the extreme end of our group, leaned tight up against three pretty Samoan girls, whose teeth and eyes gleamed with fun through the darkness. And Whitcombe began—

"I tell you, the women have fine times there; and they say that's why the population of Rotumah, unlike most other islands, is increasing. A lot is talked and written about the rights and franchise of the New Zealand woman, but with all their ingenuity, they will never hold the same power over man as these native women do. For instance, the queer custom, or native law of ransom, is a great power they have. I will give you an instance. The women, you must understand, are famous for their lovely white mats. To watch them at the work is very interesting. They all sit in a row with rolls of fibre near them. The mat is laid flat on the ground, and their busy fingers ply in and out, while they laugh and tease each other all the time. As soon as the women in the first row tire they get up and smoke their cigarettes, while a fresh row sits at the mat. The work is very trying, owing to the

constant stooping, and many women owe their death to mat making; so to induce them to stick to the work, great privileges are accorded. When there are a number of mats to be made the women are masters. The men have to fetch food from the bush, kill pigs, cows, &c. If slow or impudent they are thrashed by the women with a leaf of the popoi, which makes them itch horribly. Should a man who is found fault with get away without punishment, then the ransom business comes in. The aggrieved women arrest his mother or his wife, and he has to ransom them generally with a pig or food. Even the white people are not safe. Not very long ago an Englishman was going round the island in his boat, and his crew began to shout insultingly to some women who were making a mat on the beach. The latter threw down their work and rushed into the sea, carrying with them a large net to catch the boat and the whole party in it, and drag them all ashore. Then a regular naval fight began. The women all held on to the boat and got towed into deep water, so had to let go and swim back to land. But they were not going to allow their victim to escape altogether. They knew he was good for at least two tins of biscuit and a pig. So next day to his surprise, for he was a bit of a new chum, a gang of women, gaily rigged out with green leaves and flowers, marched straight into his house and coolly arrested him. 'You our prisoner! Your men guilty of bad words to our women making mats on the beach yesterday—you remember? So you come along with us to Oinafa,' says old Susannah, the leader of the women.

"'Why, that's two miles! I am not going to walk all that way over the hot sand, Susannah,' pleaded the Englishman. 'You'll have to get a boat's crew, my dears.'

"'All right! All right!' shouted the whole band of women, who were not at all angry, rather the opposite, anticipating a substantial ransom of biscuit and pig.

"So they took him, in state, in a boat, the rowers laughing, singing, and jumping in and out of the water for sport the whole way. When they reached Oinafa food was made ready in the chief's house, and wonderful dances were kept going all the while that they waited to see what action the Englishman's party would take. Immediately the chief of Noatow, the district which owned the Englishman, heard of the arrest he sent word round among his people, and in half an hour sixty women started with mats, oil, scent, and tobacco to ransom the *papalagi*, followed soon after by forty more, and in the evening by a hundred men with food and a wreath of green leaves. If the wreath would be accepted all would be well, but if not *the whole island would have to bring food!* Luckily it was accepted. And so, after dancing and feasting, the Noatow people triumphantly carried the released captive home, taking with him a pig, kava, and seven white mats. That *papalagi* was very polite the next time he saw women making mats!"

"I presume that with a mat-making wife to boss him and thrash him with popoi leaves, and old Susannah's band to back her up, and perchance with a mother-in-law to assist, a married man has rather

a nice time of it in Rotumah," says Blackmore. "It would be about as lively as being in the bonds of holy matrimony with a successful prima donna."

"Well, the mothers-in-law, generally speaking, *are* rather troublesome customers. If their children are living very happily, they must go and cause a quarrel. But lately, since one old dame was ordered ten days' solitary confinement for that by her chief, they have been a little less supercilious. *You* could not get rid of a cantankerous mother-in-law so easily as that in New Zealand now, could you? In old days, of course, the women had little drawbacks to their power and happiness. For instance, Kamatgia, a big chief, contracted on the Gilbert Group a playful habit. He became possessed of a revolver, and to amuse himself used to make one of his wives stand opposite to him with a cocoanut on her head, while he practised shooting at it. Frequently he hit the wrong nut, thus requiring a new wife. Poor fellow! Under British rule he misses his revolver practice sadly, and often longs for a shot at the forbidden fruit. But I don't pity him much. *He was a very bad shot.* In those days the chiefs of the seven districts took it in turns to be the Biggest Chief, or King, for a certain time. When the others got tired waiting for their turn they sometimes hastened matters by dispatching the king in his sleep. However, more murders were caused by missionary quarrels than by heathen ambition.

In 1878, when the island was virtually governed by the Wesleyans, who simply banished from the islands any trader or other person that made himself obnoxious to them, a war broke out between them and the Roman Catholics, and both sets of Christians went at it, hammer and tongs, for a good while. As the Wesleyans were twice as numerous as the enemy, they killed the most men; and consequently, their God being evidently the stronger of the two, they made many converts. The Roman Catholic priests, who are being sent to these islands now, are of a higher class than those who came formerly; but it is the reverse with the Wesleyans. Here, as elsewhere, the "trouble" always began through the missionaries going for land and money. If an unfortunate native stayed away from a prayer-meeting he or she was fined so many gallons of oil. Of course the missionaries deeply regretted the loss of spiritual refreshment suffered by the absentee, and cocoanut oil was very saleable.

"Are they good singers, these advanced ladies?" one of us asks.

"No, they don't even know what singing is. It is very curious that the Rotuman women, though they have a strain of Portuguese blood in them, as shown by their light colour, luxuriant hair, their fine eyes, and their bright, intelligent, winning manners, have absolutely no ear for music. Their *tau-togas* (songs) are simply excruciating to listen to. On Christmas and New Year's Day a crowd of young people dress up in gay handkerchiefs and flowers, rub themselves with cocoanut oil, and go from house to house singing *tau-togas*. Their only instruments are drums made of matting, which they hit with sticks as they sit in a ring, and make night hideous with pure groans and yells, without vestige of

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melody or harmony. When they have finished the owner of the house sends round a girl with a bottle of Morton's salad oil, mixed with red powder. This is rubbed on their cheeks and hair. Musk scent, which they love, is thrown on their heads. Then they look not unlike a lot of cannibals after a good feed of 'long pig.'"

Whitcombe stopped; there was silence, and we were glad, for thoughts of Morton's salad oil, and of matted drums beaten with sticks, and of *tau-togas* yelled by red-powdered Rotuman girls, seemed to jar upon the lovely night and the everlasting stars, strong-gleaming with steely-white tropical light, and upon the dark, unfathomable, illimitable sea, rolling its great billows around us. Suddenly the Malthusian began to recite in sonorous, but low voice—

> "Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
> Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee; in vain
> Man marks the earth with ruin; his control
> Stops with the shore."

* * * * * *

We left him finishing *Childe Harold* to the three Samoan girls, who did not understand English, and we went below and turned in.

CHAPTER III.

THE FRIENDLY ISLANDS.

"Droops the heavy-blossomed bower, hangs the heavy-fruited tree,
Summer Isles of Eden, floating in dark purple spheres of sea."

TONGATABU.

ALL the way, 1100 miles from Opua to Tongatabu, we have a stormy passage of four and a half days, during which time we make acquaintance with our fellow-passengers, and settle down in little groups after the English fashion. Unfortunately we have not a single Frenchman on board. When he is not sea-sick there is no fellow-traveller like our genial hereditary enemy to keep a ship's company together by his light-hearted gaiety and unexclusive politeness. We have only one German—he of our smoking saloon clique—always in good spirits, ready to laugh and talk with everybody. Three chatty elderly ladies, and a few English and Colonial tourists and commercial travellers and invalids, make up the rest of our society. I do not know how the elderly ladies feel, but I cannot help thinking that a trip among these islands in rough seas, alternating with very hot weather, to peer at a lot of half-naked brown men and women is not in their line. The ladies are very cheery, and determined to put a good face on their troubles; but I fancy they ever get more discomfort than pleasure out of this trip.

At daybreak on the fifth day the cry of land brings us all tumbling up on deck, and we gaze at last upon a South Sea island!

Just under the red of sunrise on the starboard bow, dimly through the glass, silhouetted against a pale, yellow-green sky, stand, as it were, right out of the ocean, the feathery tops of cocoanut trees, and nearer, puff! puff! puff! one after another, stretching almost a mile along the horizon, like shells fired from a line of forts and exploding in the water, leap twenty feet into the air little heaps of white spray. These are the waves breaking over a line of coral rocks, and up through submarine caves in the rocks. The first impression I feel is certainly not a very grand one to record. The old nursery rhyme, which I am positive

I have not heard for fifty years, and to the melody of which I was rocked to sleep many and many a time when a baby, comes back, singing in my ears, and will not be denied—

> "He ate their fingers one by one,
> First the toe and then the thumb,
> Next the head and then the tongue—
> King of the Cannibal Islands!"

And here I am at last, standing over a cargo of drapery, tinned meats, Australian wines, house timber, church seats, and a pulpit, coming to see the royal foe of my earliest youth!

Another pleasant old delusion gone! The late Thakombau, king of Fiji, would have been a better representative cannibal than King George I. of Tonga ever was; and indeed, in spite of the traces of human ovens in Tongatabu, and in spite of mariners' stories of men eating their wives, English people who have been thirty years in the country, and have studied its past history, assert that the Tongans never were cannibals in the ordinary acceptation of the term. As for the present young king, George II., he is a gentleman in a well-made suit of English broadcloth! And the quarterings on the Royal Arms of Tonga are composed of the dove of peace facing the crossed swords of the Rosicrucians, three stars on another field, with a crown on the fourth.

Soon the low land rises in the air. We enter a wide bay. Its port arm is formed by the long coast-line of Tongatabu, and to starboard is a string of many islands of all sizes, from mountainous Eua (where five miles from the shore there is *convenient* anchorage four and a half miles deep) down to a tiny thing, looking in the distance like an old-fashioned four-decker in full sail, with tall cocoanut trees for masts. Eua is a fertile island, nine miles south-east of Tongatabu. It is six miles long and four miles wide. It has a rich belt of cocoanut trees round the shore, is well grassed on the highlands, and was lately rented as a sheep station by some New Zealanders; but sheep do not thrive as well as cattle in any part of the South Seas, so the venture turned out a failure, and the sheep have been removed. It has a governor at a salary of £60, has five villages, and a population of 361 sturdy Tongans, mostly fishermen and women.

Land lies ahead of us, but so low that it is visible only in spots. All round our steamer is the dark water which the Greeks called purple, an expression oft criticised by moderns, who sneer at the poets and deny the existence of such a hue in the great deeps. A sharp-cut, yet imaginary, distant line—the edge of the unseen coral which underlies the whole island, and creeps far out to sea—

divides the purple from a pale green broad expanse, which stretches ahead of us nearly to the horizon. There, on the starboard bow, the view is bounded by the row of circular islands which stand up out of the blue sea, a darker green, glittering like a chain of huge emeralds in a broad band of sapphire. The intense paleness of the green colour in the bay is caused by the shallowness of the water. The masses of underlying coral are only two to four feet beneath the surface. The sea around our steamer looks a deeper purple from the contrast.

"We enter," says the captain, explaining the chart and pointing out the course with his finger, "by the eastern passage, leaving the high island of Eua far outside on the starboard hand, through bold water till we reach the island of Nakakoa, then turn suddenly into the narrows at a right angle, reefs on both sides. When we leave Tongatabu, on our way to Haapai, we go out on the north-west side by the Egeria Passage, round by the cocoanut-wooded island of Atala. The Egeria is the best passage for vessels not drawing more than eighteen feet."

He has no time to tell us more. As we near the green water he climbs into the foretop, and sits there guiding the steamer along the swift tide, past the reefs, through the blue, narrow passage, with pale green water rushing and tumbling on either side.

"Port!" Then we wheel to starboard, the steamer answering her helm beautifully, and darting away from the green water. Not too much swing, or we shall be on the opposite reef, whose jagged surface would tear and rip up the stoutest ship's bottom in a jiffy.

"Stead—y!"

"Steady it is, sir!"

"Stand by the engines!"

"Half speed!" and we whirl round the buoy.

At this point there is an uncanny appearance about the green waves, for they swirl over each other on both sides of us at the same time. I, for one, hold my breath for a moment—I don't know what the others do—and I fancy I can see the dark coral rocks under the breaking water. It is a relief when the passage widens, the reefs recede, and we head for Mount Zion. This is a bold, abrupt rising ground, in old time occupied by the historical, great round fort which was besieged by the chief Finow, an invader from Haapai, with 170 canoes and 15 white men, including William Mariner, in charge of the big cannons from the *Port-au-Prince*. Now it is peacefully crowned by the large unsightly church which gives it its Bible name, which has a missionary history, and

makes a good landmark for ships. Below the church, around the edge of the beautiful bay, nestling among cocoanut trees, stands white Nukualofa, the capital of the kingdom of Tonga.

At midnight, as we sit yarning in the smoking saloon, alongside Nukualofa wharf, tired yet very wakeful, looking forward to an exciting first day ashore on a South Sea island, a handsome old Tongan gentleman, a scion of the Royal Family, in bare head and legs and a long black frock coat—*Junea* (pronounced Sunea) *Mafileo*, the late *Jioaji Tubou's* youngest nephew, with a figure-head and fine-cut features like a Louis Quatorze stepped out of a Versailles portrait gallery—looks in upon us, carrying a large black umbrella under his arm. We at once invite him to join our company. With a dignified smile and without a word he walks into the smoking-room, where the well-known Jack Castles of Fiji and buccaneering reputation—Hayes' old chum, as I have already mentioned—is spinning one of his tremendous, impossible yarns about old days. Jack is going to marry Junea's grand-niece, a girl young enough to be his grand-daughter. This princess was a *deck passenger* last month. Our good-natured skipper promised Junea to look after her, and give her a biscuit!

Junea is eighty-five years of age, has false teeth, but does not wear spectacles, because (so he says) he is not an old man yet! Intelligent, dignified, and seemingly, as a matter of course, out on a cruise of enjoyment in the middle of the night, to see if anything turns up, he seats himself beside Mr. Castles, and with *grand seigneur* ceremoniousness, bows to everyone. We are delighted with his smile, his bearing, and his terse replies (as interpreted by Jack Castles) to our questions.

Junea believes in one wife, he says; but we do not attach much weight to his present opinion after we ascertain that he has had thirty-five children, whose names he can remember, besides a good many more whom he has forgotten. As the king's uncle he is a sort of treasurer, a real sinecurist at £150 a year, for he never signs a paper or does anything in return for the salary.

"Dare we give him a drink?" I ask.

"Certainly," says Mr. Jack. "He is a member of the Royal Family, a great chief, and exempt from the liquor laws. . . . What will you have, old man, whisky and soda, and a biscuit?"

Junea made a gesture signifying that whisky and soda was the very thing. So we touched the bell for the steward.

"By-the-bye that reminds me," says the captain, "to warn you that you must be careful not to give a native liquor under any pretext. No

excuse short of a medical certificate is of any avail. So strictly is this law carried out that the master of one of our regular steamers was fined under the following circumstances on his first trip to the islands:—An old Tongan woman, a deck passenger, one night rolled about on the hatchway groaning, and evidently in great pain. The

TUBOU,
One of the descendants of the first dynasty, the sacred Tuitonga, or king-priests of ancient Tonga.

steward went to the master and reported that the woman had colic, and was very bad, and that he had no medicine. 'Give her half a glass of brandy, steward,' said the master, without thinking, 'and if she does not get better, report to me.' Within a few hours of arrival at the next port, sir, that skipper had a slip of blue paper put into his hand. It was a summons to the police-court for unlawfully giving intoxicating liquor to a native. Though the Tongan

police magistrate was satisfied by the evidence that there were special extenuating circumstances,[1] the defendant was fined 250 dollars, and the company's agent had to give security for the payment before the ship could get away. It turned out that the woman and her friends had told everybody how good the dear captain was to give her a glass of brandy!"

"They may say what they like about Shirley Baker, or Burly Shaker, as we used to call him," interjects Mr. Müller, "but the fact is, he not only made good laws—any well-read fool can do that—*he carried them out.*"

Meanwhile Junea is beaming over his liquor. At 1.30 a.m. he is as fresh as a daisy, with a second whisky and soda before him. At 2 a.m. we all accompany him to the gangway and see him off—a comical picture, putting up his black umbrella! In the wonderful light of the full moon he and it cast a deep shadow on the wharf and on the water. Farewell, Junea, last of an ancient *régime!* Where else in the wide world shall we look upon an old nobleman like you?

The South Sea Island chief's umbrella is not only a sign of dignity, it is used to ward off the rays of both sun and moon. Also is it expressive as a Spanish lady's fan, being more or less moved aside (shut or open), according to the respect wished to be shown to anyone passing.

The Vancouver mail steamers to Australia touching at Fiji, and the Frisco mail steamers to New Zealand touching at Samoa, will soon Europeanize the natives in both places. Tahiti is already Frenchified with its Paris-named streets, its little boulevards, its "clubs," and its café at Papeëte, its bureaucracy, and frightful general demoralization.

Tonga is the last, and by far the richest and most prosperous, of the native island kingdoms that are intelligently self-governed. As yet only slightly touched by European customs, it is, of all the groups in the South Seas, the most fascinating. Interest is heightened not a little by the history and character of its kings and people, and by the exceptional opportunity Mariner's voluminous book gives for comparing its ancient barbarous with its semi-barbarous condition. Much more seriously worth a study is it made by the deeply interesting and important experiments in social and political government, for which it is chiefly indebted to old King *Jioaji Tubou I.* and to his prime minister, the reverend missionary statesman, Shirley Baker.

Many friends and many enemies Mr. Baker had and still has, for he

[1] The law in Fiji also disregards extenuating circumstances. There must be proved an absolute necessity.

lives in comfortable retirement in Auckland, New Zealand, whence he corresponds regularly with the young king, and edits a native newspaper, published at Nukualofa. He did many good and many wicked things. The consensus of colonial public opinion is that his forcible deportation from Tonga by Sir John Thurston, High Commissioner of the Western Pacific, was necessary to the well-being of the country. Be that as it may, seeing that I shall have severe things to say about missionaries, I think it is only fair to give the earliest prominence to the fact that the excellent land, education, liquor, and other laws of Tonga, of which I shall give particulars in Chapter IV., are mainly the work of this missionary autocrat.

The old king, being almost worshipped by his people, was able to follow the lead of his enthusiastic prime minister, and to dare changes in the habits and laws of the Tongans that it would be hopeless for his great-grandson, George II., now on the throne to attempt even to imitate. To the latter's share falls the simpler task of leaning on the prestige and carrying on the policy of his great-grandfather. Old *Jioaji Tubou* deserved this loyalty and adoring affection. He came of a line of distinguished chiefs. Like his ancestor *Finow* he had been a great warrior, a mighty conqueror; in no baby battles like those of little Greek, German, or Italian principalities, but in battles and sieges, leading 5000 picked armed men, transported in fifty great canoes, supported by a great fleet of vessels of all sizes—battles and sieges where, after an armistice of twenty-four hours to permit friends on both sides to take a last affecting farewell, all were disciplined to fight to the death. During a long reign he had, by his warlike ability first, and by his statesmanship afterwards, made, then consolidated, the richest and most important kingdom in the South Seas.

Great was the mourning when his death was announced. Absolute silence reigned in Nukualofa. The highest chiefs, walking slowly round among the people, whispered, "The king is dead!" and those to whom the tidings were imparted covered their faces with their hands and fell silently to the ground. *Jioaji I.* died of obstinacy, at the age of 95. He was suffering from a bad cold, and the doctor refused to let him take a bath; but the king insisted on going out of his room and having a bath downstairs, with all the doors and windows open. So he died. They are a long-lived race. His body lies under a magnificent spacious mausoleum in Nukualofa; and George II., his great-grandson, reigns in his stead. There was some dissatisfaction among the principal chiefs, but George II.'s coronation passed off peacefully, and his title there is now none to dispute.

Coronation, to use an Irishism, consists in the great *Faikava*, or the

drinking of kava in official assemblage, at the request of the chiefs. This is called the Tuikanokobula, *i.e.*, the ceremony of making the kings of the third sub-dynasty of chiefs.

The first and only dynasty, in the proper sense of the term, was that of the sacred *Tuitonga*, who were the Mikados, or priest-kings, of Tonga from time immemorial. Much has been written about this remarkable dynasty. Perhaps no part of its history is so startling as its fall. Priest-kings ceased to exercise absolute spiritual and temporal power simply because the Tongans discovered that the Tuitonga, with their ceremonials and tabus, were too expensive a burden, and that the country could get on without them! Judged by the severe standard of utility, how many English sacred political "old men of the sea" would tremble to a fall! Nothing now remains to mark the greatness of the Tuitonga but a sacred burying-ground, and the huge stones over their graves. *Tubou*, one of the last of the descendants, but not in a direct line, was a saloon passenger with us from Vavau to Tongatabu. She is married to another descendant, Kalanta, son of Lavenia, who is the biggest chief in Tonga, and still (nominally and ceremoniously) above all kings.

Briefly stated, a commander-in-chief rebelled, took away the *temporal* power of the Tuitonga, and founded the sub-dynasty of the *Tuitakalua*. These were in their turn displaced by a chief who formed the third or present sub-dynasty, the *Tuikanokobula*.

The very interesting ceremony of raising a Tongan Tuikanokobula to the position of king is, or rather was, a purely heathen one. It was minutely described to me as follows. The Tuikanokobula sits on a pile of mats in the doorway. On his left is the chief priest *Motua-puaka*, literally in common Tongan, "old pig"; on his right another priest; both priests sitting on the grass in front of the Nukualofa Government buildings, which form the background to an interesting group. The door under the flagpole now leads into the present premier's office. In old days the ceremony took place under the cocoanut tree far away at the other end of the island. Next to the priests, and extending in a semicircle on both sides, are the chiefs, in order of rank. The common people, massed in front, complete the circle before the candidate for royal honours. Kava is made with great ceremony, and poured into the cocoanut bowl. Holding the bowl by a fibre or mat ear, for he may not touch it, the chief priest asks in a loud voice, "To whom shall it be given first?" The whole assembly shouts, "Give it to the Tuikanokobula." Thus is he made king by universal acclamation.

Nevertheless, although accepted by the majority in the orthodox

manner and by full heathen ceremony, George II. is not popular with the principal chiefs of Tongatabu; consequently he does not reside much at Nukualofa. He also chafes at the formal style of living necessary at his capital, and spends most of his time with the friends of his younger days, boating and fishing in his yacht at Lifuka, in Haapai, where he has built a large house.

JOSALEKI TOGA VERKUNE, PRIME MINISTER OF TONGA.

The government is carried on by *Josaleki Toga* (pronounced Tonga, not Tong-ga) *Verkune*, prime minister to the king. I was introduced by Mr. Whitcombe, his secretary, an Englishman of considerable influence, to this official—a fine old courteous Tongan gentleman, and a much more important person than the king. Josaleki had close-cut, grey hair—*i.e.*, about an inch long—sticking straight up all over his head. At his side was a large Letts's Rough Diary, and before him on

his desk a pile of letters, no doubt just arrived by our steamer. While Mr. Whitcombe was unavoidably absent for a few moments the premier and I sat uncomfortably looking at each other, each unable to speak a single word of the other's language. I could not stand that, so endeavoured to converse by signs. Herein I found him as sharp as a needle. Among other information I tried to communicate was the considerable difference between New Zealand and Tongan time. I had never altered my watch since I left Wellington. Taking it out, I pointed to its hands, then to the clock on the wall. The old gentleman jumped to the idea instantly. Pointing to my watch he said, "New Zealand!" then to the clock, "Tonga!" This sort of thing made us quite friendly, and he gave Mr. Whitcombe leave to show me round

First, we went into the court-house to see a trial conducted: judge, witnesses, and prisoner are all arranged in European style. Evidence is taken down in shorthand; in fact, all Government writing and business is carried on in Tongan shorthand, and it is a *sine quâ non* that Government officials of standing must be proficient in the science. There were wooden forms for the public to sit on, but few natives make use of these. They prefer to sit on the ground, their feet crossed under them in native style. We were standing close to the door; but it appeared that so great an indecorum as standing in the presence of the court could not be permitted, even to the premier's secretary. Heads are always uncovered in and out of doors as an ordinary mark of respect, even to those who are not great chiefs.

In the old days attitude and costume were regulated strictly according to rank, and the penalty suffered by a common man for solecism in the presence of a great chief was death. For instance, wearing a turban was a terrible mark of defiance, only permissible in war; and never, even then, to a person of low rank. A common man who neglected to squat down instantly, his legs folded under him, when a chief spoke to him, was "clubbed" as a matter of course. The chief and his attendants passed on, leaving the body lying there, and took no further notice.

That fashion is now out of date, or this book would have ended here abruptly. Instead, a native policeman, with many nods and frowns, came up on his bare feet, and reminded my cicerone that it being against Tongan etiquette, and, indeed, wanting in proper respect, to stand in the presence of an official or person of importance, we must either sit, or squat, or leave. We chose the last, after ascertaining that most of the cases were against young ladies who would insist on bringing, or attempting to bring, children into the world in an unorthodox manner, *i.e.*, unorthodox from a missionary point of view. There the

pretty culprits were all sitting together in a row on the grass outside the court, laughing and talking together in quite an unconcerned manner. Why not? They were guilty only of following in ways considered chaste and honourable by their mothers, grandmothers, and all their most respected and proudest ancestors from time

FUSI PALA,[1] DAUGHTER OF THE PRIME MINISTER.

immemorial. I suspect that the fines are welcome to the Government, otherwise this missionary-made law would not be rigidly enforced. I was amused at the answer of a young Englishman here who undertook to show us everything worth seeing. One of our passengers said to him, "Show us the very prettiest girls in Nukualofa, there's a good fellow; and mind you, we won't be put off with the second best." "I can't," replied he; "the really prettiest girls are almost constantly in gaol!"

[1] A courtesy title, being really the old queen's name; literally, "over-ripe banana."

Being in gaol did not always necessarily mean, in cases of light sentences, quite the same as with us. The Tongans had till lately a charmingly economical and simple way of managing prison labour All but the very worst offenders lived at home, fed themselves, and turned up to work daily at stated hours, thus costing the Government nothing except supervision.[1] As mentioned elsewhere, the system is still in some cases applied to women. The position of the brown woman is so varied, and plays such an important part in island life, that the subject cannot be concentrated into one set of paragraphs and then dismissed. It crops up at every moment, and descriptions of her and her influence are, of necessity, desultorily scattered over all these pages. Next in interest to the inexhaustible subject of woman is, in the islands, that vexed question, dogmatic religion, and that passionately-loved and bitterly-hated person the missionary. So important a part in the South Seas does the missionary play that, though I close this book with nearly a whole chapter devoted to him and his works in Tonga alone, he and his influence, past and present, cannot be separated from descriptions of every-day character. The church buildings and services also, apart from any question of religious results, form a remarkable part of island life. I shall therefore describe, criticise, and admire them in that aspect whenever I come across them as readily as I shall write of kings' palaces, coral reefs, or other picturesque surroundings.

The Free Church, standing in the king's ground, when viewed apart from its incongruity with native surroundings, is a handsome edifice. It is built of Auckland kauri—a wood of great variety of veining, and susceptible of considerable polish. The exterior of the church is plain but substantial, and of an imposing character. Inside, on a dais, a foot above the level of the floor, at the end near a handsome pulpit, stand three chairs, the central one for the king, the one on each side of him for the relatives, or persons of importance in attendance. The service is always in the Tongan language. Even at ninety-five years of age, the old king *Jioaji I.*, who was very much under reverend influence, used sometimes to stand up and close the meetings with prayer. His strong, sonorous voice rang through the church. Fervent and fluent, the supplication of their adored king always made a powerful religious impression on his assembled people. His chair is interesting from being ornamented with a polished cocoanut star, a piece of the historical cocoanut-tree which was lately blown down, and under which the ancient kings of Tonga drank kava with great ceremony at their coronation.

[1] A similar system prevails in Panama under the Columbian Government.

In the grounds of the palace and Free Church conjoined is a monument to the memory of Prince Wellington, bearing the following inscription :—

KOE
FAKAMANALU
KIO
W. G. TUBOU MALOHI
MAIJI II : 1885

(In memorial of Wellington Gu, Tubou Malohi, March 11, 1885.)

The death of this heir to the throne of Tonga, at the time when the aged king was tottering to his grave, was a sorrow to his people. The prince was beloved by all. Besides being otherwise well educated, he was an expert in the ancient music of Tonga. A favourite *Lakalaka*, or music for a sitting dance,[1] was composed by him, and is considered a good specimen of pure Tongan music, which is vocal only, not instrumental. After his death a mourning Lakalaka was often danced and sung to his memory.[2]

Hymns and English songs, also concerted instrumental pieces of the great masters executed on our latest modern musical instruments separately or in orchestra, but especially hymns, are now fast superseding the so-called native music in Tonga, Samoa, and Fiji. Of all Pacific Islanders the people of Nukualofa are the most musical, and being expert readers at sight of both sol-fa and ordinary notation, their singing in the churches, or indeed at all times, is good. Some of the college students will sing, correctly and without hesitation, a difficult song of Beethoven or Schubert which not only did they never see before, but which, in structure, is quite unlike the music they commonly practise. I do not judge from exceptional cases. An old resident assures me that he has tested them frequently in this way. The college band plays nearly the whole time the steamer stays at this port, each performer beating time with his bare feet. Hymns are sung in a sort of official business way at every possible ceremonial, civil or religious. King George II. is expected back from Haapai in about nine weeks, and a choir of twenty or thirty singers practises for hours every evening, in order to perform on his return. In the evening air, in the unbroken calm—for all noises of tramping foot or creaking vehicle are deadened by the soft, grassy roads—one hears the sound of their singing a long way off floating through the cocoanut groves. I

[1] *Vide* illustration of "Lakalaka," p. 39, chapter ii.; also "Music," chapter v., example No. 4.

[2] *Vide* "Music," chapter v., example No. 5.

attended one of these practices. Under a native conductor, without instrument to assist, or even to give the key-notes, the choristers, male and female, sang in good time and tune. All, especially the women, have powerful, high-pitched voices. In truth, a Tongan high tenor or prima donna, who would astonish Europe, is not an impossibility of the future.

The devil has certainly not got all the merry old airs here. On the contrary, the saints have annexed every one. Even "Polly Hopkins," "Oh, Poor Robinson Crusoe," and "The Captain with his whiskers took a sly glance at me," are gathered into the fold, and accompany pious hymns in church. With thoughtful care for the souls of the elect, His Satanic Majesty is deprived even of the "brass band," that fruitful incentive to the sin of swearing. As Mr. Punch, the champion of quietness in mirth, who has made the world so often laugh about the agonies suffered from street music, will be glad to know, there *is* a land where the inhabitants have sensitive ears, which they will not allow to be offended, and where consequently a popular law forbids "any person to blow a brass instrument in any town or village without a special permit from Government." The itinerant German band, which not only forces bad music on peaceable citizens, but persistently demands payment for it, or backsheesh to move on, will never get a footing in the streets of Tonga. The beginner, or inferior musician, may practise a trombone or piercing cornet-a-piston in the depths of a banyan grove, where there is none to record the anguish of the drowsy flying-foxes, but he must not goad the assembled lieges of King George to madness with harsh sounds.

Tongatabu is a well-watered island, and even in the winter there is plenty of rain. Broad roads, shaded by cocoanut, banana, orange, and all kinds of tropical foliage—grass underneath, showing how grateful the rain must be—lead everywhere out into the country. Being simply unmetalled tracts on rich loam, many of them are almost impassable for carts or carriages. Even on horseback it is difficult to penetrate far inland, more especially in the rainy season, unless with a guide.

Future tourists will not need guides here. If they buy this book they will have the advantage of the very complete and interesting map of Tongatabu, which forms the frontispiece to this chapter. And—lest they be afraid to wound my feelings by so doing—I here give them special permission to tear out the map, keep it, and throw away the remainder of the book. Even then they will have a good bargain. This map, which was drawn for me by Father Olier, head of the Roman Catholic Mission at Maofoga, is the only one in existence, and

VERY ANCIENT STONES AT COLOGA, TONGA.

They are morticed with considerable skill, are about 18 feet high, and are of coral or coral-lime formation. Their history is unknown. They are now overgrown with creepers.

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is now published for the first time. The districts therein shown—Hinifo, Vaketoto, and Mua—are the three Government divisions. They are again subdivided into the Crown properties and the estates of nineteen principal chiefs.[1] But I have omitted these subdivisions, as they would be useless to the explorer, even unnecessarily confusing, the chiefs having properties in various parts of the island, as well as in Haapai and Vavau.

In the district of Hinifo, the principal place of interest is Kalovai, where flourishes a colony of the famous flying-foxes; there also is the site of the sacred tree where the kings of Tonga (the Tuikanokobula, not the Tuitonga) were crowned. It was cut down by Mr. Baker's order, and was made into a throne for King George I. when he succeeded, by the help of the Wesleyan Mission, in dispossessing the true Tuitonga of Tonga, *Laufili Toga*, of his authority and of his wife. The Tuikanokobula was only the third chief of Tonga. King George I. was made Tuikanokobula before he became Tuitonga, king of Tonga, by force, by the despotic Wesleyan missionaries—so runs the Roman Catholic version of this matter.

The district of Hakake is rich in places of interest. There is a very large banyan tree at Alaki. The caves at Havelu and the two principal *lagis*, or graves, of the ancient Tuitonga or priest-kings are worthy of a visit. Near the little village of Afa is a marvellous trilith of Easter Island proportions. The two upright stones are 16 feet high, 13 feet wide, and 5 feet thick. The headstone is nearly 20 feet long, 5 feet high, and 2 feet 6 inches thick. There are no stones of the kind elsewhere in Tonga, and tradition says that these have been brought from Fortuna Island, and that they once formed the entrance to the Tuitonga's palace, but I suspect that they belong to a much more virile, prehistoric race.

Outside of the show-places there is a great sameness in the scenery of Tongatabu, an endless profusion of rich tropical trees and plants, and only three or four tiny streams—no mountains and no rivers. Being of coral formation, it is mostly flat, with a few low hills 40 to 80 feet high, except to the south-east, where the land rises to 200 feet. An earthquake tidal wave 60 feet high would submerge nearly the whole island!

It is only after a while that the tameness of these low islands strikes one. At first all seems novel and varied. Thus, on landing, our passengers hurriedly leave the steamer moored at the extreme end, and eagerly traverse the long jetty made of coral lime and timber. At the

[1] See chapter iv. for particulars of Estates and Land Laws.

shore end we step on to a grassy sward, and before us is Nukualofa—her streets are green paths!

In the early days of missionary government the trees that lined the beach to right and left of Nukualofa extended across the front of the town, making a handsome avenue and park-like space in grateful shade. They were cut down to bring the king's residence and church and the Government buildings into view. There is some difference of opinion as to the wisdom of this. I think it must be conceded that if Nukualofa were to grow at all, it was only a matter of a very short time till the clearing of a space in front of these buildings became a necessity.

The long line of beach-stones and rowdy grog-shops so dear to the beachcomber, who takes his cognomen from them, is the blot on most South Sea Island harbours occupied by the English; but in Nukualofa it is, as journalists say, "conspicuous by its absence." In lieu of the grog-stores, in the very front facing the sea is a broad road of well-kept, springy grass, several chains wide. If you want to buy anything, you must go and look among the cocoa-palms for a shop! Opposite to the jetty, on the further side of this wide lawn, are the Government offices, over which flies the Tongan flag—the red cross of the Rosicrucians—and to the right are the Free Church and the palace, both standing in the king's ground.

Junea, when we parted in the moonlight, had promised to come down next morning at 9 o'clock sharp, and take some of the lady passengers over the palace. "Nine sharp," we found, meant, in Tonga, about 2 p.m. When the ladies had tramped to the palace, where they arrived exhausted in the hot sun, Junea told them that the man who kept the key had gone into the bush and taken it with him, but that they could admire the outside of the palace, and see the interior of the church alongside if they liked. They applied to the pastor of the Free Church. He also "was sorry," but "the man who kept the key had gone off to an island and taken it with him." I suppose this was Tongese for the information that the palace was not to be seen that day. However disappointed the ladies may have felt, they did not really lose much, as there is nothing worthy of mention in it, except a good portrait of the old king. Next in interest to the palace and the churches is the Free Church College, which stands back behind Mount Zion, at a considerable distance from the shore. The Tongans are very proud of their college, and great credit is due, and officially has been given from time to time, to the gifted Wesleyan missionary, the Reverend Mr. Moulton, and to others in the past for its present high state of efficiency. Credit is also due to the Reverend Mr. Baker for

his Education Acts, of which I give full particulars further on. But all those efforts would have borne little fruit had they not had splendid material to work on. It must be quite a pleasure to teach these bright Tongan boys, they are so quick at learning. As I have already said, they are expert musicians and shorthand writers. They are also good mathematicians. The Tongan schoolmaster, with whom I had a long conversation, is an old college boy. He was in the swelling vanity of a square hat, which he is entitled to wear as the winner of a "captainship" (*dux* of the college for one year). Women can also win and wear these hats. It gives one a novel sensation to see a copper-coloured, sweet girl-graduate for the first time. It is a relief to know that there is very little of the new woman yet in her.

The subjects of King George are a little lighter-coloured and smaller-featured than New Zealand Maoris. Their women are better-looking. I think I may assert, without hesitation, that as regards physique, manliness, intelligence, haughtiness, with good-humoured condescension, pride, and self-confidence, they are the aristocrats of the South Seas. The pride of the Tongans has passed into a proverb. They consider themselves the cream of the earth, and far superior to any Europeans. But in real mental calibre, in oratory, in capacity for war, combined with splendid physique and passionate love for all athletic sports and games of skill, such as football, cricket, Caledonian games, polo, horse-racing, billiards, cards, draughts, chess, in that steadiness which looks a danger or a difficulty squarely in the face, and circumvents it equally well and promptly, as the case may demand, by daring or strategy, in those qualities which we think of, in short, as "English," the New Zealand Maori is *facile princeps* among all the brown, yellow, and black races of the world.

Naturally peaceful, the Tongans dislike fighting more than most South Sea races; but old King George showed, by his tactics and his conquests, that his people are more capable of discipline and the science of concerted war than are the braver Fijians, or the savage, head-hunting Solomon Islanders.

Before the advent of missionaries, and especially of missionaries' wives, to teach them a new sin, they knew neither the shame of nakedness nor the increased sexual attraction of the human form artfully draped. They wore very little clothing beyond what nature teaches as advisable under certain conditions. The women went about modestly enough according to native laws and customs of modesty, with nothing on but the handsome loin cloth, or *sisi*, of bright-coloured fibre with long, elegant fringe; and in their retired native villages they may be often seen, like *Semilesi* in the picture,

in hot weather in this costume, relieved perhaps by a necklace of beads or a tappa-cloth carelessly thrown over the shoulders. Tricked out for church or a visit to town, as in the succeeding portrait, *Semilesi* looks quite a different person and very grand. Query, is she a better or more modest woman than before she learned to put on and off the mysteries of European dress? Be it for good or for evil, these natives, especially the grown-up women among them, are now taught by the

SEMILESI IN HER NATIVE DRESS.

missionaries to be covered, leaving head, legs, and feet bare. They seldom wear hats. In this, and in the greater shyness of their women, the Tongans are distinguished from the Samoans. Many Samoan women become familiar with strange European men at once, without any ceremony. Tongan women, as a rule, require to be introduced. Then a gradual acquaintanceship springs up, which ripens, or not, as the case may be, into a warmer feeling.

Tongatabu is full of local preachers. All Tongans are ready to talk

on any subject as long as listeners can be found. As for preaching, it would be child's play for these gentlemen to tire out the toughest Scotch divine. They are great thieves, but are always ready to deprive themselves, as well as to deprive their neighbours, of anything for the church. Shortly, they may be described as preachers and stealers. Many of the English residents decline to have native servants because

SEMILESI IN HER NEW-FASHIONED DRESS.

nothing is safe from them. It is only fair to add that the officers of our steamer have no trouble with those who work or come on board. They never touch anything. They know they would be severely dealt with, and, worse, would not be employed again.

It is absurd to reason about the virtues of any nation until those ways which we call virtuous be compared with, and tested by, the idiosyncrasies of the people to whom we apply them. The habit

of abstaining from taking whatever is seen, by reason of a certain connection in the mind of the taker with the so-called, or imaginary, rights of other tribes or strangers in the thing taken, is quite an acquired habit or deduction of reason. The deductions may be right or they may be wrong. The natural man—as does the modern, civilized, and most Christian nation on a large scale—annexes on a small scale, by a simple prompting of nature, and no question of virtue really arises. Consequently, his mind is not debased when he schemes and carries out thefts of the most glaring description. He may at the same time be proud, altruistic, affectionate, loyal, honourable to a degree by a duly recognized and very strict code of honour. The code which would rob wife and child to pay a gambling debt, and yet laugh at cheating a tailor, would be as great a puzzle to him as the one that could permit a proud chieftain to steal an anchor or a pig from a stranger would be to an English gentleman. Rhoderick Dhu, probably, understood both. I doubt not that the Tongan chiefs who attempted to take away Captain Cook's anchor in a friendly way in broad daylight, and nearly succeeded, so cunningly did they go about the job, were perfectly virtuous in their own lights.

In Fiji, which has been much longer than Tonga under English influence and missionary teaching, it is so difficult to instil the idea of private ownership in certain things that, in order to make the natives understand the principle of individual property, a special regulation had to be passed, not very long ago, for the prevention of the custom of "using any boat, canoe, horse, or the equipment thereof belonging to another." The Fijians desist now because the law says that they must not take other people's boats or horses. Why does the *Papalagi* make such a strange law? That is still a mystery to many of them.

There is only one hotel at Nukualofa, and Nukualofa is the only white settlement on the island. In all the towns in the Tongan Group, and I may say in every village and town in the South Pacific Islands, except at the English settlement of Suva, we preferred to dine on board the steamers, because we could not get good food at any public hostelry on shore, except bread, which is good everywhere, being made principally from dry Adelaide wheat. Flour made in New Zealand contains so much moisture that it will not keep longer than a month in the hot, moist climate of the South Sea Islands. A friend at Nukualofa said he never asked anyone off the steamer to dinner, as he could only give tinned meats; he knew a much better dinner was obtainable on board. Although many of the English and German traders are wealthy, I am told they live

exceedingly plainly. At all events, I saw no indications of display, or even of a desire to get the best out of life. At Tahiti, on the contrary, the French traders live well. The whole aim of the bachelors in Melanesia is to make money and get away. Men who have married natives or half-castes have not even the stimulus of looking forward to return to England or Germany. How could they, with native wives and half-caste children, face European society? The children would be most miserable away from the islands in a country where they were conscious of the barrier of their blood. The absence of luxury and refinement in the island homes of English settlers is not to be wondered at. Unlike the men of good birth and breeding who colonized India or New Zealand, for instance, and kept up a high standard of life there, the pioneers of the South Sea Islands, with rare exceptions, were of a lower order, with no traditions of refinement and culture. They and their descendants are happy in a semi-native mode of existence, enlivened by gin, and a few European eatables and bits of furniture. Before these islands can obtain their maximum of commercial Christian prosperity, there must be new blood among the English settlers.

HAAPAI.

The Tongans, not being allowed to drink alcoholic liquors, a subject I will enlarge on in a future chapter, spend their money on tinned meats and travelling. Besides expeditions in their own catamarans and sailing vessels, by every steamer numbers of deck passengers either travel to see their friends at the different ports on the way, stopping for the next boat, or go the whole round without stopping, simply for the pleasure of the sea voyage. The fares are cheap: 8*s*. to Haapai, 10*s*. to Vavau, 20*s*. for the round trip from Tongatabu *viâ* Samoa, Fiji, and back, a distance of 1800 miles. They sleep and eat, dance and sing on deck, laugh, talk, make merry, and thoroughly enjoy themselves. When the wind is ahead, and there are a hundred of them sprawling all over the main deck, night and day, the smell of the cocoanut oil, with which they plentifully anoint themselves in a sort of best-dress-holiday-excursion fashion, and the noise, are rather overpowering to the passengers astern.

With much noisy bustle up to the moment of our steamer's departure from Nukualofa, these native tourists, who supply their own provisions, have been bringing on board their mats, cooked and uncooked yams and bread-fruit, their cocoanuts, bananas, kerosene lamps, and sewing machines, their tappa rugs, and tappa cloth in a

state of preparation, their pillows of wood,[1] their fusee cloth, which keeps alight for a long time, their cigarettes of native tobacco wrapped in banana-fibre. These, which with a pig or two comprise pretty well all their household goods, are strewn all around, or stowed away in the 'tween decks. Friends have made their last adieux and touched noses, and we are about to start for Haapai, when there occurs a slight, but not unusual, interruption to the even tenor of our way.

On a British wharf, to three or four hundred friends saying farewell as the steamer slowly sheers off, the fate of the inevitable late passenger is a mild excitement, quite unlike the affair at Nukualofa. Here, after we had cast the ropes, a Fijian was espied running down the long jetty to save his passage. The gesticulations, the shouting, the rush of quite unnecessary men into a boat to pull, two at each oar, in order to cross the ten yards which divided them from the steamer, were worked up to a glistening brown heat; while the white men afloat and ashore looked on, calm and smiling. Sticks were thrown into the sea; one man, purely through excitement, jumped off the end of the jetty into twenty feet of water, and swam back to the coral reef, which, only thirty yards away, forms a submarine wall along the shore; and the whole crowd of bright-costumed figures madly surged from side to side, stumbling over the piled-up timber we had just discharged—and all to put on board a Fijian chief and a small brown-paper parcel, looking very suspiciously like a pair of boots! The shouts, the violent action, the white teeth and rolling eyes, the kaleidoscopic movement of many coloured clothes, made up a brilliant drama on Nukualofa's wharf in the dazzling sunshine.

"After clearing the Egeria Passage," says the captain, the admiralty sectional chart stretched out under glass on the little table on the bridge before him, "we shape a course for two volcanoes. Tofoa, 1890 feet, Kao, 3030 feet high. You see the island of Tofoa marked there? That is where Captain Bligh's boat, sent adrift by the mutineers of *The Bounty*, called in for provisions, on the way to the East Indies. One of the men was murdered here by the natives while (according to Bligh's narrative), though called back by the master and others, he ran ashore to unfasten the boat's painter, instead of coming instantly on board. The account given by the natives to Mariner is that the

[1] These pillows descend as heirlooms from generation to generation: some are narrow, some wide for married couples. They are cut on the cross out of one piece of wood. They are niched on the top, each niche marking a generation that has slept on them and passed away. One I saw had five niches on it. They are sometimes covered with strips of tappa cloth rolled round and round: they occasionally serve as stools.

man carried an axe, and a native carpenter killed him to get possession of so valuable a tool. The man was buried a few yards from where he fell, and the superstition, common to all uneducated persons in both hemispheres, that grass won't grow on the spot where the blood of a murdered superior person lay, is carefully handed down as being the case in this instance. You can read all about it in *Mariner's Tonga.*"

I begin to understand that *Mariner's Tonga* is the Bible of the Friendly Isles. Everybody quotes it—saint, devil, and sailor.

"The harbour of Lifuka, in the Haapai Group, where we go next," he continues, showing another chart (these are the maps that open one's eyes to distances), "is the most dangerous of the three—Tongatabu, Haapai, and Vavau. It is full of patches of coral reef. There is enough water in the inner harbour for our steamer, but not for some of our bigger boats of 2000 or 2500 tons. Beyond Lifuka, the islands of Fua and Haano extend another nine miles in a line. They are full of cocoanuts. These three are the principal islands in the Haapai Group."

In order to pass some dangerous reefs while it is daylight, we start in the afternoon from Nukualofa for Haapai, skirting the island where the natives who fired at the Reverend Shirley Baker were shot in cold blood and buried. (*Vide* Chapter X.) We wind among islands and reefs and the white foam of the hidden reefs, through passages so tortuous that, on a cloudy day, one would lose therein, without the compass, all sense of direction, of north or south. Not far away, but off our route, is the island of Nukaumi, where the finest thin-skinned oranges grow in such profusion that enough to load a 1000-ton ship are wasted in a year. We are now in the line of volcanic formation. Out of sight, but fifteen miles off on the port side, and now being gradually washed away again, is Falcon Island, which, only a coral reef in 1865, was thrown up out of ocean depths in 1885.

Our skipper was then on the way from Fiji to Tonga. "I saw," said he, "the sea for three hundred miles covered with mud and scoria. The island was, and is still, a bare mass of mud, but the Government of Tonga, promptly on its birth, sent a schooner down, hoisted the Tongan flag on the island, and annexed it."

One never knows what nature will suddenly send to a king here in the shape of new territory. There may, some day, be an obverse side to this; but, as yet, so far as is known in historic times, no islands of consequence have disappeared.

Eight hours after leaving Nukualofa we pass Namuka, a well-cultivated group, visited by Captain Cook in 1774, the Kotu Group, where there

is a copra trading station, and arrive at Haapai. A native pilot joins us in the roadstead, takes us through a narrow channel, and brings the steamer to an anchor inside the reefs looking on to the little township in the island of Lifuka. The native pilot's office is a sinecure. Very important he looks, evidently blissfully unconscious that our captain could do better without him!

THE PAPAW (MUMMY-APPLE) TREE.

Lifuka is a flat, low coral island about a mile to two miles wide, and five to seven miles long. Although much smaller than Tongatabu, the Haapai Group is much more densely populated, containing 5168 inhabitants, while Tongatabu has only 7126. Lifuka is one mass of cocoanut, banana, pine-apple, mummy-apple, bread-fruit, mango, chestnut—the nuts as big as halfpenny buns!—and many strange trees,[1]

[1] W. WYATT GILL, in *Jottings from the Pacific*, 1885, p. 173-203, gives a very interesting and exhaustive description of South Sea Island trees.

chili beans, rich foliage plants, green grass, and dazzling flowers of every size and hue.

Many winding roads lead from the still lee sands to the windward, heavy seas eternally dashing on the dark greenish-brown coral shore-rocks that line the *Licoo*[1]—the opposite side of the island. The walk across is a very charming one. It passes numbers of pandanus trees,

BREAD-FRUIT.

whose roots, growing out of the main trunk three or four feet above the ground, and sometimes shooting down from the branches, look like sticks supporting the tree. Over the pathway the bread-fruit hangs down so invitingly that I reach up and pull one off the tree, intending to take it on board the steamer and have it cooked for dinner; but it is too heavy to carry in the hot weather, and I am glad to lay it down.

[1] *Licoo* is the rocky, windward side of an island, inaccessible to boats. It is also applied to any inaccessible part.

The moment it is parted from the tree, so full is this noble fruit, that the rich milky juice oozes out all over the rough, pimply, dark-green surface in beads of white moisture. Even the bark of the tree when cut, copiously emits a white sap. Being thirsty we next attack a young cocoanut tree, where the very young fruit hangs only about ten feet above us, pull down a bunch and cut a circular piece out of the top of the nut, for a drink and a drinking-vessel in one. The moment it is pierced by the knife out spurts the cool sweet juice, transparent as water. The contents of an ordinary-sized cocoanut are a long drink for the thirstiest man. There seems no end to the uses of this wonderful tree. The very opening buds make a delicious salad, but this is a rare treat. To remove these buds would destroy the tree. Only when a coco-palm is ordered to be cut down can these hearts of the fruit be taken out and eaten.

Suddenly we emerge from this dense vegetation on to the *licoo* rocks and the sea, and feel the strong trade wind blowing in our faces. The narrow belt of sand thrown up above the rocks and touching the forest is fringed, or rather striped green, with masses of convolvulus, whose long shoots, panting to reach the water and to drink the moist south-east wind, stretch from the trees straight down, side by side, in such countless numbers that they form a solid carpet of green leaves, a matted shore close to the dashing spray. Myriad drops, reflecting the dazzling sunshine, heighten

> "The lustre of the long convolvuluses
> That coiled around the stately stems and ran
> Ev'n to the limits of the land."

Exactly as sings Tennyson, with the accurate second sight of the true poet. Outside, two hundred yards away to sea, is the white line of surf roaring on the coral reef that guards the island. We see no pearl shell, indeed, few shells of any size or beauty. Pearl shell, although occasionally met with, is not found in quantities in any of these groups. The richest fisheries are in that large group of atolls, or clusters of islands on reefs round central lagoons—the Paumotu Archipelago.

The great charm of the South Sea Islands is the beautiful weather, and the rich green vegetation, without a single poisonous insect, reptile, or wild beast of any sort. One can wander fearlessly in the thickest jungle, sit down anywhere, or lie down on the grass and go to sleep in the warm air at noon on the hottest day, without any worse trouble than a spider or a fly.

In this respect none of the coral-formed islands can beat beautiful Haapai. In the winter season it seems perfection, the beau-ideal of climate. . . .

"The only way to kill a man here is for a cocoanut to fall on his head," I venture to remark at dinner at the only inn on the island.

It is a cottage home and hotel combined, embowered in flowers, and is kept by a widely-known and esteemed lady, Mrs. McGregor. Blackmore is here, and immediately asks a question: "How many men have been killed in Lifuka by cocoanuts falling on their heads?"

"'Deed, I have never known of one whatever," replies our genial landlady, "though I've been eighteen years on the island!"

"Come now! It's not fair of you to side against me, Mrs. McGregor. Why! your hero, R. L. Stevenson, in *St. Nicholas*, talks of 'a blow which struck the lean man on the top of his head and knocked him head foremost down the bank and splash into the water,' and says, 'It was a nut, I fancy, that had fallen from a tree, *by which accident people are sometimes killed.*'"

Blackmore tried to trip me up once before on the subject of the cocoanut tree. I was defending cocoanut-oil, nay, praising it intemperately:—It was as good as a whole suit of clothes; it hindered the sun from burning your skin; it shielded the head from sunstroke; kept off insects; cured mosquito bites; kept you warm; kept you cool; killed the odour of perspiration; and when thoroughly rubbed in removed the clammy, sticky feeling of the skin, so unpleasant in moist tropical climates; saved so effectually from pleurisy and pneumonia that the Government of Fiji introduced a by-law compelling the natives to use it in certain cases; made your limbs supple; "in fact," said I, warming on the subject, "if the white man is to hold his own here permanently, he will have to live more in the open air and smear himself with cocoanut oil too!"

"I beg to differ from you there, sir," said Blackmore; "can you point out any indications of a desire or tendency on the part of the white settlers to use cocoanut-oil in this way or to do with less clothes?"

"Pray don't work my little remark quite threadbare, it won't stand it," I pleaded, trying to propitiate him.

"You should not have made it then," he muttered.

"Wasn't it funny!" said Sandilands aside; "Blackmore *will* always take you q-quite *au sérieux*."

"It is a capital thing when working or fishing with bare arms to rub in cocoanut-oil," says Frank Whitcombe. "If you don't, the sun here will burn a white skin very severely. I often use it. There's nothing like it. The less clothing you have on the better."

"I went to veesit my fine relations in New Zealand and in Melbourne," said Mrs. McGregor; "but oh! dear me! I had to put on so many clothes and to do such a lot of things I did not want to do at all

—what for should I, indeed?—that I was glad to come back to Haapai; I will never leave it again; I will live and die in Haapai."

We hastened to say, and really meant it, that we hoped it would be long before the latter dread event.

"Oh! I'm not afraid to die. My grave is ready, beside my husband's, this many a day—in such a pretty spot! I take a walk mostly every morning to see it."

We all promised to come back in about fifteen years, and begged her to continue that healthy morning exercise till then, as greatly conducive to longevity.

Mrs. McGregor's devotion to her husband's memory is Haapai history and public property, and Haapai is proud of it; so I can hardly be accused of breaking confidence by recounting that, leaving the busy world of civilization while still young, and coming to this lonely spot with her husband for his health's sake, she lost him after all. He lies buried in the little Haapai cemetery, and on his tombstone the dear lady carved his name and the date of his death, and below his name is carved her own in full, all but the date left blank. "*Oh! I'm not afraid to die. My grave is ready, beside my husband's, this many a day—in such a pretty spot! I take a walk mostly every morning to see it.*" That is her life-poem. Is it not a beautiful one? The poetaster, and the fools who, like sheep, follow his lead, laugh at passionate sentiment in a fat old lady, with double chin, who breathes heavily as she toddles along in a loose print "gown" without the vestige of a waist. They clothe the loftiest spirit in the sweetest body; but the real poet, whose vision pierces to the soul, and the layman of the world, who believes only what he proves by experience, are not surprised to find the divine gift of faithfulness unto death in Mrs. McGregor of Haapai.

> "But the soul
> Whence the love comes, all ravage leaves that whole";

nay, ofttimes strengthens it. Robert Browning felt this truth when he took for his text, "*Any* wife to *any* husband," and, under that quaint title, wrote these beautiful lines:—

> "Only, why should it be with stain at all?
> Why must I twist the leaves of coronal,
> Put any kiss of pardon on thy brow?
>
> "Might I die last and show thee! Should I find
> Such hardship in the few years left behind?
> If free to take and light my lamp and go
> Into thy tomb and shut the door and sit,
> Seeing thy face on those four sides of it
> The better that they are so blank I know!

"Why, time was what I wanted, to turn o'er
Within my mind each look, get more and more
By heart each word, too much to learn at first;
And join thee all the fitter for the pause
'Neath the low doorway's lintel."

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But to return to our dinner. Here we tasted bread-fruit for the first time. Some kinds should be baked, some boiled, and no kind is so good if cooked in the wrong way. Those who eat bread-fruit regularly get to like it better than potatoes, for which it is a good substitute. So important an article of food is this vegetable-fruit that horses are not much in favour here, being fond of eating the bark, and, consequently, very destructive to the bread-fruit tree. For my part I much prefer baked yams to any of the bread-fruit.

Mrs. McGregor described to us a makeshift Christmas dinner which she once gave to the captain of a vessel which arrived unexpectedly at that festive season. Roast whale-calf and bread-fruit, plum pudding and cocoanut cream, were the principal dishes. I felt curiosity, but cannot say that my mouth waters for these sorts of things now, nor indeed for a continuance of any tropical food.

The difference in flavours of the fruits eaten fresh from the trees is not so great as might be expected, especially in bananas, because the banana does not fully ripen on the tree. As the fruit fills out the bunch gets so heavy that the branch bends downwards, and ultimately breaks off. Bananas are thus found on the ground among the tall grass and shady underscrub all round the tree, where they ripen naturally and to more perfection than those cut green and artificially ripened in a steamer's hold or in a dark room. The natives, when they want to ripen them rapidly, pit them for a week and cover over with leaves. I think it is only after getting tropical fruits at their best that one appreciates the far superior delicacy and variety of flavour of our temperate zone apples, pears, peaches, strawberries, plums, and grapes.

Introduced by a mutual white friend, a young fellow who had been brought up in Tonga from childhood, and speaks the language like a native, I make my first call on a Haapai family, and am charmed with my hosts, who are genial and hospitable. Unfortunately it is impossible to translate literally their conversation and remarks about us without being "run into gaol," as my white friend graphically puts it, for grossly indecent language. These children of the sea call a spade a spade with a vengeance, and with such simple politeness and sublime unconsciousness of immodesty that, while a translation would probably make a grandpapa blush, and indeed take his breath

away, the original affects us not nearly so much. The hut is lofty, without window and with two low doorways, over which mat shutters can be lowered. Doors are unnecessary. The floor is of earth, unlike warmer Samoa, where it is of cooler stones and smooth gravel. The marvellous cocoanut tree supplies everything; the roof is a thatch of its leaves,[1] quite watertight. The beams and upright studs are cocoanut trees, and these again are thatched into a thick wall with cocoanut fibre and leaves in strips, cool and open, so that you can see through everywhere, and yet watertight; and all is lashed with the strong fibre of the bark. The house is oblong, has a straight-ridged roof, and consists of two rooms. The wooden partition is papered with *The Illustrated London News*, *The Young Ladies' Journal*, and *The Million*, and is ornamented with a portrait of the old king.

"*Maholo lelai*," is our salutation. "*Maholo lelai*," they reply, as we bend our heads and step through the low doorway. *Maholo* means thanks; *lelai*, good; equivalent to our "good-day."

The husband, suffering from boils, not an unusual complaint, lies in a corner. *Faow*, beaten out while wet into strips of tappa cloth, which are fastened together with arrowroot paste, makes the soft, durable, warm blanket with which he is covered. His wife and three daughters are in the room, sitting on the floor. Two of these girls are children, and run shyly out to the doorway, whence they peep at us wonderingly, and race away by-and-bye to pick us some lemons. The other, eldest born or adopted—you can never tell which is which—seems about seventeen or eighteen years of age. Our host looks young to have so old a real daughter. I guess him to be thirty-five, but, on cross-examination, I find he has not the slightest conception of how long he has been in the world. The wife, stout and amiable-looking, is weaving mats. The daughter—bright, smiling, and almost handsome—works a Singer's sewing machine, making a dress for herself from a pattern evidently copied from *The Young Ladies' Journal*, her sewing materials in a prettily-made round cocoanut fibre-work basket at her side. What a trumpery little planet this is! We have not got quite away from civilization yet.

A double, or family, long wooden stool, which at other times evidently serves as a pillow, is offered me to sit on, but I decline with thanks. Endeavouring to be polite, in native fashion, I light a cigarette, take it out of my mouth, and pass it to the young lady. She, after taking a few whiffs, passes it over to my young friend, who chats with her in her own language. As all I can say is

[1] The pandanus leaves are, however, superior in every respect for roofing.

Maholo lelai, good-day; *Eu*, yes; *Eki*, no; I don't come in anywhere to advantage. But even if I could speak Tongan I guess I am quite out of the running. Leaning against his shoulder, she begins to make love to him with the most delightfully barefaced simplicity.

A young Tongan woman rather likes to have one child before she is married, it being, as amongst the Highland Scotch fifty years ago, a sort of advertisement of her capabilities of motherhood. It is said that Tongan marriages, begun in that way, are happier than those effected through the more formal, proper, native style (since they learned to write) of writing to the parents, asking for the daughter in marriage. It is usual for the young ladies here to go a-courting, but they do not always take the initiative, for young Tongan men about town have a custom, called *Mohe Totohu* (literally, "creep in while you are sleeping"), of creeping on all fours into a girl's hut at night, and serious acquaintanceships often begin in this way. A rival may be jealous and wait for him with a club to knock his skull in as he steals out again, but gay Lotharios have to run their chance of that sort of thing in all parts of the globe.

I notice the name Louisa tattooed on our host's arm, and in reply to a straight question the wife tells us, "That is the name of a sweetheart he had before I married him. He was a silly fellow then." As far as she may consider it necessary I presume she keeps him from being "silly" now. Then we give cigarettes to the husband, wife, and to the two little girls about seven or eight years of age, who calmly join us elders in a smoke as a matter of course.

They present us with a cocoanut-belt and some limes, and we begin to get quite friendly. Then kava is handed round. It would be very rude to leave without tasting the universal beverage of brown society. All this time we are sitting on mats on the ground without any support to our backs. I find it not by any means an easy posture to learn. After trying many different ways, I come to the conclusion that to cross the legs in front, as the natives do, is the most comfortable. This posture, it is said, gives them their remarkably upright carriage in walking.

Expressing a polite admiration on being informed by the mother that she had five children, we received a reply that would rather startle Toole. My friend translates it literally into, "Oh! it's nothing." It seems like a little bit out J. M. Barrie's clever play, "Walker, of London."

There are proprieties and improprieties here as well as elsewhere, and Mrs. Grundy is strict according to her lights. For instance, it

would have been an impropriety, unless we had very "serious" intentions indeed, for us to enter uninvited had the husband been away. As sons grow up they do not associate with their sisters by blood. They leave the parent hut and live elsewhere, seldom even speaking to their grown-up sisters. But the girls stay at home. If, however, a young man of another family be acquainted, it is not an impropriety for him to come in, in the evening, and lie down with the father and mother and the girls on a pandanus mat.

The Haapai Group of islands has an historical interest. It is here that the *Port-au-Prince* was seized and the crew massacred. The vessel was towed to the neighbouring island of Aue, or Uiha, where she was burnt. The guns are there yet, and are now harmless relics ornamenting the pretty little church. Here in Lifuka it was also that, by acting as a pilot and actually bringing the ship safely to anchor, Hayes escaped the man-of-war sent to look for him. He disappeared before the captain, thrown off his guard, suspected who his agreeable smart pilot was. When the commander went ashore, in great state, next morning to enquire after Hayes, the pirate and his schooner were out of sight of land on the other side of the island. Of course Hayes had many friends and accessories, or he would not have been so difficult to catch.

The banana, mummy-apple, pine-apple, and many other fruits grow in profusion in the plantations, which are unfenced and form an unbroken forest. They bear enough for the wants of the population. Besides these the natives have, for food supply, pigs and a few fowls. As the island is of very limited extent, and bananas exhaust the soil, cocoanuts alone are carefully cultivated. The land in the central part is of extraordinary richness of deep loam. To keep up with the times, and make the best use of the small quantity of rich land, enterprising farmers are, here as elsewhere, on the look-out for new paying products.

The vanilla beans give perhaps the most profitable known return per acre; those from Fiji bring sometimes in the pod 20*s*. per lb. in London,[1] and inferior sorts, such as those from Samoa and Tahiti, 8*s*. to 10*s*. Vanilla bean land nets at Fiji, after paying labour, which is slight, and all expenses, on the lowest estimate from £10 to £20 per acre. The returns, it is said, are in some cases so large (£200 per acre) that I am almost afraid to state what I am told for fear of exaggeration. As may be expected there are drawbacks, or everyone would rush into the industry. The vanilla bean ripens at Fiji

[1] Fijian vanilla beans brought 22*s*. in London in 1892. *Corresp. Nat. Pop., Fiji.*

during the rainy season, and is consequently difficult to cure. It has to be dried in an oven; to dry it well requires considerable skill. A firm in Suva put up an oven, and imported an experienced man from Marseilles to attend to it; but I am told he frequently loses one-third in drying. In Tahiti, which is a more perfect climate, being free from hurricanes and heavy continued rains, the cultivation of vanilla is increasing. There, spread on blankets, it is dried in the open air or under sheds. The Tahiti vanilla is strongly impregnated with the smell of heliotrope, which decreases its commercial value. The source of the heliotrope odour is a mystery. Attempts are being made to introduce this culture into Haapai; if successful—and it probably will be successful, for Haapai has a more suitable climate than Fiji—Lifuka will be a rich little island with a name in the world's markets, and its vanilla may yet rival that of Mexico, which fetches the highest price in the London market. The vanilla bean is an orchid or parasitic plant, and though grown in blocks climbing on poles, thrives best here and there on live trees. It has a white waxen flower, the size and shape of a common lily; a plantation in flower is a great sight. I saw one in the Botanic Gardens in Suva; the beans were in rows on live fences, shedding a strong fragrance around. The Fiji Government does not give seeds to other than persons in British possessions, so the Haapai people have some difficulty in procuring the best seeds.

King George II.'s house is built in a pretty spot about three hundred yards from Lifuka Bay. Behind it is a thick jungle of tropical trees and shrubs, in front is a green lawn, and to one side, among the trees, are dotted the huts of the common people. His love of sports, and especially of yachting, causes Lifuka Bay to look quite gay. His yacht is a well-fitted-up little vessel of apparently five to seven tons, and very fast. In emulation the natives and the white traders have some very good Auckland-built open boats and half-decked yachts, and hold periodical races. The Tongans have no idea of handicapping; even the king, lover as he is of sports, games, and races, cannot be made to see that there is anything unfair in letting his yacht compete on equal terms with half-decked boats of inferior size. He contributes £25 towards the prizes, and he wants his vessel to win the first prize of £30. It is, of course, a gift to his yacht; but, to do him justice, he does not take the money himself—he divides it among his crew. However, at the last regatta the Europeans managed to introduce a handicap race, and the king's yacht was beaten on the first round. It was with the greatest difficulty that the native yachts could be got to start again at all, the polite owners considering it would be bad form to beat His Majesty twice.

VAVAU.

Leaving the coral-reef-formed islands we strike again the track of submarine fires and deepest water—where H.M.S. *Penguin's* sounding wire broke at 29,400 feet without finding bottom—pass Lette, an island 1790 feet high, with two craters, one of which smokes occasionally, and reach volcanic Vavau, the home of the orange. To me coral reefs covered with richest verdure are more attractive, being most unlike what I have seen elsewhere; but Vavau Sound is, in a general sense, more picturesque than Tongatabu or Haapai; it is a good many miles long, and is studded with circular islands. Until near enough to distinguish the cocoa fronds that crown the heights these islands remind one of Scotch scenery. Standing sheer up out of the deep blue water, mountain peaks of some vast submerged range, they are one mass of trees and plants to the steep edges of their cliffs; extending in lines two or three deep for miles to starboard, they, with the mainland jutting far out on the port side, make Vavau Sound completely landlocked. Half-way up the loch we pass a headland, from the top or "peake" of which is a good view of the Sound, with all its numerous islands stretching in one direction almost to the horizon, and of the *licoo* the weather side of Vavau.

This "peake" has an historical interest. As told by Mariner, six chiefs held it for months against the king and the whole 8000 inhabitants; it is like a story of old Greece. The headland itself, viewed as an elevation, is a very disappointing place; absence of high mountains breeds exaggeration about hillocks. It is, perhaps, not surprising that the author of *Camping among Cannibals* calls this Sound, with Neiafu at its head, the loveliest harbour in the world, because he deals largely in superlatives; and that a later writer calls Vavau a land of wild precipices, which to New Zealanders savours of hyperbole. But it *is* remarkable that Mariner himself should have so imbibed this enthusiasm of the Tongans as to be blinded also. However, we need not go from "home" to laugh at Tongan poets and their "mountain," which, if it have not vastness in height above water, certainly has vastness in depth below. Have we not always with us the minor poets of Loch Lomond, who wax ridiculously frantic about Ben Lomond—that "huge," "tremendous mountain," "the world's wonder"? Our minor poets of New Zealand err in the opposite extreme. To her infinite variety the monotonousness of a South Sea island, or the tameness of Scotch scenery, is as a pen-sketch in black and white to the rich colouring of a painting, and yet, with one honoured exception, the poets of New Zealand seem blind to their surroundings and

evidently ashamed to sing of her unique loveliness, preferring to slavishly follow the hackneyed paths of Greek and Roman mythology.

After passing the peak the high land, about eight miles up the Sound, closes in on both sides. At Sandy Point, a narrow channel, in width two cables' length from land to land (and of that width only one cable's length is deep water), leads into a circular lagoon, like a crater, thirty fathom soundings all over it. This is the harbour of Neiafu.

Hither a great many of our native passengers are bound, and all on board is bustle and excitement, getting household gods, mattings, and mats of provisions ready to land. One old dame has collected all her bundles and her pig round her. She is sitting in the middle of them, with quite as anxious a face as we see on her contemporary white traveller at Euston Station, counting her packages again and again, as if she were afraid that one would run away. Indeed, as the old Tongan lady lay on the hatchway last night, covered with a tappa rug, her head on a flat wooden pillow, she seemed to suspect everyone of designs on her pig. I half fancied that her watchful eye followed me, with an ambiguous expression, every time I passed by.

A gay scene again is the wharf at Neiafu, where to see us land are assembled the habituées of the place, not a shoe or a stocking among them—dark Solomon Islanders; Fijians with enormous heads of hair, beside both of whom the Tongans look quite pale; Loyalty Islanders, Tongan girls and half-castes, in bright coloured shawls; a chief's young son in white cloth coat and trousers, standing apart with his arms proudly folded, his air and well-cut straight features singling him out from the others; women with hair on top, and others with imitation pads of cocoanut fibre sticking far out at the backs of their heads, unconsciously in the height of various European fashions, a cigarette stuck over one ear and a lump of tobacco over the other.

Our native passengers push through this crowd, shouldering their mats, baskets of yams and cocoanuts, rolls of tappa cloth, and wet strips of *faow* fibre ready to be beaten out with a stone hammer into the tappa cloth, heaps of provisions and pigs—they always carry their pigs with them when travelling! They are greeted by old friends, Tongans and Samoans, some with hair like the old European coachman's powdered wig, made white with coral lime to kill insects, others with hair almost red, the colour altered by using lime, and then washing it off. The winches rattle noisily: more timber for houses and churches, and wood in short lengths for orange boxes, are landed; English-bred cows and calves, released from the ship's slings, are quieted with bunches of bananas, which they attack greedily; our white passengers walk in and out of the crowd, staring at everything

and everybody: all these make a confused mass on the wharf, and portend great changes.

The traveller of twenty years hence will look in vain for landmarks of the old civilization of the Tongans. The heaps of timber on the wharf warn us that the elegant native grass hut, through the thick walls of which the health-giving, cooled air permeates freely, making it well ventilated but rainproof, is condemned as damp, and will soon disappear before the more durable, horrid, European square-box-like wooden house with galvanized iron roof. The transition hut *with European window sashes*, is even now to be seen at Fiji. European clothes are taking the place of the healthsome tappa cloth and cocoa-nut oil, and European diseases are following. The sense of sin is replacing honourable pride in the few lingering native customs, and if we are not firmly resisted by honest native rulers, the craving for our accursed gin will draw the simple South Sea Islanders here, as it has done in Rarotonga and Tahiti, from his loving allegiance to the mirth-inspiring and harmless kava.

We step ashore straight into orange groves, every tree glittering with green and yellow fruit and white blossoms simultaneously. The heavy oranges make the leafy branches bend down over the hot traveller, and invite him to quench his thirst at Nature's store. We pick some off the trees and eat, or rather drink, them in native fashion. First the orange is rolled between the palms of the hand, in order to break up the inside divisions and release the juice. Then the yellow outside skin is carefully peeled off with a sharp knife, leaving the white inner, spongy skin unbroken. A small hole is made in the top, the orange is held in both hands, the juice is squeezed into the mouth and drunk, and the pulp is thrown away. Then you take another. Half a dozen can be sucked in this way with much enjoyment.

The whole country round is a mass of the orange trees, for which Vavau is so famous. Tons of oranges could be picked up off the ground. A marvellously pretty sight is the glittering yellow fruit, dropped from the trees and strewn on the green grass of broad avenues extending in every direction; and to be kicking the ripe oranges out of our way, as we stroll along the soft grassy roads, gives a curious feeling of fairy abundance. Instantly flashes across my mind a passage from that elaborate joke, *Lothair*:—

"You are against gravel walks?" said Lothair.

"Well! I cannot bring myself to believe that they had gravel walks in the Garden of Eden," said the lady.

It is, perchance, fortunate that "the lady"—she of the "Olympian countenance" and "Rhidian face"—had never heard of the grassy

walks of Neiafu, or she might have left the gravel walks of Europe clear to "the cynosure of the empyreal," and have dragged the colonel to the South Seas. Being "a great foe to dinners" she could have easily compelled him here, either to "fruit on a green bank with music" (of the College band), or to the dread alternative of a tin of soup and bouilli.

I cannot find that any of the old travellers tell of oranges being indigenous to these islands. In most cases the seeds and young trees have been brought by the missionaries, who deserve great credit for such a munificent gift to all generations of islanders. The orange in any perfection is essentially an outcome of civilized cultivation. Here the trees are fairly well looked after. They are ringed to hinder growth, and to thus sweeten the fruit, strengthen the wood, and keep off blight. Now, Vavau oranges are found all through Australasia, and though not so large, bring almost as high a price as those of the Society and Cook Islands. The fruit begins to ripen about February. The trees bear right on to November, when the pine-apples come in. Still (as the partial failure of the crop from blight in 1896 proves) there is room for more skilled and methodic culture, picking, and packing. The trees to attain a large size should not be planted more than sixty to an acre, and manuring is necessary before the utmost limit of production can be reached. The Sicilian method of picking is never to touch oranges with the hand. The picker takes a sheet of paper in his hand and with it first grasps the fruit, then cuts it from the tree, and completes the wrapping. The fruit is sorted into classes, all of a size and quality being packed together. Limes would grow to perfection in Vavau. Where there are facilities for the manufacture of lime-juice they are more profitable than lemons.

Dotted here and there in soft brown relief among the brilliant-coloured orange, tall, feathery-topped cocoanut; stumpy, long-leafed banana; dark green spreading bread-fruit; and broad-leafed pandanus on a carpet of grass to the very doors, are the brown huts of the natives. Simply built, and lashed together with cocoa-fibre, they withstand hurricanes better than do the European houses, which have to be tied down by ropes and chains to keep the roofs from being blown away. The stillness, the hot scene of never-ending summer, is brightened by children in gay cloths running and calling to each other. Here a Vavau man up an orange tree will be throwing down the fruit to a mate standing underneath to catch it, and spread it all around him in a yellow mass. There tall, black-eyed girls with upright walk, head carried high, and fearless bearing—some few with waist cloths and skirts only, but most with light cotton blouses also—come out of the low

doorways and with swift diagonal steps intercept and look at the stranger with a smile and the gracious salutation, *Maholo lelai;* while the married women, some with long breasts exposed, busy themselves round their huts, or go for water to the nearest stream. Along the green avenues men and women, in the upper and under garment now legally necessary in the public roads, are constantly passing backward and forward, singly, on their never-ending visits to each other's huts.

Slowly sauntering along one of these avenues, and encouraged by their smiles of welcome, I halt to watch a group of women under a cluster of orange, banana, cocoanut, and papau trees busily painting a long piece of tappa cloth. They shake their heads when I ask, "How much?" It is not for sale. It is to be presented to the chief at a coming ceremonial; but they run to their huts and bring out other pieces, from which I select one large enough for a rug, at the modest price of two shillings.

The art of painting ngatoo cloth is intensely conservative. It is now precisely the same as it was a hundred years ago, having resisted all modification from European ideas. The patterns, which are sometimes cut out in blocks and placed underneath the cloth to be copied, consist of rude parallel lines, squares and angles, and of imitations of the flying-fox, so crude that, unless I had been told, I could never have guessed what they were intended to represent. The paint is generally black, and is made from the bark of a tree. The artist still uses a piece of the cloth, or of hibiscus, for a brush.

In this lovely clime, "where it is always afternoon," the swallow lives all the year round. He seems in his proper element, flying, flying fast, through the orange trees of the nature-gilded east. Don't tell me he is only a sand marten. I don't wish to know it. Here also are flocks of the friendly minah, tame as the robin, and inquisitive as the sparrow.

Farther on I come across Tongan schoolboys and girls, crawling like snails to school, with slate and pencil, and with geography book in Tongese. Laughingly interchanging signs with the children, I stop them. Victoria, their pretty and intelligent schoolmistress—many girls in this uttermost end of the earth are called Victoria after our good Queen—lets me overhaul their copybooks. Some of the children write very well, all in the Tongan language. They learn, in our old ridiculous style, the map of England, with all its towns and rivers, matter almost useless to them. And I saw no maps of any of the South Sea Islands.

. . . . . .

The caves of the Islands of Kopa, in Vavau Sound, are the show places of this group. The most remarkable cave can easily be entered by boat in very calm weather. At times the waves dash into it, and whirl round and round. In this way it has been probably excavated. It faces the setting sun, and one of its chief beauties is the change of colour of both cave and water, from deep gloom to every hue of the rainbow, as the sun slowly reaches, shines into, and passes the mouth. Like all this group Kopa is of volcanic origin, and round it, to its very edge, the sea is of the intense ocean blue of very deep water.

Our departure from Neiafu is timed to reach the caves, which are half-way down the Sound, by about 4.30 p.m. on this 9th August. A most favourable moment, the winter sun being then in the exact position to show them off to best advantage. Ten minutes' rowing brings the ship's boat to Kopa, which rises out of the sea a mountain top. To-day our passengers are lucky enough to arrive in calm weather, and we pass in through a lofty archway crowned with foliage. Immediately inside a mass of volcanic rock has fallen, leaving a circular hole in the roof, over which the trees and creepers arch, and we look for a moment up a hundred feet into a roof of green leaves and daylight; then shoot into the gloomy, irregular-shaped cavern 200 feet in circumference. We row silently round it. The dark waters, twenty fathoms deep, are of a purple-red colour, like blood. The walls are of a dull leaden hue, tinged with green and blue. The roof, a hundred feet up, is in darkness, save where in the centre an inverted dome and long stalactites of sulphur dimly appear out of the gloom. As the setting sun, unseen by us, creeps on towards the entrance, its rays dart down into the water and come up with a faint light, so clear that we can distinctly see the bottom—a garden of many-coloured coral. The water changes to a pale green, but the cavern remains in darkness. Then the sunlight bursts into the outer cave. The ribbed and seared walls shine out in green and blue. A huge sulphurous stalactite, a foot thick, broken off short above our heads, shows out—green an inch thick outside and brilliant blue the whole inside mass. The great centre-piece, the inverted dome, seems in the growing light to come down to nearly over our heads. The swallows' nests in the lofty roof look like black beans dotted in clusters. (Are they nests? The other day an American determined to know, so he fired at them with an air-gun and brought down pieces of stalactite!) Then the sun passes on and the transformation scene is over in a moment. Burning blue and red lights we row round a side cavern opening out of the larger one, and with our hands fend the boat off the coral, lime-cemented, rugged masses that form the foundations of this grand edifice of nature. But coloured

lights seem a poor substitute for the marvellous sunshine that came up out of the deep waters.

At the back of the main cavern a narrow slit, above high-water mark, leads into a large dry cavern, "shaped like a lime-kiln with a hole in the conical roof," fit resting-place for a Spanish buccaneer of the seventeenth century, for Drake's men, and for murderous crew of privateer fitted out by pious New York merchants in the time of good King George III. It is the *beau-ideal* of a pirate's cave. Many a treasure, many a tragedy may have passed its gloomy portals and blood-red water.

To our deep disgust these wonderful walls are desecrated by tourists' scribblings in great staring letters four inches long. God forbid that I should give their names and addresses, and so delight the petty souls of these English and Yankee self-advertisers! The vile scrawls should be obliterated, and strict injunctions issued by the Tongan Government to the local authorities to punish severely persons making any marks on the walls of this splendid sea-cave.

My last recollection of the beautiful "Friendlies" is one that will never fade. The steamer bearing us away was slowly sheering off from Nukualofa as the thought passed through my mind, Shall I ever see these lovely islands again, and their amiable, smiling inhabitants? Suddenly a group of the college students, standing hand in hand on the extreme edge of the jetty, burst into Sankey and Moody's noble hymn, "God be with you till we meet again." The sweet harmony of the perfect part singing, in the liquid Tongese tongue, thrilled through me and will long be remembered. That was my last sound and sight of Tonga! Dimmer and dimmer the gay colours, the bright faces, and the waving hands; fainter and fainter became the sound of the sweet music; the cocoa frond sank below the horizon. And so farewell to the Friendly Islands, and to this simple, affectionate people, dying off under the ban of our civilization. A feeling of sadness came over me. I felt tears were nearer than laughter, and I forgot all I had sworn at, even the smell of the cocoanut oil. "*Nofau!*" "*Nofau!*"[1]—"*Maholo lelai!*"—"*Maholo lelai!*" are the last words that keep ringing in my ears.

[1] Tongese for good-bye—literally, "stop."

CHAPTER IV.

SOME LAWS OF TONGA AND STATISTICS.

"Koe Otua Mo Toga Ko Hokui Tofia."
("*God and Tonga are my inheritance.*")

SUCH is the legend on the Royal Arms of Tonga. The motto is an appropriate one; Tonga is, indeed, the inheritance of her king and people, made fast by a sincere, though perhaps in many ways erring, apostle of Christ under the enthusiastic and, according to his lights, devout Christian monarch, *Jioaji Tubou.*

Land nationalization is a subject engrossing so much attention amongst advanced thinkers that the system in Tonga is well worthy of explanation and study. The native laws for New Zealand were not framed by wise, disinterested statesmen, nor, indeed, were the ones which were good ever firmly administered. Those for white New Zealanders (as I have shown in another place) are perhaps the most perfect among English-speaking peoples; but even they are far behind the simple code of the Tongan Maoris.

The hackneyed old French epigram, "Virtue is a geographical expression," if we can in our minds separate the ornamental and expedient ephemeral superstructures of civilization from the unchangeable fundamental truths of natural righteousness, is a wise saying which should not be overlooked by those who deal with alien nations. The more different races are studied the more does one become convinced that the superstructural virtues, habits, customs, and laws, punishments and religious exercises, that suit one race or one state of civilization may not suit another. I have written very obscurely if readers have not already perceived that this is the main thought pervading my account of the South Sea Islanders. Therefore it would be absurd to jump rashly to the conclusion that primitive land laws, which work well grafted upon the simple civilization of Tonga, or that the more elaborate provisions of a little new colony like New Zealand, could be transferred, holus-bolus, to the complex civilization of Great Britain.

The secret of the stability of the British Empire is the caution with

which reforms slowly move by practical steps, through proved results, towards theoretic perfection. One such step can be gained by making known the success of the land system in Tonga. Land nationalization can no longer be pronounced to be "outside the region of practical politics." It may not in its entirety suit a great nation, though it is *par-excellence* an imperial idea; but no longer may political economists, when tentative measures tending towards it are proposed, say without contradiction, "In that direction must lie disaster." For the Tongans are as happy a people as exists on earth, and they know neither poverty nor prostitution. I do not mean that their happiness is the result of suitable land laws *alone*. Those extremists among single-taxers and land nationalizers, who talk about the distribution of ground rent or land value among the community as a panacea, only bring the question into disrepute. Like the cunning apiarist, whose bees have obtained access to a flower garden from which they were previously excluded, "Natural Ability," armed with free labour-contract and other cunning appliances, is pleased to see the community prosper, and stands ready to abstract the additional honey for his own use. Many other reforms, from a wise control of the clever few up to enlightened adaptations of "the fear of God and good conduct," are necessary before "the production of penury" can be stopped or even lessened. I only maintain that equitable land settlement is the first step towards human happiness.

As the reader will have already learnt from my casual remarks in former chapters, and will learn from King George Tubou's letters printed in footnotes to Chapter X. (if he read them), the credit for the land nationalization system of Tonga lies mainly with the Rev. Missionary Statesman, Shirley Baker, while he was head of the Wesleyan Mission, and more especially afterwards when Prime Minister of Tonga. The code prepared by Mr. Basil Thompson, his successor in the counsels of the king, is a clear, compressed, and admirably compiled piece of English composition, as indeed are all his writings; and this gentleman is probably right in being proud of his work as comparing favourably with the more diffuse grammar of Mr. Baker. But after all the main point is the initiation of the system and the impression made by the laws, *in the native tongue*, on the natives themselves when strange ideas had to be grafted on their old polity. This initiation and this impression are mainly the work of Mr. Baker. He knew Tongan thought and language thoroughly, and succeeded in making king and people adopt his ideas with enthusiasm. The ground was thus cleared by him for Mr. Thompson's more business-like coding. It is from the latter's skillfully arranged and purged code of 1891 that I take the following particulars of the laws.

A close study of Mr. Baker's work and the resultant code of 1891 shows that the policy of Tonga, like that of Fiji, has throughout been a wise one, and generally the opposite of the policy that was in early days adopted in New Zealand towards the Maori. Instead of breaking up the old institutions by taking away the power and prestige of the

KING GEORGE II. OF TONGA, IN DECEMBER, 1895.
"Koe Otua mo Toga ko Hokui Tofia."

chiefs, these wiser statesmen of the South Sea Islands have tried, and tried successfully, to rule the people through them. Much is done to keep up what the Maoris call the *Mana* of the hereditary chiefs, and the respect due by the common people to renowned ancestors, as the following laws testify:—

"Whoever shall defame the character of any dead person shall be liable to the same punishment as if that person had been alive.

"Salutes as a mark of respect shall be paid to nobles by raising the hand.

"It shall be (still) unlawful for an adult to wear a turban, or hair dressed with lime, or to be without loin garments in the presence of any noble.

"It shall be unlawful to pass any of the nobles on horseback or in any vehicle."

Thus the code of 1891 was wisely adapted to the existing polity of king, chiefs, and common people; a polity only altered so far that it is now turned into a constitutional government of King, Lords, and Commons.

Here, as in all countries, the laws most vital to prosperity and good government are those relating to the birthright of the people:—

"All land is vested in the Crown and cannot be sold." It is principally granted in the shape of inheritances—inalienable except for felony—to not exceeding thirty-one hereditary chiefs (now called nobles), and through them to the common people. These hereditary nobles have seats in the Legislative Assembly, which is unicameral, and must meet once every three years, unless sooner called together by the king. To it an equal number of commoners are elected by universal male suffrage.

Every Tongan male subject of sixteen years of age and upwards, residing lawfully on any of these estates or on Crown lands, is entitled to a village allotment for his dwelling and to a country allotment for his support. These allotments are hereditary in the male line, and in default of issue revert to the control of the Crown after the death or re-marriage of the allottee's widow, and are then available for re-allotment to others. The area of the islands being small and the land rich, the country sections are small. In some favoured spots, such as in Haapai and sacred Hihifo in Tongatabu, a piece 300 feet square is considered ample for the support of the family. Elsewhere 600 feet square is the maximum. It will be long before readjustment be needed. The land produces so much food, and the wants of the people are so simple, that, *if left alone*, Tonga can support a much larger population.

The occupiers are compelled to keep their plots clean, and when a dangerous weed, such as the *Talatalahina*, which is difficult to eradicate, threatens to take possession of the land and kill every other plant, there are special laws against allowing it to grow, and heavy fines for preserving or importing any of the seed. For sowing or maliciously planting it on a neighbour's land the penalty is a fine of 500 dollars, or imprisonment for five years with hard labour.

These sub-divisions of land each yield to the landlord (the hereditary noble or the Crown) the moderate yearly revenue of one dollar. They are called tax-allotments, being subject to a land-tax, which is in reality a poll-tax, of nine dollars annually, secured on the produce of the land, and laid on every male Tongan who has attained the age of sixteen years, whether he hold an allotment of land or not, and on every foreigner. This amount is reducible to four dollars for young men receiving tuition in a Government College, who are not salaried Government servants, and to *nil* in properly ascertained cases of sickness or infirmity. To ensure payment of this tax the hereditary tenants are not permitted to dispose of or destroy all their permanent improvements. Virtually the nine dollars are secured first on the movable property of the tenant, which is entirely at his disposal, and ultimately on the copra; no one being allowed, without permission from Government, to cut down a cocoa-nut tree, or even to pluck the nuts, beyond the few needed for immediate food.

The noble has no power to refuse an allotment to any person lawfully residing on his land, nor to dispossess any person who has long occupied a section. Indeed, he has no direct power over the tenant, for all leases are in the name of the king, and even his rent is collected by the Minister of Lands and handed over to him after a deduction of ten per cent. for the Royal Treasury. The hereditary chief is landlord only in name. The occupier is to all intents and purposes purely a Crown tenant. The Minister of Lands signs and registers all leases and transfers of leases. He presides over a land court for the settlement of all disputes, but even he cannot evict an hereditary tenant without a proper process of law. Where a tenant wishes to change his residence provision is made for transfers of allotments.

Although only one tax-allotment for each male Tongan is hereditary and registerable, nobles may, if any land remain unoccupied after tax-allotments have been apportioned to all the people residing on his estate, give more allotments to one man; but for this extra land the occupier is only a tenant-at-will of the Government.

When a tenant dies his allotment descends to his eldest son. The latter probably by that time holds one in his own name. He has the choice of his own or his father's, but cannot hold both. And so on with all the sons. If all are satisfied with the allotments held in their own names, that of the deceased, otherwise the one rejected in favour of that one, reverts to the owner of the estate, and becomes available for redistribution, very much after the system in ancient Peru.

No difficulty arises from children and unmarried women being landless. Their wants are so simple both in food and clothing that they, instead of being a burden on relatives, are eagerly sought after under the peculiar system of adoption which prevails over the islands of the Pacific Ocean. In most cases girls marry young. In exceptional cases relatives are bound to take charge of them, and all must have relatives of some sort, near or distant.

The deed of allotment runs thus:—

"I hereby grant you the allotment known as . . . . in the estate of . . . . to be your hereditary allotment so long as you continue to pay taxes, but if you neglect to pay taxes for three years the allotment shall be forfeited. And you shall pay one dollar a year as rent to the hereditary noble, owner of the estate.

"(Signed)

"*Minister of Lands.*"

If the tenant fail for one year to pay his taxes he may be sued by the tax-collector, and if the writ be returned *nulla bona* a police magistrate may make an order to the Minister of Lands for the temporary forfeiture of the section. At the expiration of two years thereafter, if arrears be not paid in full, an order may be made for a final forfeiture of the land with all its improvements. But any person, against whom an order of final forfeiture has been made, shall be entitled to receive a grant of another tax-allotment in the usual way. In fact, he begins *de novo.* If he cannot work his relatives must feed him, and he pays no taxes. If he will not work he may starve. But he is not permitted to become a chronically lazy vagabond without means of support. In that event he is summarily charged before the court with idleness (*the* unpardonable crime here, as in ancient Peru), and on conviction is imprisoned with hard labour for not exceeding three months.

Searching provision is made against ill-use of land. Good often comes out of evil. The unseemly Theologico land disputes of the previous decade have produced the following law:—

"It shall be unlawful for any religious body holding land upon lease to use such leased lands for any other than religious purposes (which includes temporary use for a village tax-allotment by the minister of the denomination), or to sell or sublet such land for any other purpose. And if any religious body shall be proved to have infringed the provision of this section the lease shall be cancelled, and such land shall at once revert to the Crown or to the noble in whose inheritance such land is included."

(There must be thirty members of a church in any town or village before a lease for religious purposes can be granted.)

How much bloodshed would have been avoided had such an admirable law existed in New Zealand in the early days!

Tonga is rightly jealous, not only of religious bodies, but of any foreigner getting grasp on the birthright of its people, as will be noted by the clauses of the Land Act hereafter quoted. Only a few strips of land fronting the beach are leased to foreign traders, under onerous conditions.

The law runs as follows:—

"All the foreshore of the kingdom, from fifty feet above high-water mark, is the property of the Crown . . . and permits may be granted to foreigners to erect stores and jetties or to reside there. . . . But such permits shall not be transferable . . . and if the holder should die before the expiry of the permit the land shall revert to the Crown.

"If after satisfying the needs of all his commoners a noble have land remaining unoccupied, he may grant leases to foreigners, but no lease may exceed ninety-nine years, and 'all deeds to foreigners must be in the name of the king and in accordance with the Constitution, and registered in the office of the Minister of Lands, and no land shall be held by a foreigner except upon a lease or permit signed by the Minister of Lands'; and 'whoever being a Tongan subject, whether chief or commoner, shall sell or convey any land to any person shall, on conviction, be imprisoned with hard labour for not exceeding ten years'; and 'if he permit any foreigner to reside upon any land without first obtaining written permission from the Minister of Lands he shall be liable to a fine not exceeding 500 dollars, or be imprisoned with hard labour for not exceeding twelve months in default of payment.' 'The foreigner breaking the law is also punished.'"

With these exceptions all the land is divided among the native families, and, being inalienable, *has no market value.* The use of it can only be acquired by a European through a native wife, who, in her turn, is unable to vest even his own improvements in her foreign husband. The whole of the central parts of the islands therefore belong to the natives, who are well off and happy without working much, and are burdened with no anxieties about the future. If they want to buy luxuries they simply pick a few oranges or bananas, or open a few cocoanuts and dry the inside part into copra, for barter with the white traders.

In old New Zealand days Europeans lived with Maoris until they wormed valuable blocks of land out of their confiding and generous hosts. Storekeepers also, of malice prepense, gave unlimited credit and intoxicating liquors to the unfortunate chiefs, and then for payment suddenly foreclosed on their lands. The enlightened framers of law in Tonga knew how to deal with such land sharks. In addition to the admirable Liquor Laws described in Chapter V., and which alone are

almost sufficient to defeat their machinations, it is further enacted that:—

"It shall not be lawful for any European to reside in any house belonging to a Tongan subject for the term of one month or more without first obtaining a written permit from the Minister of Lands.

"It shall not be lawful for a European or Asian to sue for a debt from any Pacific Islander except under a contract written in Tongese, and signed by both parties before a magistrate, who may refuse to countersign it if he consider the agreement beyond the power of the parties to perform. But it shall be lawful for any Tongan subject to sue in a Consular Court any Asian or European for a debt, provided such action is in accordance with the treaties made with foreign powers," which as yet are three—England, Germany, and America. (I presume the words Asian or European are intended to include Americans and all foreigners.)

These laws are not only on the Statute Book, they are firmly and inexorably executed, and the high standard of conduct resulting therefrom is likely to be permanent if European interference does not crush out the wise native rule, for the rising generation is being despotically educated up to it, as the following remarkably stringent regulations show:

"'Children must attend school from the age of five to the age of sixteen years" (by which time in this climate they are really men and women).

"And it shall be unlawful for any child who is not proficient in reading and writing or simple arithmetic to leave school, although he may have passed the age of sixteen years, and although he may be paying taxes." (I presume as it is lawful to marry at sixteen scholars may leave for that purpose, even if they are not quite proficient in the three R's; but to marry under eighteen they require consent of guardians, who may decline to allow dunces to come together. What a spur upon impassioned lovers to learn their lessons!)

"Any child who shall cease attending school shall, on conviction, be liable to a fine of five dollars, or if above the age of twelve years, be imprisoned for fourteen days in default of payment.

"And should any child neglect to attend school without excuse, the guardian of such child may be prosecuted, and shall on conviction be liable to a fine of one dollar, or be imprisoned with hard labour for four days in default of payment.

"Any child who shall neglect to attend the annual examination without excuse shall, on conviction, be liable to a fine of two dollars, or if above the age of twelve years be imprisoned with hard labour for seven days in default of payment; and if below the age of twelve such fine shall be paid by the guardian."

After school hours even young men of sixteen are still looked after. The following is a pretty stiff cure for larrikinism:—

"Every schoolmaster shall beat the drum at eight o'clock every evening, and every child shall thereupon return to his home; and it

shall be lawful for the schoolmaster or the village constable to inflict the punishment of school tasks upon any child found at large thereafter"; also "to punish the guardian of the child, by fine or imprisonment, if the offence be repeated three times."

The obnoxious Education Tax of the Reverend Shirley Baker has been withdrawn; but to European ideas the substituted law does not seem much of a relief, for the taxpayers of each village are now compelled, under penalty of fine or imprisonment for neglect, to "build schools of native construction sufficient to contain all the children, and the women to make mats to cover the floors." And School Committees are appointed to assist the Minister of Education in the control of schools and of schoolmasters, and to see that the provisions of the law are carried out.

STATISTICS.

Experience teaches us that where the mana (or prestige) of their chiefs is destroyed, and their old habits and customs and style of life changed by pure English rule, either theocratic or secular, native races invariably become more vicious, languish, and die.

The New Zealand Maoris are a remarkable instance. It is notorious that the young, Christianized, civilized, educated Maori is generally untrustworthy, and imbibes all the vices of the Europeans without their virtues. The old chiefs, on the contrary, had a high code of honour, and their word was as good as their bond in all matters except in war, where treachery was allowable. A characteristic story is told of an old Maori chief who promised to sell a piece of land to an English friend for £1500. By-and-bye came a speculative stranger, who also wanted the land. He counselled the chief to ignore a promise which was not binding, not being in writing, and to sell the land to him for £4000.

"What! break my word for money!" cried the indignant chief.

That speculative stranger escaped with his life, and the land was conveyed to the first buyer for £1500.

It is not easy to convince Englishmen that native races can attempt the task of governing themselves without coming to grief. From the present firm standing-ground of Tongan prosperity it is amusing to look back on the jeremiad and lugubrious prophecies of the Europeans who had to go away and leave this little kingdom alone. One high English official lamented loudly that when *he* left poor Tonga would go from bad to worse, and become bankrupt in three years. Statistics tell quite a different tale. As a matter of fact the late Government, which was more European in character, seldom brought the total

revenue over £18,000. In 1894 the present Government, with *Saliki*, or, as he is officially styled, *Joseliki Verkune*, as premier, got in a revenue of £20,000, and in 1895 it increased to £26,000. The postal revenue during 1890–3 never exceeded £120 per annum. It is now nearly £700. During the same period the customs revenue has increased from £5800 to £8400. The present foreign secretary (*Kalake Papalagi*, *i.e.*, European clerk to the premier), Mr. Whitcombe, may have something to do with this. He is currently reported to be able and zealous, and, what is much more important, to be of high integrity. The temptations to dishonesty among natives ignorant of European methods of speculation must be great. They have proved disastrous to Tonga in the past. Mr. Whitcombe is down on the estimates at the modest salary of £200 a year.

A hurricane[1] might at any moment spoil calculations of future revenues, and, after careful consideration, next year's estimates are based on a revenue of £21,000. Not by any means bad for little Tonga, which has *no public debt of any description*, and always manages to keep its expenditure within its income.

South Sea Island Governments make a considerable revenue out of the stamp collector. Their postage stamps are frequently changed, and large quantities are printed for them very cheaply at the Government printing office at Wellington, New Zealand. So long as a bale of paper and a printing press are left the philatelist need not despair of South Sea Island stamps. To catch his wildly scattered gold Samoan stamps are manufactured wholesale, and even Tongan stamps have been changed more than once. The native Tongan rulers must not be blamed for this disreputable expedient. The official Englishman who succeeded Mr. Baker—not as "prime minister," for King George Tubou persistently refused to acknowledge him as such, but more as a sort of counsellor forced upon the king by Sir John Thurston—boasts that he was the first to apply it to Tonga. Even before his time, however, there is very little doubt that another European official carried on this game for years, but *he* did so *sub rosâ* and pocketed all the proceeds, to the tune of £5000. In 1894 the total number of letters despatched represented a money value of £146, yet the revenue received for postage stamps sold was £586. Only £440, or 300 per cent. of the legitimate revenue, got from the stamp collector. Surely it is about time the stamps were again altered.

It would be absurd to suppose that any Maori Government can be as theoretically perfect, according to our ideas, and free from abuses as an English one, but that is not the question. The question is, after

[1] And, to some extent, has (1897).

being given the modicum of European civilization and guidance which they can assimilate without fatal results, can Tongan Maoris prosper under native rule, administered, in old native style, through their chiefs? The answer both in Tonga and, in a qualified sense, in Rarotonga, which is still partly under English tutelage, is emphatically, they can. It is fair to state here that high authorities on this subject hold contrary opinions. Father Olier, head of the Roman Catholic Mission at Moafoga, writes to me, on the 25th April, 1896:—"The population (of Tongatabu) is more than 6000, but is not increasing on account of the divorce laws and the depravity of the natives. They mean to be civilized, but they take civilization in the wrong way. A little fear of God and good conduct would be more useful to them than all the European laws and fashions brought here by some missionaries." Any divergence of opinion between my esteemed correspondent and myself may prove more apparent than real were we to define what is "the fear of God" and what is "good conduct." Firmly I take up the position that *all* attempts to graft European civilization on South Sea Island natives are disastrous; that, in short, the only way to keep these races alive is *to let them politically and doctrinally alone.* I have to take history as I find it, and, given the fact that European civilization *has* been introduced by both religious and secular powers, I think the laws and statistics of Tonga, Fiji, and Rarotonga prove that much care has been taken to adapt our civilization to native habits, and that, from our English Commercial-Christian point of view, a tangible, though probably transient, prosperity has resulted.

In the year 1894, after a check in 1893 through the loss of 1218 souls by the epidemic of measles—a light visitation compared to the work of this terrible scourge at Fiji in the same year—the population of the kingdom of Tonga, besides a few Europeans, was 19,218, of which number 5791 were adult male taxpayers.[1] It was found neces-

[1] *Census of the Kingdom of Tonga for the year* 1894.—With a return showing the number of deaths from measles in the epidemic of 1893. (N.B.—First attack of measles in Tonga, from June, 1893, to end of same year.)—From Tongan Government *Gazette*:—

District (*i.e.* Island).	Died of measles, 1893.	Adult male taxpayers.	Males relieved from taxes.	Adult females.	Male children.	Female children.	Total population, 1894
Tongatabu . . .	563	2183	83	2001	1412	1417	7126
Haabai . . .	388	1588	39	1469	1123	949	5168
Vavau	240	1401	32	1398	1008	835	4674
Niua Folou . . .	7	307	35	307	240	229	1118
Niua Tobutabu* . .	0	206	11	315	159	180	771
Eua	20	106	5	111	64	75	361
Totals . . .	1218	5791	205	5531	4005	3685	19218

* *Niua Tobutabu*, seen from the north-west, has the appearance of a wide-brimmed hat. It is three miles long by one mile wide. The white inhabitants, English and German, live at the south-west end.

sary to relieve only 205 from payment of taxes. The total imports and exports of this small number of persons amounted to £158,612, apportioned as follows:—

British	£109,710
German	35,277
Others	13,625

The German trade, £35,277, was principally made up of exports. The imports from New Zealand (included in "British") were £47,366, as against £4664 from Germany, more than ten times the amount.

The expenditure of this little kingdom is not framed on an extravagant scale. The King takes £12,000 a year; two *aides-de-camp* and the Clerk of the Privy Council flourish on £20 each. The Speaker of the Legislative Assembly gets £200; the Premier a well-earned £600. The Minister of Lands, an important official, is passing rich on £80 a year. Education is the largest item, absorbing £2360, out of which no less a sum than £260 goes for music, and to support a bandmaster at £40, an assistant-bandmaster at £20, and eighteen bandsmen at £10 each. The army of thirty private soldiers, or guards, as they are called, their officers and equipments, cost £410. And under the grandiloquent title of "Public Works Staff," "the public painter" (the only official in the Department) enjoys a salary of £90!

Here, then, is a sober, educated, brown race, free from debt, and in peaceful possession of its homesteads, which are the source of all necessary food, clothing, and shelter, and are the inalienable birthright of its children's children; yet the Tongan race is doomed. All this prosperity and simplicity of life, all these laws to make the natives happy and to shut out the white man's vices, will be as waste paper. All the efforts of Maori statesmen to keep Tonga for the Tongans will be vain. The white man's covetous eye is upon the rich little kingdom. The fiat has gone forth that to regenerate the land he is coming, with irresistible power and numbers, and a new and more virtuous civilization; that he has a mission to force himself on weaker races, and to create what is called modern prosperity. Before him flies the dove of Christianity. With him he brings his well-trained and much esteemed vampires, "Land Monopoly" and "Usury," and in his retinue a favourite third, most terrible, profitable, and persistent of all. These three hover hungrily around the islands of Tonga. As yet they beat their pinions in vain against the impassable coral reefs and glittering sands. They seek, and seek in vain, to enter into the land and eat up the cocoanut and bread-fruit groves, and all the bounteous,

free gifts of nature, and then turn to suck the blood and destroy the bodies and souls of the gentle inhabitants. Mr. Baker barred them out. Now there is a pause—alas! only a brief pause—at the turn of the tide in the devastating rush of modern commercial-Christianity. Under pure native rule, the people he led to this as yet are sober,

PIPER METHYSTICUM (Yagona or kava root).
Fijian in liko dress.

healthy, happy, well educated, and well fed; the country is prosperous, and, compared with most other native races, well governed.

I will not shrink from blaming Mr. Baker for the evil he has done as a Christian missionary. Shall I shrink from praising him for the good he has done as a statesman? No, indeed! For in this case the good lives after him. Only the evil will be interred with his bones.

Much of Tonga's present high state of prosperity is also due to the

firmness and good advice of the High Commissioner of the Pacific, and of his officers, whose jurisdiction is bearing beneficial fruit over an enormous area of Protectorate, lately including the Gilbert and Ellice Groups. Much may be due to the example of the pure, simple, private life and character of early missionaries *as men*, and to the influence they obtained by their skill in medicine and in the use of tools, and by the new inventions they brought, which were so wonderful that to ignorant, superstitious savages all white people seemed as gods. Very little of its present prosperity is due to the later doctrinal teaching and churches of the great wealthy missionary societies.

CHAPTER V.

KAVA AND SOME CUSTOMS.

"Oh! that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away *their brains!*"

KAVA.

ALCOHOL is the third vampire which beats its evil wings as yet in vain against the strict laws of Tonga and Fiji.

The prohibition law of Tonga is simplicity itself. It merely says:—

"Whoever shall give any intoxicating liquor to any Tongan, Pacific Islander, or Indian, whether he holds a license to sell liquors or not, shall on conviction be liable to a fine not less than 250 dollars, and not exceeding 500 dollars (*a large sum in Tonga*), or be imprisoned for any term not less than three months and not exceeding six months, in default of payment. Nothing in the last preceding section shall be held to apply—

"1. To a minister of religion giving wine for any religious rite.

"2. To a medical man giving liquor in doses, or promoting restoration to health.

"3. To a person supplying liquor to a native holding a permit signed by the minister of police.

"Whoever, being a Tongan, or Pacific Islander, or Indian, shall drink any intoxicating liquor (whether he has purchased such liquor or not) without first obtaining a written permit from the minister of police, shall on conviction be liable to a fine of twenty-five dollars (*a large sum to a native*), or be imprisoned to hard labour for any time not exceeding three months, in default of payment.

"Any publican or other person who shall neglect to keep the liquor on his premises in such a manner as to prevent easy access thereto by Tongans, Pacific Islanders, or Indians, so that any such native steals or obtains such liquor, shall on conviction be liable to a fine not exceeding twenty-five dollars, or be imprisoned for any term not exceeding seven days, in default of payment." (*Currency is in dollars, shillings, and pence, and all official money columns are thus ruled. The dollar is valued at four shillings English. Gold and silver coins of Great Britain, Germany, and the United States of America are legal tender.*)

There is nothing very unusual about these laws. The extraordinary thing *is* that they are *carried out with such absolute strictness and impartiality that natives obtain no liquor.* The consequence is that one can go the length and breadth of these islands and never see whisky, brandy, gin, or an intoxicated person. The only case of drunkenness within my knowledge was at an entertainment given to some men-of-war's men, when liquor was carelessly left "within easy access," and natives got hold of it. Permits are given to members of the Royal Family, and also, rarely, to high officials and chiefs. As mentioned in Chapter II., even the captain of a steamer is heavily fined if he, in all good faith, gives half a glass of brandy medically to any native on board his ship.

The prohibition law of Fiji is similar to that of Tonga, the penalty for supplying natives with alcoholic liquor being £50 for the first offence, £100 for the second; but the law may at any time become practically inoperative through the following clause, if it be exercised in loose English fashion, and not with the iron strictness of the Tongan minister of police:—

"The governor may (in case of any person of the native race whom he may deem qualified by character and general sobriety) grant an exemption from the operation of the law."

The words in brackets are omitted in the Act of 1892, which repeals former Acts; but the intention is presumably the same as in the former Act. The present governor, with his intimate knowledge of natives, may be competent to exempt; but a new governor, with the ordinary English commercial piety that with a light heart exports to native settlements 10,000 cases of gin, and to clear its conscience adds four missionaries in the same ship,[1] might not.

Exemptions should be strictly limited *by law* to the great chiefs. In the opinion of some who are well able to judge, it is a mistake, both in Tonga and Fiji, to exempt even them.

How does it happen that efforts to shut out the vampire alcohol can be successful here, and yet have failed so signally elsewhere? Because behind all the liquor laws that can be devised by the wit of man stands, in Tonga and Fiji, a more potent antagonist than even absolute prohibition—the all-powerful, omnipresent, *beneficent*[2] kava of the Pacific Islands. Kava-drinking is, without doubt, the most

[1] From the manifest of a ship bound from London to the West Coast of Africa.

[2] I deliberately use this expression, preferring to pass over in silence, as the kindest criticism, such exaggerated statements as those, for instance, in *Six Months in the Sandwich Islands*, by a lady who once nibbled a little piece of the dry root, but never tasted the liquor, and yet condemned it, on hearsay, without proof.

extraordinary—perhaps the pleasantest—feature of island life. The first note of hospitality to a visitor here is, "Come and have a drink"; or, rather, "Come and drink as much as you possibly can." Yet a kava-poisoned man is rarely seen. Here, on the segment of the world opposite to my English readers, many things are upside-down, and man puts an enemy—if kava be an enemy—in his mouth to steal away, not his brains, but his legs. I have already given an instance of the curious fact that the benumbing, paralyzing, slightly narcotic effect of an excess of this root, or of using it when in an

SAMOAN GIRLS MAKING KAVA.

unripe or nocuous condition, goes towards the extremities. That thirst, that longing for more, which is the curse and the torture of the white drunkard, is unknown to the brown man who takes too much of the *piper methysticum. Instead of creating thirst, kava cures it.* In a climate where spirits, wine, beer, even the juice of fruit, seem only to inflame thirst, one long drink of kava gives complete satisfaction to the palate, not through producing nausea, but by direct stimulus. This beverage is never taken at meal-times, because food spoils its flavour and effects. Solitary drinking of it is unknown. It is not only a thirst-quenching and exhilarating pleasure, but also a social pleasure, binding men together in harmless good-fellowship.

Kava is a word common to all South Pacific languages, even where the use of the root has been forgotten. Such a hold has it on society, that it enters into every ceremony, every rejoicing, every sorrowing, every outing, every spree, as the one constant habit of the life of the great majority of Melanesians. Being originally confined to chiefs, it has the charm of being an aristocratic tipple. In drinking it one after another, the chiefs take precedence strictly according to their rank in society. At meetings and great ceremonies, that important person, the Court Jester, who is also a herald and well up in the intricacies of pedigree, makes witty jokes as he calls out the names in succession. Thus the common people have the delightful feeling that, when partaking of kava, they are in the height of fashion.

Inactivity is fatal to savage life. For this reason the stimulus of war kept alive, literally preserved from death, and made robust many more men than were killed by fighting. Even head-hunting promoted alertness, and consequently robuster life, in all except the small percentage of those who lost their heads. Cannibalism, with its accompanying excitement and change of food, the joy of eating an enemy as a complete proof of having overcome him, similarly helped to increase the population. Then, when tired of war, when peace fell on the land, and the natives relapsed into that sluggishness so fatal to them, then the stimulus, the social jollity of kava-drinking came to their rescue, and made peace healthful. *So kava promoted peace.*

Excessive drinking was not uncommon. Men and women would form large picnic parties to some favourite spot, generally the highest ground, or a neighbouring island, and go thoroughly on the spree. The men would drink enormous quantities of kava until, by the very bulk, they experienced a sort of stupefaction akin to that caused by too much bitter beer. The women joined in a furious lewd saturnalia of games, dancing, gesticulations, and uproarious conduct, and the customary limited code of morals was, for the moment, thrown to the wind. Such excesses were commoner in Tonga than elsewhere.

They are only one additional proof of the well-known truth that there is not a single good thing under the sun that cannot be made a bad thing by abuse. The ancient directors of public morals and the great chiefs recognized this necessity of discrimination and moderation long before Shakespeare thought of saying "Great men should drink with harness on their throats." That the English law-makers of Fiji wisely copied them is shown by the following excerpts from Fijian blue books :—

1. "It is desirable that yagona (the official Fijian name of kava) should not be drunk immoderately, and that the drinking of it should be regulated by the ancient customs of the land." *The following is a pretty wide liberal allowance:—*

2. "It is in accordance with ancient customs to drink yagona on ceremonial occasions, and on such occasions as house-building, canoe-building, planting, turtle-fishing, burials, the entertainment of strangers or of friends from a distance." *This makes strangers and friends very welcome!*

3. "Yagona shall not be drunk by male persons under 18 years of age, or by females under 25, or by women who are suckling children." *Being now no longer confined to chiefs, the abuse of it is more frequent. To stop such abuse in Fiji the following regulation has been passed:—*

4. "Any chief of a village, or head of a Mataqali, who shall permit an immoderate use of yagona, or who shall permit it to be drunk at untimely hours, shall be liable to a penalty not exceeding £1, or, in default, to imprisonment for not exceeding two months."

The making and drinking of kava have been exhaustively treated by nearly every writer on the Pacific Islands.

The ceremonies attending *Fai Kava*, or kava-making and drinking, on important official and social occasions, such as at a coronation (as described on page 66, Chapter III.), at the reception of distinguished guests, at assemblings of the people for any special purpose, on the eve of a military expedition or a naval adventure, at the birth, marriage, or burial of a great chief, or attending the presentation of kava to the gods, were anciently, and, to a certain extent, are now, much more elaborate. All this—the occasions when women joined or were excluded, the priority of rank in drinking one after another, the preparation of the root at those times by mastication, and the precedence and privileges of the masticators, men or women, the orgies at bouts of drinking, when men and women drank and danced and shouted themselves into a sort of ecstasy resembling alcoholic poisoning, the whole ceremonial aspect of kava-drinking, in short—has been so well described by historians and chroniclers of South Sea Island lore that no good purpose will be served by repetition, especially as these rites are dying out; while, on the other hand, the domestic use of kava is increasing, and therefore needs to be dwelt on here as an important present aspect of island life.

By all those writers too little stress, to my mind, has been placed on the marvel of this universal, passionate love for, this daily and hourly use of, an unintoxicating drink by nations, *possessing in toddy*[1] *and*

[1] *Toddy* is a liquor fermented from the sap of the cocoanut tree. To make it, the top, succulent shoot of a tree is cut off, and a bottle is tied round the bleeding point. The sap from the bent stem drops into the bottle. If left hanging all night a quart

orange beer[1] *the secret of alcoholic manufacture*, nations of different race-types, speaking entirely different languages, enemies to each other, and nations that have never seen or heard of each other since prehistoric times, living far apart in islands scattered over the vast expanse of the North and South Pacific Ocean. I call a liquor unintoxicating of which a healthy adult stranger who has never tasted it before, and consequently whose system has not been hardened to the use of it, can drink in a day a gallon prepared from the ripe and properly dried root without any other effect than a pleasant, grateful quenching of that thirst which is engendered in tropical climes, and is so hard to bear, and a rather uncomfortable feeling as of having drunk too much water. I have, however, known European lads of fifteen or sixteen years old to have a slight colic after drinking a small quantity.

The *piper methysticum* has never been properly analyzed: the base, the component part, the alkaloid, the essential oil, the poison, or whatever it may be that enchains the drinker of kava and keeps him from an irresistible longing for alcohol, has not yet been discovered. I have submitted to the Government analyst of New Zealand a small portion of the ripe dried root from which innocuous kava is made, and he (perhaps from not having a large enough quantity, or from not having specimens in the various stages of poisonous and non-poisonous states for an exhaustive analysis, or from lack of time) has not discovered the secret. Kava, made from the green root or from that which is dried in the sun, paralyzes temporarily the lower limbs, and sometimes, as a later effect, in very bad cases, the arms of the drinker. As far as I can ascertain, it has rarely been deliberately drunk from the green root for the purpose of producing this paralyzing effect. It may be that in diagnosing such cases will the secret of its success be found, and it may be that the brain of the Maori is differently constituted, for kava gives a keener enjoyment to him than it does to a European. I suggest

bottle will be half full in the morning. Unfermented, this juice is a refreshing drink; fermented, it is very intoxicating, and it also makes a capital yeast for bread. Natives of most of the islands are forbidden by their chiefs to make it for two good reasons: firstly, it kills the tree, and every cocoanut tree represents the food, and consequently the life, of at least one man for fifty years; secondly, it contains alcohol.

[1] *Orange beer* is made in a very simple way. Ripe oranges are squeezed into a tub or barrel, and the juice is allowed to ferment. It then has the appearance of dirty water, but is grateful to the palate. It remains only a short time fermenting. When it reaches that stage it has to be drunk at once; consequently the natives sometimes consume enormous quantities at a sitting. They lie or squat round the cask, and, dipping a cocoanut cup into the fermenting liquor, pass it round without stopping until the whole be finished, or until the circle of topers be too far gone to drink any more. To cause intoxication a large quantity must be consumed.

to analytical chemists that they could not do more good to the whole world (or amass a bigger fortune) than by discovering in the *piper methysticum* a base (if it exist) that could be applied to the manufacture of a beverage harmless, palatable, sufficiently fascinating to capture and throw a spell over the drunkard, and powerful enough to supersede or kill the longing for alcoholic liquors.

The secret of the *piper methysticum* may, in that latter effect, be akin to that of the kola nut. A certain preparation of kola paste not only removes the effects of alcoholic poisoning, but, wonderful to relate, causes a drunkard using it to be unable to drink alcohol again for some days without nausea. This remarkable nut bids fair in time, and with perfected scientific methods of preparation, to supersede chocolate, coffee, and perhaps even tea, as a beverage. It refreshes, gives strength to undergo fatigue, stimulates the liver, and removes that disposition towards diarrhœa so common in hot climates.

Kava, however, possesses some occult, higher fascination. Everything connected with it is dear to its votaries. The large wooden basin[1] in which it is made becomes, after a number of years, enamelled with a bluish, mother-of-pearl-like coating. In this state it is much prized, and is handed down in families as an heirloom from generation to generation. These basins are gradually disappearing from the islands, being bought up at fancy prices by curio collectors. As much as £10 has been given to induce families to part with a peculiarly perfect specimen. The very ancient ones were in the shape of a turtle, but the more modern are round or oblong, standing on four or nine feet. The drinking bowls also become enamelled, but being simply half-cocoanuts they are more perishable, and not so ancient or valuable.

In the Society and Cook Groups there is more drunkenness than in Tonga or Fiji. The causes are not far to seek. In these islands, under French rule every native is a French citizen, consequently there is no special restraining legislation. For revenue purposes the natives, on the contrary, are encouraged to drink as much as they like of the vilest rum and absinthe. In Rarotonga and all the neighbouring Cook Islands the liquor question has gone through many phases. Under old missionary government prohibition was the law of the land. Soon, however, sailing vessels came more frequently to Rarotonga, the facilities for landing there, the temptation to do so, were found too great, and, by force of public opinion, the law gradually became a dead letter. Mr. Moss, the present and first British Resident appointed under the Protectorate, is paid by the New Zealand Government. He receives instructions and officially reports through it. In

[1] *Vide* illustration, p. 117.

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1890, when he arrived to take up his duties, there were nineteen places where liquor was being sold. He saw the men calmly landing fourteen quarter-casks of brandy in open daylight, and Rarotonga was more drunken than ever. The first Parliament under the new *régime* opened when native chiefs met under a tree, and unanimously passed the following verbal resolution:—

"*There shall be one law for the white man and for the native.*"

In theory this may appear a right principle, but in practice time has proved it a dead failure. The chiefs were pleased with the just and equal rule of conduct implied, and proceeded to carry it out. All liquor was given up to the Government, and it was enacted that future supplies were to be kept in the hands of an appointed native officer. This official now issues permits, at 20 cents a permit, for a bottle at a time, customarily not more than one every week, to any person he deems fit and proper to have one, and he is paid his salary by means of the fees thus obtained! Is it likely permits will often be refused? The present system has one excellent feature, it prevents liquor from being sold and drunk on the permises, but the supply obtainable by any Maori is practically unlimited. It is true Rarotongan law forbids the making of orange beer, but, as they like the beverage, the natives quietly go into the thick forest and break the law to their hearts' content. The result of these laws is that drunkenness is nearly as rife as it was during the missionary *régime*.

The inhabitants of the other islands of the Cook Group continue prohibition. Liquor is not allowed to be kept ashore. The laws against the making of toddy and orange beer are strict. Drunkenness is not so common. But these islands have not yet been tempted as Tonga and Fiji have been tempted and have resisted, as Rarotonga has been tempted and has fallen. Vessels do not often call; smuggling is rare. With more frequent communication temptation may arise. Then, without a national non-alcoholic beverage, public opinion may at any moment change, and Aitutaki and Mangaia become as addicted to drinking gin and orange beer as is Rarotonga.

There the fermented orange beer has from constant use become almost a necessity to the native palate, and its prohibition may be an impossibility. At any rate, it is better than new rum. First stop the importation of bad liquor; the rest may gradually follow. I do not see why, to please the taste or pocket of a handful of white men, the native owners of the soil should be killed off by detestable new rum, as is the case in Tahiti. Something more than resolutions and penal laws are wanted. Rarotonga is a glaring example of the

impossibility of depriving a whole people of all kinds of social drinking by Acts of Parliament which are not backed up by public opinion. A public opinion that will assist in carrying out such acts need not be looked for on this side of the millennium.

Whatever be the proper course for the white man, who has a stronger will to withstand temptation, the only course for the brown man is *to provide a new, agreeable, or to return to the old, non-alcoholic, social drink*, and then to prohibit spirituous liquors altogether, carrying out the law as is so thoroughly done in Tonga. Native public opinion would be with such a course *wherever kava is known and appreciated.*

Alas! in the great groups of the Cook and Society Islands kava-drinking is now unknown. The hereditary desire for it has died out, killed by the stronger alcohol, and to reintroduce it would be a matter of time and difficulty. Efforts have been made to get back to the old state of things. For instance, horrified by the prevailing drunkenness, the husband of Queen Makea of Rarotonga proposed in the local Parliament, "Let us go back to our old drink, kava," but no one seconded him. All had forgotten kava. The very root has gone out of cultivation. Only the word lingers in the Rarotongan and Tahitian languages, prostituted by theocratic authority to signify all strong drink.

Fifty years ago their missionaries forbade the use of kava to those islanders, and the result is that the abuse of alcoholic liquors is decimating the population. It is not too much to assert that this one tyrannous and mistaken act of the bearers of glad tidings has done more harm than all the self-devotion, adoption, and religious teaching of fifty years has done good.

SOME CUSTOMS.

Adoption. One great charm that the study of primitive island races has is, that here are laid bare the original springs of human action, unconcealed by overgrowths of the arbitrary customs and superstitions caused by mainland races pressing on each other in large numbers for survival of the fittest. In that respect it is hardly necessary to separate the study of the various South Sea nations; but rather do I desire to bring together here, and group, a few surviving habits, customs, and superstitions more or less general to them all.

The necessity for marriage laws, for instance, we here perceive primarily results from scarcity of food. Man and woman's paramount duty to provide food for their posterity is a great fundamental law of nature often lost sight of by those who seek for light and guidance

only among superstructures of social rules and expediency. Where food grows without, or with little cultivation, children cease to be a burden on the community; they are valued for the pleasure which their society gives, and for their usefulness.

Hence:—

Firstly, arose the extraordinary custom of adoption, which prevails all over the Pacific Islands. It is not only a custom, it is a fashion or freak of society, and at times, with some very would-be-fashionable or "advanced" people, develops into a perfect craze. Choosing, by preference, those whose noses have been carefully flattened in infancy by the fond mother's fingers, they select children as a fond gardener selects his chrysanthemums, or an ardent forester his trees. Fathers and mothers have been known to trade away all their own children and to adopt a greater number of others, that from time to time struck their fancy, or had some supposed hereditary good qualities. Thus, the offspring of a skilful fisherman would be valued by an ambitious rival; and, similarly, the descendants of a great story-teller or navigator would all have their market value.

The fundamental idea of adoption is a strengthening of the tribe, therefore male children are naturally prized more than female; but not to so great a degree as might be imagined, except in time of continuous war or fear of invasion. Girls seem to have been as commonly adopted as boys, but that may result from their number being always more unscrupulously reduced in infancy by "suppression." In short, there was generally a smaller crop of female children coming to maturity.

In some groups, for example, in Flint Island, adoption is restricted mostly to relatives by blood. There, if a married couple wished to adopt a child, their cousins and second cousins would have a preferential claim over all other persons. But the more the system is studied, the more puzzling seem its conflicting, guiding principles, and the corresponding ramifications of relationship. A young mother of twenty may have an adopted son ten years older than herself! The natives understand all these complicated kinships. The old people, having little variety of matter for conversation, keep the whole pedigree of selves and neighbours at their tongue's end, and never tire of instructing the children in the intricacies of blood relationships. In time of war or famine these matters become of paramount interest.

Adopted children are everywhere treated with the same kindness, and have the same privileges, as are given to natural issue. Had Europeans not introduced new principles of rank and inheritance through male, legitimate issue, the system might have gone on for

THE CHILD.

A Group of Rarotongans.

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ever. But our civilization cannot work side by side with the ancient world methods. The modern land laws of Tonga and our English laws in Fiji will gradually limit, then put an end to, the peculiar and charming system of adoption, as has already been done, under French law, in the Society and neighbouring groups.

Secondly, from this principle of child value and adoption arose a certain amount of natural selection, on the female side, at a time when otherwise the woman's higher ideals of mental and spiritual affinity, or even of physical beauty, were too faint to be moving powers, all men, from custom and conquest, being pretty nearly alike to her. What woman, however faint her preferences, would not be proud to bear a child to some distinguished warrior or statesman or famous canoe builder, when she knew how eagerly his offspring would be prized?

This desire for children had another and a terrible aspect. The wise men and leaders among the islanders knew, from bitter experience and tradition, that it had to be kept within bounds, or dire misery would inevitably follow.[1] Therefore such undue increase of population, as threatened the very existence of the race, had to be ruthlessly checked by what appears to our finite intelligence the horrible, or, as nature has many and far more ruthless parallels, by what may perchance appear to a higher intelligence the beneficent systems of, partly, Malthusianism and infanticide, and of, chiefly, the "suppression" of unborn children by pressure of tight bandaging.

If one can shut out of one's mental perception the haunting, mysterious strife which goes on everywhere, even in the most favoured spots on earth, here at last, in this beautiful climate, among these coral-bound pools of warm limpid water, this luxuriant growth of fruits and flowers, of gorgeous-coloured shrubs and huge-leafed shady trees, here doth it appear that, as far as nature will ever suffer such pure happiness, the CHILD lives up to his intrinsic value. In his presence it requires an effort to call up the picture of the farthing breakfasts at Deptford. The effort brings a shudder of horror. Can these merry, glistening-skinned, lithe little beings, now chasing the many-hued, big butterflies, and anon screaming with delight as the surf dashes over them while they swim as easily as the fish they are trying to spear, and again, when hungry, burying their strong, sharp little white teeth in luscious pine-apple or bounteous banana, and drinking deep draughts of cool juice from the prolific coco-palm, belong to the same human race as the crawling, foul-bodied and foul-minded starvelings of European slums?

[1] *Vide* foot-note on page 46, chapter ii., for a description of the penalties of famine and, resulting therefrom, another legendary expulsion from a Garden of Eden.

Marriage.—In certain islands a woman becomes, as in Thibet, wife to all the brothers. In some of the remote dependencies of the French Pacific exists the following old and more unusual ceremony, now dying out:—

On the occasion of a marriage in high life a great compliment is paid to the bride. She is ceremoniously enjoyed by the nobles or principal chiefs. Where the number of men entitled to this distinction is large, and, indeed, in most cases of late years, this becomes a pretended, not a real, ceremonial observance. The husband is present all the time, to give her his moral support, and to see that his bride is treated with due honour and respect. Strange and horrible as may appear to us this multiform marriage of a bride extending over many days, it is certain that, regarding it as an ancient and pious custom, she is not morally degraded to the extent we, accustomed to another civilization, would imagine. It is affirmed by those who have lived for years among these people that such women, once married by native law, become absolutely faithful wives and good mothers, and develop some very noble sentiments and feelings. The fall from such devotees of ceremonial observance to the venial and shameless outcasts who haunt the market-place of Papeëte, who never could become honourable wives, respecting and respected by the whole village, and loyal to the rites of their adored ancestors, or even to that impossible white type, Trilby, is one of the depths of which it is difficult to measure.

Another curious custom in some islands is that, when a husband goes to another place where dwell his wife's unmarried sisters, it is *de rigueur* that, out of respect to her, he takes them all temporarily to wife. If he dare to pass them over in favour of a woman outside of the family, such an insult to his wife constitutes good ground for divorce. Always and everywhere the maid of the village is not only excepted, but excluded. The jealous eyes of the whole village are upon her night and day, and, like that of a Roman vestal, the honour of her virginity is the public honour and distinction and pride.

Census Returns are, in the South Seas, a modern invention, and may seem out of place among ancient customs; but nothing shows more clearly the difference intellectually between Fijians and Tongans than the methods now adopted for numbering the people. In Tonga the inhabitants are capable of filling in and returning ordinary census papers. In Fiji, on the contrary, the census is still taken by means of the old-fashioned notched sticks. Two square sticks are sent to each town, one painted black for men, one painted yellow for women.

THE CHILD.

Group of Tahitian Children.

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"One corner shall be notched for the aged, the second for the full-grown, the third for youth, and the fourth for children."

Mourning.—In most of the Pacific Islands, and especially in the Solomon Islands, the women used to cut off a finger, or a joint of a finger, on the death of a very near kinsman; but the missionaries succeeded in abolishing this absurd and cruel practice by a compromise. Women now cut off their long hair. I wonder which was at first considered by them the greater sacrifice! However that may be, it is certain that the ancient practice was an unrighteous one under every conceivable natural code of right and wrong, as it diminished the power of individuals to contribute to the welfare of the community. The cutting of the hair is, from the same ethical point of view, a righteous mode of sorrowing, as not only is it to the vain an exercise in self-sacrifice, but it tends to increase the estimation in which abundant hair is held, and to strengthen this healthiest of all brain protections from the sun's rays. One reason for the wonderful vigour of hair in Pacific Islanders (most remarkably among Fijians) is that all the races shave the young children's heads in order to hereditarily harden the skull and prevent sunstroke, and make the hair strong. The youngest children go about with their heads in that trying condition, quite uncovered, all day long.

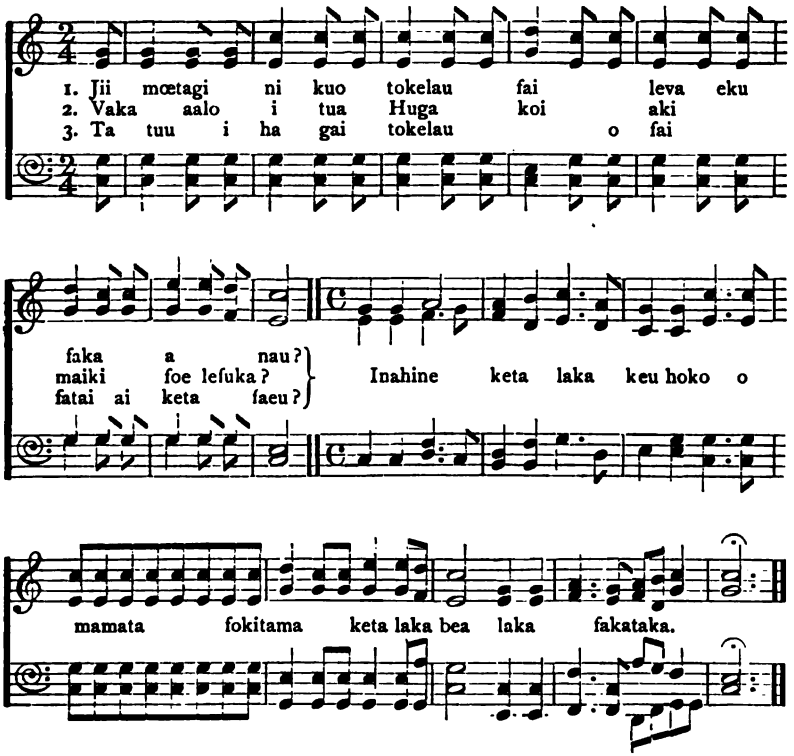
Kissing.—The Tongan, and with him I class the native of Rarotonga, is hardly distinguishable from the best class of New Zealand Maori. They, and I think I may also include Tahitians, have not only the same characteristic physique and features, and speak languages of similar structure, sound, roots, and legends, and use similar rhythmic dances, but have many of the same peculiar habits, showing them to be one race. For instance, the Maori and the Tongan lay noses together side by side and clasp hands as a greeting in exactly the same peculiar way. I am not aware that any other race does precisely this, although Esquimaux and some others *rub* noses. The Maori intention is to smell each other, in a complimentary manner, on parting, as if to say, "I will never forget the odour of you, my special friend. I will recognize you with my eyes shut when we meet again." As a mark of greater respect, the hand is sometimes smelt in the same way. I am aware that kissing with the lips, as an indigenous form of salutation, is unknown in any part of the Pacific, also among many Asiatic and other races, for which let those who have to travel there in a friendly manner be devoutly thankful. Shaking hands was unpractised until introduced into Tonga by Mariner, and into New Zealand by other Europeans. Now both peoples insist on shaking hands *ad nauseam.*

Music.—The Tongans, as I have already pointed out, have made such progress in European music that it is difficult now to say what is original and what is plagiarized, even in the favourite tunes which are sung only to native words, and accompanied by dance movements literally *handed* down from generation to generation. Such of the Samoan music as has any melody is altogether modern, and as to Fijians, I have not been able to discover that they possess any vocal or instrumental music worthy of the name, although they use a flute-like reed with three or four stops, which is blown by the nostril. South Sea Island music is of two distinct kinds: *Sibis*, or Love Songs, which are sung as solos, trios, and quartettes without any instrumental accompaniments, with a more or less harmonious long part-chorus after each musical phrase, and *Lakalakas*, which are sometimes sung in the same way, but, more generally, all together in chorus. Solo singing, as we understand it, *i.e.*, one person singing a song right through and no one else joining in, is not an ordinary feature of native music. The following Tongan pieces (Nos. 1–5) represent the whole collection of Mr. C. D. Whitcombe, Foreign Secretary at Nukualofa, and are now, I believe, published for the first time. The words given are not arbitrarily attached to the particular air. Any words are sung by all the singers to any *lakalaka* or to any *sibi*, and are composed, impromptu (or pretendedly impromptu), more or less appropriately according to the skill of the leading singer, somewhat after the style of our capstan sea songs. Nor is the music more strictly followed than the words. It is varied according to the fancy of the bard. The specimens given must, therefore, be viewed as a sort of base for numberless songs of similar formation. The chief feature of pure Tongan music is the absence of distinct melodies like our beautiful old Irish and Scotch airs, which hold the ear and admit of no variation. The Samoan song of greeting, *Faalogomai o Samoa uma* (No. 6), was composed in honour of a departing European guest, and the Hawaiian air, *Ahi Vevela* (No. 7), is also evidently modern; but the old Vavau *lakalaka*, *Jii matagi*, appears to me a good specimen of their original dance songs, the bass notes giving a fair representation of their ideas of harmony. However, not feeling competent to judge, I prefer to give, in his own words, the opinion of an expert licentiate of Trinity College, London, who has studied the music of savage races:—

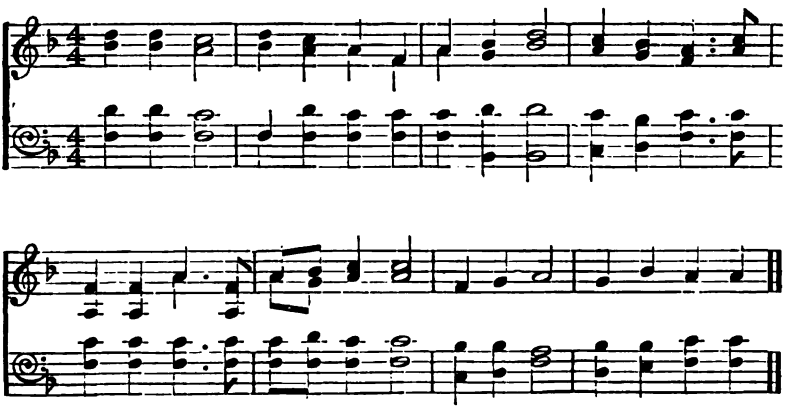
"I have examined the seven short pieces which you were good enough to submit to me as specimens of Tongan and other island music, and at your request I venture to offer a few remarks thereon.

"In looking over the *melodies*, I am in the first place struck by the absence (in most of them) of any of the usual characteristics of savage music, especially of peculiarities of interval and vagueness of rhythm.

No. 1.—Old Vavau Lakalaka.



No. 2.—Great favourite with Tongans.



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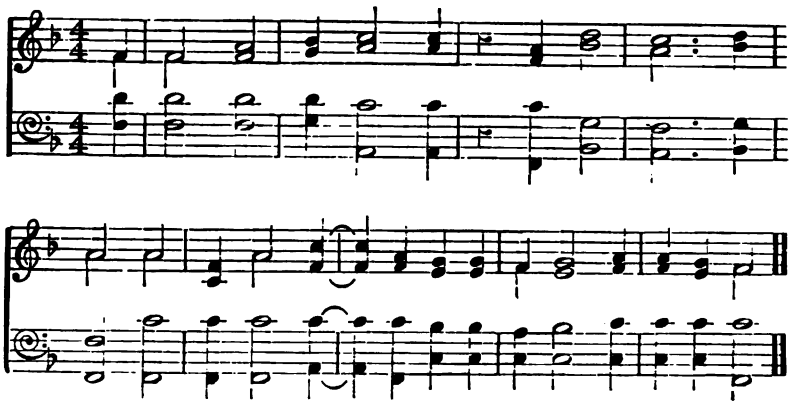
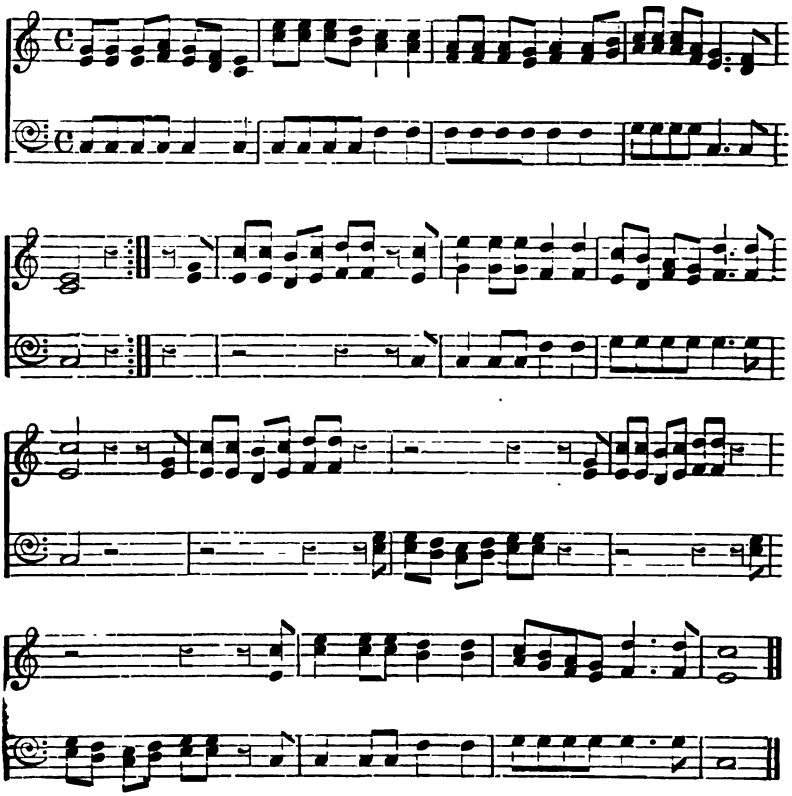
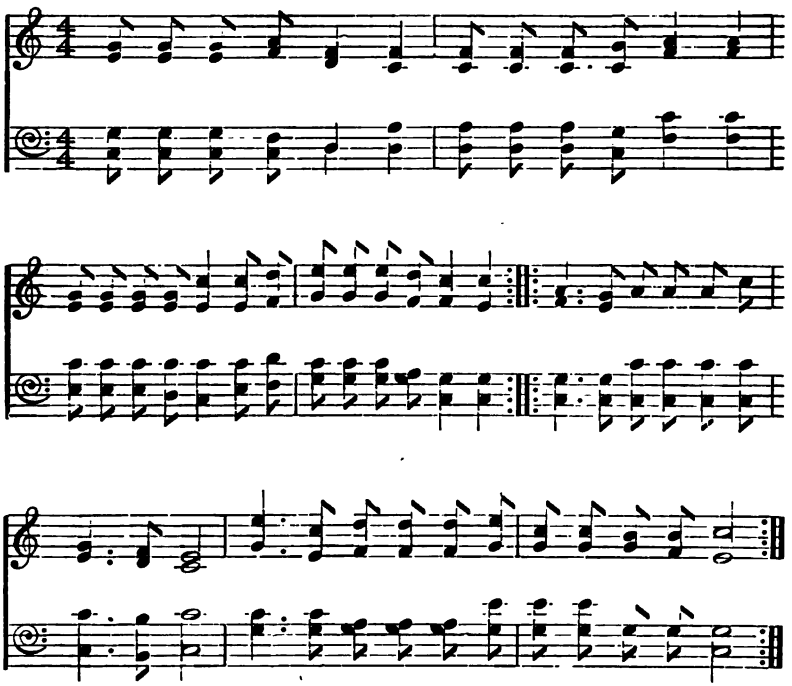


No. 4.—Music composed for Lakalaka by Prince Wellington.

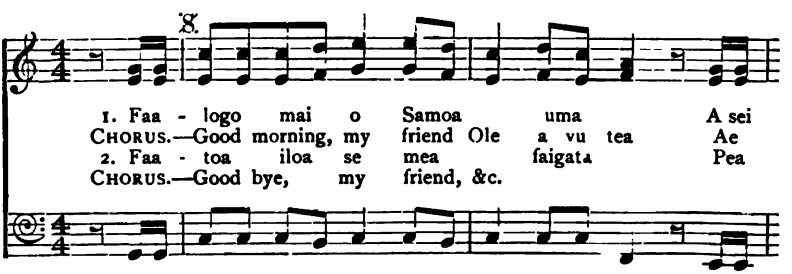


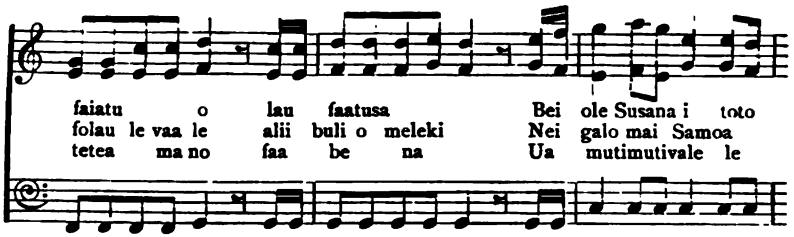
No. 5.—LAKALAKA.—(Sung by people of Vavau in mourning for death of Prince Wellington.)

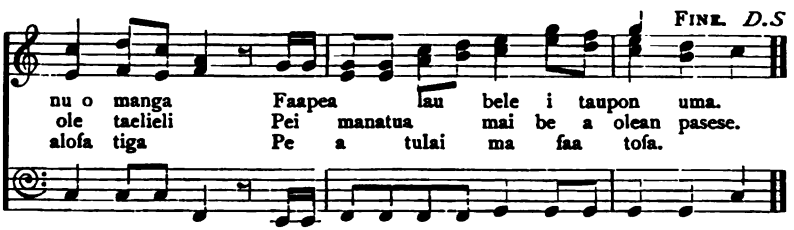
Koe toki mea ne fakamamahi bea o go kiho mauatamai he ave oheilala fui tahi nae fai ae falala kiai Oku tagi a tei sina bea tauagaa a maninita he folau ae fahiua kuo lata ihe otu kinehina.



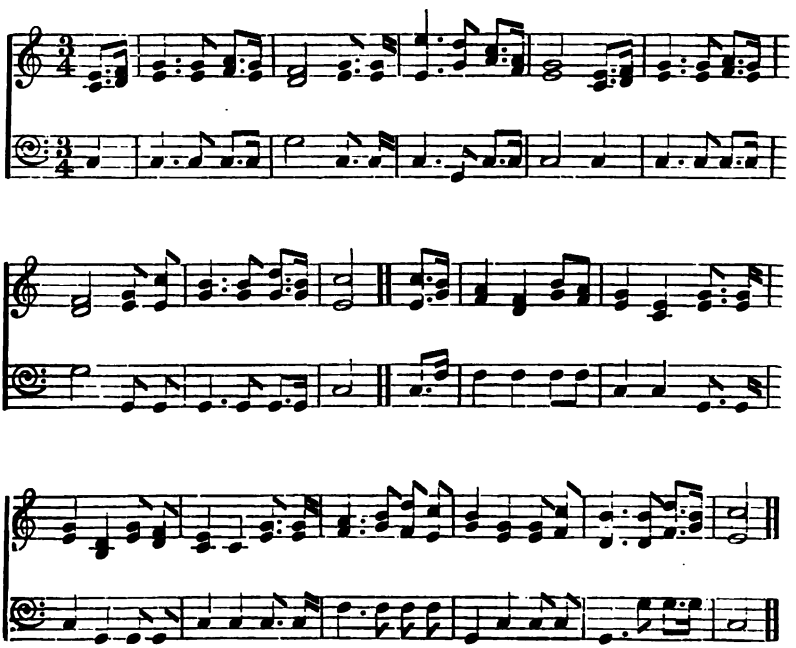
No. 6.—GOOD-BYE, MY FRIEND. (Samoan.)







No. 7.—AHI VEVELA. (Hawaiian Air.)



With regard to the latter point some allowance must, of course, be made for the inevitable alterations caused by the attempt to represent such music in ordinary notation. Take, as an illustration, No. 7 of the series, which is described as a 'Hawaiian Air,' but which is entirely conventional, both in melody and structure. No. 2 has some slight irregularities of rhythm, but the music is quite commonplace in character, and the imitative thirds and sixths merely reproduce some puerilities of English music. Nos. 3 and 4 seems to me more genuine, more representative of what I should imagine the indigenous music (if I may so term it) of the islands would be like, though the trammels of the European notation have evidently cramped and distorted the rhythms. Of the remaining pieces, No. 1 seems to me to be of the character of a native 'Action Song'; the melody, though devoid of any unusual melodic progressions, is primitive and characteristic in style; for example, in the simple directness of the first phrase with its rapid monotonic recitative, broken occasionally at the strong accent of the second above the reciting note.

"The *harmonies* cannot, of course, be taken seriously. I understand from you that these pieces were noted down during actual performance, and that the transcriber has done his best to reproduce the effects heard. Every musician knows the difficulty of this task, even under ordinary conditions of performance, and it is probable that the manuscript only approximately represents the chords sung by the natives; these are very similar to the crude attempts at harmonizing made by beginners without instruction. It is quite possible that such harmonies *may* have been evolved by the singers from their inner consciousness (and, indeed, they are not more barbarous than some early specimens of European harmony), but I am inclined to think that most of the tunes—both melodies and harmonies—are, for the most part, traceable to the hymns and songs which the natives have heard sung by missionaries and others. Take, for example, the 'Hawaiian Air,' which might be labelled 'Sankey'; or No. 2, which is strongly reminiscent of, say, 'Jackson in F,' or similar musical twaddle. The islanders have, I am afraid, come under the influence of 'civilization' to such an extent that their native idiom has been destroyed, just as their native picturesqueness so often disappears, in their attempts to copy European dress and manners.

"I may, of course, be entirely wrong in my estimate of the pieces which I have been lately perusing, but in this hasty review I simply record the impressions they have left on my mind—impressions which would possibly be greatly modified if I heard the music under the conditions which obtained when it was noted down from the original performance.—ROBERT PARKER."

The opinion "that both melodies and harmonies are for the most part traceable to the hymns and songs which the natives have heard sung by missionaries and others," is an opinion formed by Mr. Parker while himself thousands of miles away from the islands, merely from an analysis of the so-called native harmonies that have been submitted to

him from time to time. It is since emphatically confirmed by an expert on the spot.

The official French bandmaster at Papeëte, Tahiti, is a thorough and enthusiastic musician. He has been married to a native woman for twenty years, and never, he assures me, has he during all that time been able to extract from his wife's memory one air or harmony genuinely indigenous, although he has tried over and over again, both with her and her relatives. His opinion is of great weight, and he has deliberately come to the conclusion that there neither is, nor ever was,

FIJIAN CLUB DANCE.
Dances for the arms.

such a thing as Tahitian harmony, much less melody. One well-known Tahitian air, which delights hearers with its quaint harmonious vocal and instrumental parts, is often sung and played, and is always passed off as *the* genuine article. It was composed by an Englishman. The charming music performed in the French-Protestant native church at Papeëte, with its queer fugues and intervals, and the additional appearance of genuineness caused by the fact that it has never been notated, but is transmitted by ear from choir to choir, from generation to generation of young native voices, is simply a *mélange* of French and English missionary hymn tunes and men-o'-war men's songs. Tahitian dancing, this expert goes on to explain, consists of wriggling and shivering the limbs, especially the legs and feet, very quickly, and in

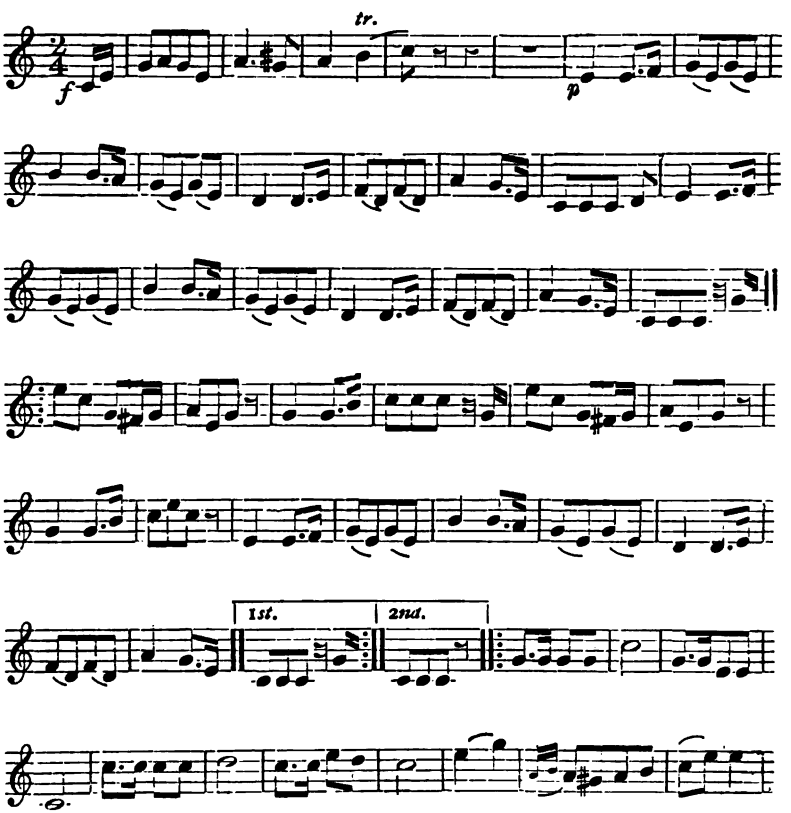
time with musical noises. His final word on the subject is that *Tahitian music was intended for the legs, not for the ear.*

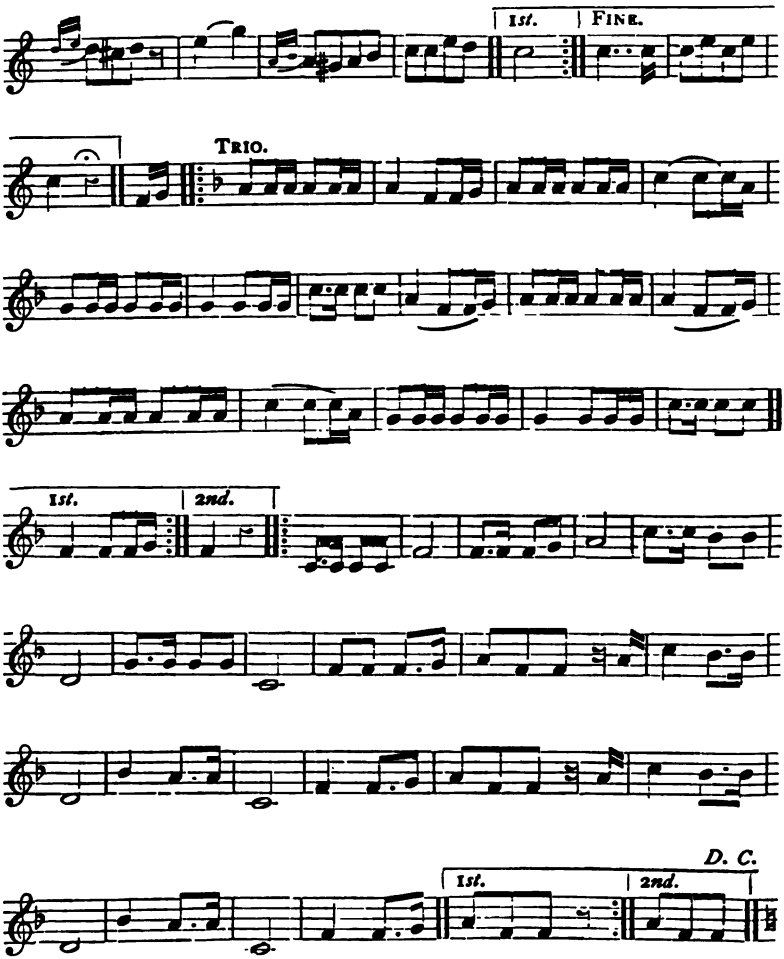
Below is the nearest approach to indigenous airs that he has been able to discover and put on paper.

A great authority on Melanesian matters gives interesting samples of savage music notated by himself, and states,[1] "Tous les peuples civilisées ou sauvages de l'Oceanie aiment passionément la musique." With all due deference to Rienzi, I prefer to agree with Mr. Whitcombe of Rotumah, and with the French bandmaster of Tahiti.

[1] *Oceanie*, par Rienzi, 1836, vol. i., p. 78.

ETU ETU. (Airs Tahitiens.)




1st.
FINE.
TRIO.
1st.
2nd.
D. C.
1st.
2nd.

CHAPTER VI.

SAMOA

"Seeing larger constellations, burning mellow moons and happy skies,
Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster knots of paradise."

CLEARING the Vavau Sounds and the island of Nuipapa, where a landslip marks the site of "Mariner's Cave" with the submarine entrance, so celebrated in Tongan legend,[1] we get another long stretch of ocean, N.N.E., carrying the south-east trade winds towards the Samoan Group, and nearer and nearer to the blazing sun. At long intervals, like trig stations in the sea, we pass island after island, some close enough to distinguish the contour of the land, and perchance trees and huts, others so far away that we only think we see them.

"Just under that patch of cloud on the starboard quarter," says the obliging officer on the watch, handing me his glass—"can't you see it?"

I say "Yes," of course, but I am blest if I do. In fact, staring hard, I imagine I see islands all over the horizon. My old idea—I do not know where I got it from; from Robinson Crusoe?—perhaps from a poet sitting in an armchair in England, a man who may be sick when on the open sea and can't bear the thought of lands so far apart, or from a travelling missionary on the war path for subscriptions. My old delusion—that, when I had

"Burst the links of habit, there to wander far away,
On from island unto island at the gateways of the sea,
Seeing larger constellations, burning mellow moons and happy skies,
Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster knots of paradise,"

I would be all day steaming in and out of narrow passages that wind between high islands and low coral reefs of dazzling white,[2] where,

[1] A modern writer has the audacity to repeat Mariner's famous cave legend as "a pretty story told to him by a Mr. B.!"

[2] Were it not that I am often asked by very intelligent people about the "white" coral reefs, I would think it a work of supererogation to explain that coral reefs are like most other sea rocks, of a dingy, very dark green colour. The white coral of the drawing-room is bleached in the following way:—It is buried *in* the sand until the insects are thereby killed; then it is laid *on* the sand and exposed to sun, wind, and rain, which bleach it a dazzling white. The *dead* coral is light-coloured, the *live* coral is dark-coloured when first exposed to the air.

sheltered from rough seas and gales, the lazy crew fend off the feathery leaves of cocoa palms, and keep rude bunches of bananas from knocking down the funnel, all the while that naked natives run along the beach—has now fully exploded. After all, I believe it is the geographers that are to blame. Why do they stick so many South Sea islands close together on their maps, just as if they dropped "groups" from a pepper caster?

In the morning light of the third day the high land of Upobe shows up. We steam round the eastern end of the island, and by a wide entrance gap in the long low reef pass into the harbour of Apia.

Inland we see a ridge of mountains, among them Tofua, 3200 feet high, sloping gradually down to low lands that skirt the placid shores. Greenish white over dark green, the early morning mist and cloud lie on the tall tops of the cocoanut trees, which crowd toward the beach because they love the soft sea air. A brow of the mountain, 1219 feet high, juts forward from the range, and almost frowns in its abruptness over the white town of Apia, which nestles between its foot and the harbour.

I need not describe Samoa, or its people, its laws and prospects at great length. I shall just lightly sketch what a passing visitor sees, for, being in touch with the world through the 'Frisco-Australasian mail steamers calling there both going and coming, Samoa is easy of access from Australia and America. On this account, and also through the political interest excited by the joint protectorate of England, Germany, and America, and by the offer of the New Zealand Government to administer the group, it is much better known than Tonga. It will some day be a favourite winter residence for New Zealanders who desire to avoid our colder winter. They will find their way to Apia, because it is distant only five days' steaming from Auckland; this time will probably be reduced to four days when the proposed faster 'Frisco mail service is started.

Apia lies open to the north, and when a hurricane suddenly rises from that quarter or from the north-west, and sends enormous waves over the reef to dash upon the shore, its roadstead becomes a perfect ship trap. In ordinary weather the bay is smooth as glass; then the natural breakwater of reefs, broken only by the deep-water entrance in the centre, shelters the little jetties which dot the line of beach, and which serve for landing goods in lighters and passengers in watermen's boats. A scene of never-ending peace it would appear now, were it not for the startling-looking wrecks of men-of-war that lie stranded all around us. Driven ashore in the great hurricane of 1889, when H.M.S. *Calliope*, through using Westport (N. Z.) coal, was

THE HILL BEHIND APIA.

+ ● The spot where Stevenson is buried, the road thence leading to Vailima.

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saved by steaming straight out to sea through the gap in the reef by which we had just come in, these wrecks still remain gloomy beacons of disaster. High and dry on the beach lies the bow of the German *Ebba*, while not far away stands up, picturesquely black and ruined, out of the calm sea nearly the whole of the American Admiral's ill-fated *Trenton*. In the distance a smaller gunboat lies on its side, showing keel out of water among the shallow reefs just inside the harbour. These wrecks, as they get broken up by hurricanes, will gradually disappear. There are supposed to be hollow passages in the coral by which boats, and even ships, that are lost are carried away under the islands. It is dangerous to dive among coral reefs; often swift currents sweep the strongest swimmers into caves underneath, and they are never seen again. Of the men who were drowned on that terrible night, those whose bodies were recovered lie buried in a beautiful spot near the scene. So hidden now by trees and rich foliage is the monument erected to their memory that it is barely distinguishable from the roadstead. An important matter, however, quickly diverted our thoughts from scenery and wrecks.

In Samoa the Eastern and Western Hemispheres touch at their extreme edges; and here, consequently, the moment we dropped anchor we got into a religious dilemma. Bringing Eastern Hemisphere time with us we reached Apia on Sunday morning, the 11th August, and, to the horror of some of the lady passengers, found the Samoans all at work; it was their busiest day of the week. By Western Hemisphere time it was Saturday, 10th August, ashore. What was to be done? Were we to work or pray? Our skipper took the pious English way. He compromised the matter in the manner most advantageous to his employers.

"Ships work when they can, and pray when they can't work," was his doctrine—a refinement, in fact, of the good old principle, *laborare est orare*, well up to date. The crew called it Saturday, and discharged the ship; the stewards called it Sunday, and gave us an excellent Sunday's dinner; everyone was satisfied. The crew got their Sunday's dinner and rest next day at sea. The passengers? Well, the passengers, passing nuns and brown converts going to early mass at 6 a.m. of the day before by eastern reckoning, called the next morning Monday, as they bade good-bye to Apia on their way on board the steamer and off, south-westward, to Fiji.

Near the top of the frowning knoll over Apia lies Robert Louis Stevenson in his grave, and if a stately mausoleum be erected there as proposed, it will always be a landmark for vessels — the first of Samoa sighted from the sea. Such a practically useful monument

would be in keeping with his constant desire to benefit and protect her people. He was much beloved, and when giving even a dance or entertainment to European friends, Samoans of all classes were welcome

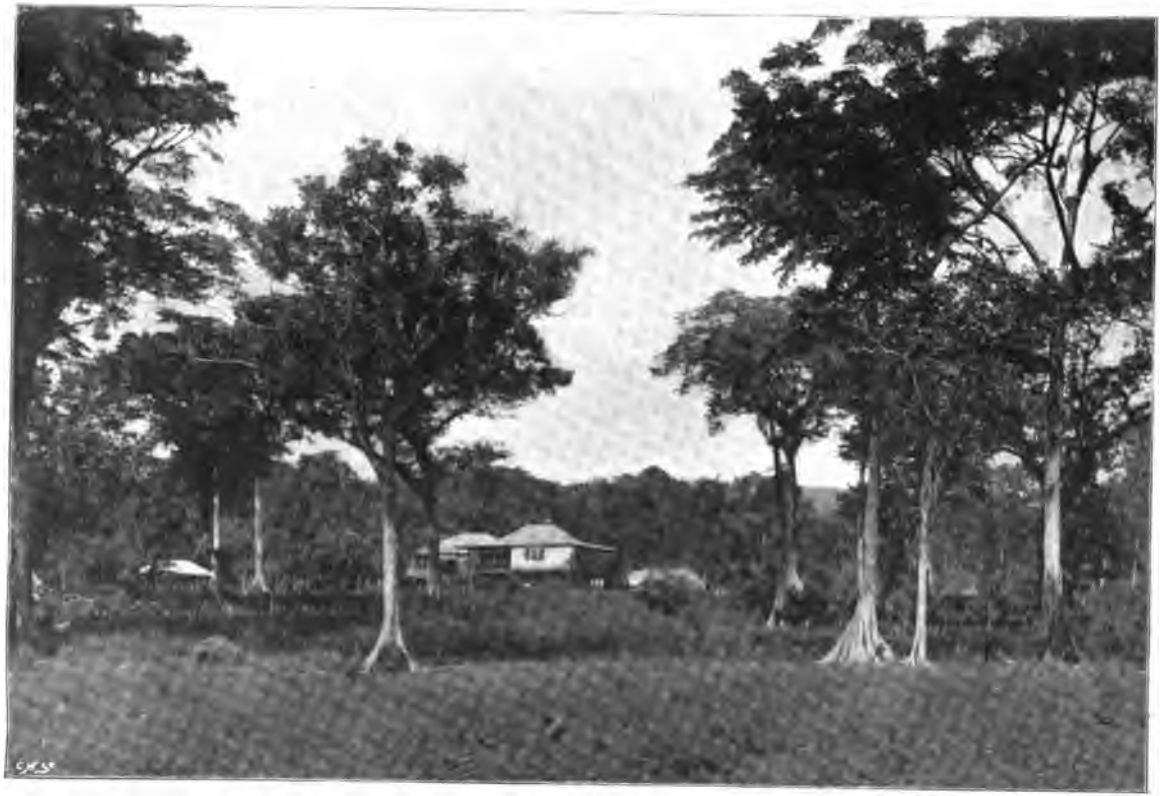
"We all liked him," said to me an English butcher with a Samoan wife. I was sitting before breakfast on the butcher's broad, room-like verandah. He and I were chatting over Samoan cigarettes of tobacco wrapt in banana leaf, and some Old Tom and milk, served to us by his amiable-looking wife and pretty little half-caste daughter.

"Stevenson," continued my friend, "had such a genial manner we could not help liking him. He put on no side—not a bit. Traders, missionaries, Samoans, all had a good word to say of him."

The butcher—my host for the nonce—had a neighbour who boasted the only decent trap I could hear of in Apia, and our acquaintanceship and conversation began with negotiations for the use of this buggy and a fine American horse. Two comical Australian magpies, tumbling over each other on the floor, and the harmless necessary cat sitting on the pinewood table, beside our Old Tom and milk, made things look quite home-like. Inwards, beyond the open French windows, was to be seen a large iron tent-bedstead, covered with mosquito curtains, reclining on which, in cool pyjamas, after his early morning work, I had a few moments previously found my friend comfortably reading and smoking, while his young native wife, in a high-necked print dress, was bustling merrily about, looking after the children and the breakfast.

The thermometer at 85° in the morning shade in winter was quite cool, he thought, but he liked to get his work pretty well done by breakfast time. He added that he imported the sheep and fat cattle for his European customers all the way from Sydney. There were plenty of cattle on the island, one German firm owning 1200 head; "but competition was the life of trade."

He told me more—much more—about Stevenson and his Samoan mode of life. Have not these been talked of and written of until the subject may be considered exhausted? Such, at any rate, is the feeling in this part of the globe. Indeed, one passenger, who joined us at Apia after having spent a month ashore, swore a great oath as he stretched himself with evident relief on our smoking saloon bench and changed the conversation, that if any man on board mentioned Stevenson's name again in his hearing, he would "go for him" straight. He ended with—"For God's sake, let the poor man rest: nothing else has been talked of in Samoa for the last month!" The speaker was a big, black-bearded, truculent-looking stranger, and I did not ask him any more questions. Probably, like many another, he had



STEVENSON'S HOUSE, VAILIMA.

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read the stories of adventure for boys and *Catriona*, and had never heard of *Virginibus Puerisque*, and the wonderful essays in *Men and Books*.

The silent evidence of Stevenson's house will bore no one, so I venture to put here two photographs of it, taken from different points. This is the more necessary, as the modest dwelling—now let for a time, the family having gone to San Francisco—has been variously described, by hysterical hero-worshippers, as a wonderful and unique cottage, and, again, as like an Irish castle of the olden time. It is

ANOTHER VIEW OF STEVENSON'S HOUSE.

neither. It is an ordinary, roomy, unassuming, wooden, colonial-built house, situate on a clearing half-way up the evenly-sloping, densely-wooded mountain side. The second photograph has a melancholy interest. The little window with outside shutters, round which the creepers are gradually closing, is commonly reported in Apia to have been put in by Stevenson, that he might gaze at will upon the place selected for his grave. A road (as marked in the illustration, p. 143), made for the purpose of conveying the coffin, winds up the hill from the house to the spot where he is buried. The tomb is graced by a canopy of grass girdles and other wearing apparel and ornaments native to Tonga. These decorations are a touching mark of respect placed there by the Tongans resident in Samoa.

The Samoan calling himself "Vailima" (the name of Stevenson's house and land) is a fine specimen of a native. He was one of Stevenson's men, and was much devoted to his master. He went into mourning by wrapping a piece of black tappa cloth round his loins. "Vailima," as he is generally called, is still alive, and is about thirty years of age.

Of course the first steps of our philatelist on landing were in a bee line to the post office. Samoan stamps are most unblushingly articles of commerce. The post office is farmed out, and little assorted packets at 2*s.*, and 3*s.*, and 6*s.* are neatly made up, and lie in piles awaiting the collecting greenhorns. You can have "clean" packets for so much, and packets of stamps impressed by date stamps, and so cross-marked with any date you choose, for so much "out of date" superseded stamps are "rising in price, getting scarce," says the merchant, who not only sells but *creates* his own stock. However, I have no space here for a crusade against philately.

Wishing to see a modernized cocoanut plantation, a party of us paid 15*s.* for the use of the aforesaid good American horse and the buggy, with a roof to shade us from the sun. The vehicle carried four comfortably, and we drove in it to the German plantation at Vaillile, about five miles out of Apia, alongside the sea. Cocoanuts thrive best near the sea, so Vaillile stretches well along the coast. This plantation is a favourite show place, and has often been described by enthusiastic visitors, so I will be brief, and allow the accompanying illustration (page 153) to speak for itself. The approach to Vaillile is most picturesque, not perhaps quite so rich in colouring as flat Lifuka, which, alas! has, since I left, been swept temporarily bare by a hurricane as by a fire, and all Mrs. McGregor's flowers blown to sea. It is a marked contrast to the other groups, for everything *there* looks in a natural state; everything *here* in Samoa bears the stamp of labour and European civilization. The road is a capital carriage track. It crosses noisy brooks, it winds down a steep valley to a clear stream, amid shady tropical trees and flowering shrubs and up again to a plateau, where it runs through mile after mile of cocoanut trees of all sizes, from 20 to 100 feet high, planted in rows.

Are those bunches nestling so queerly under the tufts of leaves at the very tops of the bare poles countless? Not so. The obliging manager can tell us almost to a nut how many there are on his 2000 acres. Each acre carrying forty trees, and each tree yearly bearing an average of over eighty nuts, tots up to six and a half millions, yielding about 1500 tons of copra. And they will go on bearing for seventy years.

Were copra £26 per ton, as it was ten years ago at Marseilles, the centre of the oil trade, where there are warehouses holding 30,000 tons, it may be imagined how large the profits would be. Now that the trees, which take eight years to mature, are in full bearing the price has unfortunately fallen to £13, and large profits are of the past. Mineral

"ONE OF STEVENSON'S MEN."

oils, it is said, take the place now of cocoanut oil for many purposes at lower rates. Coffee growing, which has languished in Ceylon and other places through disease and the superior results of tea-planting, is increasing in Samoa. Formerly cotton was grown among the cocoanut trees, but when the price of cotton fell, after the effects of the American war were over, it no longer paid to produce so far from its market. Coffee now takes its place in Samoa, but copra is still the main product.

As we drive along on this hot winter's day the feathery tops of the tall cocoanut trees form here cool shadows, and there a deeper, grateful shade, restful to eyes that are tired of blazing sunshine. Island after island of cocoanuts seen from the sea, and again mile after mile of cocoanuts on land, make me feel as we drive through Vaillile that I must have lived all my life among no other trees. The shells of the nuts, collected by hand and then carried in panniers by donkeys, are transferred into big bullock drays with high openwork sides and ends. The shells are piled round each tree in order to manure it and to retain the moisture round its roots, serving evidently the same purpose as the banking of earth round olive trees, customary in Spain.

Nowhere, perhaps, in the world has the general depreciation of produce, or the general appreciation of gold, whichever may be the cause, been more felt than at these uttermost ends of the earth, where one would naturally fancy the influence of European finances would be slowest to penetrate. It must be admitted that a result so general can only spring from a general cause. It is not here through cheaper communication. Freights are, by Swedish and Norwegian vessels for copra and sugar, at the old rate of £2 per ton to Europe. Indeed, there can be no cheapening of the freights of these old-fashioned vessels. The food is as bad, and the wages are as low, and the vessels are as poorly found, as if Plimsoll and Seamen's Acts and modern big cargo steamers were non-existent.

Leaving the buggy and wandering through leafy groves we reach the homestead, where we find the manager and his pretty young wife. She is the daughter of a half-caste Samoan woman by a German father, the result—a very pretty, rather Spanish looking, attractive woman, gentle and graceful. Her two children, pale and bloodless looking, are quite white. It is seen at a glance that in spite of the strain of native blood they will pay the penalty of the climate with their lives, if not moved soon to a cooler latitude. So we learn that the young wife, who has never been out of Samoa, is looking forward with fear and trembling to taking the children for a cool summer to her relatives in Auckland, New Zealand, to brace them up. We are hospitably entertained with acceptable Bavarian lager beer, the best drink I know of for this climate. Here, looking round, we realize how far Samoa is from peace, when we are shown the place just below. The house stands on a sloping cliff looking over the sea, and is riddled with the shots fired at the time of the disastrous attack by German sailors, in their attempt to reach the rising ground where the house stands; the cocoanut plantations all around were held by the hostile chief *Seumanatafa*, and 2000 Samoan warriors. Had the

Germans not retreated, after losing twenty of their men, they would all have been killed. At present, under the protectorate of the three Powers, all is quiet, although the elements of strife are not removed, only held forcibly apart; and as we drive back the only enemy we meet is a herd of peaceful, lazy cattle, which reluctantly leave us the road, their sides plump with grass and good water, their skins glistening with the fat of occasional cocoanut and bunches of bananas.

IN THE COCOANUT PLANTATION, VAILLILE, NEAR APIA.
"Through mile after mile of cocoa palms."

Samoa, politically, is still in a very unsettled state. There are three great chiefs—Malietoa, Mataafa, and Tamesese—and several lesser chiefs, of whom Seumanatafa is one; Malietoa being the king at present acknowledged by the Powers. Each greater or lesser chief cares only for his own power and prestige, and not at all for a so-called dyus king, or for the others. Tamesese, who seems to hold the balance of power, may, and probably will, join with Mataafa, and the two together overwhelm Malietoa's men. The two hostile parties, compelled to a hollow truce, now keep on separate sides of the island, and both are reluctant to come to town (Apia), fearing a collision. Trade, already depressed by the low price of copra, languishes. No

country in such a political position can progress. Samoa is a rich kingdom ruined by conflicting methods and interests. Bad as are American *laissez faire*, German bureaucracy, and English pliancy to the wrong methods of the other Powers, I do not think the cure is to place Samoa under New Zealand. The history of the management of the Maoris in the past does not encourage hope that she would manage the

MATAAFA,
Rebel chief of Samoa.

Samoans any better. Besides, New Zealand has neither the fleet nor the army, nor even the prestige, to command respect from the haughty Samoans. It is only fair to add that under the present New Zealand Government the Maoris are loyal. The recent offer of the Arawas (one of the most warlike of the New Zealand Maori tribes that are popularly supposed from past events to be disaffected, and to be a weakness instead of a strength) to volunteer for defence of British interests in

the Transvaal, caused a thrill of enthusiastic surprise in many parts of the empire. If Europe *must* interfere, these islanders would thrive best under direct English government. But why interfere? They would have been much more prosperous let alone. Had the Powers not meddled the chiefs would have fought out the question of supremacy among themselves long ago, and after one side or the other

TAMESESE,

Rebel chief, now residing at Avia, the extreme west of the island of Upōlo.

had conquered the country would have settled down. In old days there was much fighting, not only ashore but afloat, especially in the time of King George Tubou I. of Tonga. The Samoans had then a powerful navy of double war-canoes. Now experience of European armed vessels has caused the chiefs to lose faith in the old tactics. They do not exercise their young men in naval evolutions, and in the event of war it is doubtful if the rising generation will know how to

manage these canoes. Nevertheless, a double war-canoe is being built, and is nearly finished.

Though no longer "sea powers," all the islanders retain their skill as fishermen, being especially quick at spearing fish even twenty yards away. They wade in the shallows or on the coral reefs, holding the two-pronged spear. Through constant practice and clear sight they see through the water and calculate the distance and refraction in what appears to Europeans a marvellous manner. By the aid of a stone, covered with some glittering shell tied to a string, they catch octopi. When this bait is lowered to the bottom and jerked the octopus thinks it is a water-rat, folds its great arms around the supposed victim, and is pulled to the surface. The islanders use outrigger catamaran canoes, like those of the Cingalese, but lighter and more easily upset, a fault which appears to them to be of very little consequence, as they jump into the water and right the canoes again without any difficulty.

Among the lesser chiefs Seumanatafa is the man of most note. Not only distinguished in war, he and his men took an active, noble part in saving their European enemies from drowning in the hurricane of 1888. For this the American Government sent him a whale-boat and a watch, of which he is justly proud. Then the Samoans did a little bit of smart trade with the invaders. The Powers very properly were anxious that all due respect should be paid to the dead. In order to stimulate search for, and care of, the bodies, they informed the Samoans that £1 sterling would be given for each drowned seaman found and brought to Apia. If the dead were washed ashore in inaccessible places the same money was to be paid for temporarily burying them on the spot. The natives seemed always to be finding corpses, which they described minutely, in extraordinary out-of-the-way places, and getting the money for burying them. When arrangements were completed for removing the remains to the cemetery prepared for them at Apia, not one half of the number of bodies paid for could be found.

. . . . . .

SIVA (Samoan dance): *DOORS NONE: PERFORMANCE FROM 7.30 TO 10 P.M.*

Seumanatafa, alas!—no longer a great fighting chief of Samoa with 2000 warriors at his beck and call, his prestige destroyed by the Protectorate of the Powers; war, the only occupation of a native gentleman, gone—has fallen from his high estate, and has descended to the level of the white man. He now employs his time catering profitably for the public. He has a very agreeable wife and daughters,

who take in washing, to be done by their people, at one dollar per dozen. To-night he has provided a native dance to the order of some of our passengers, and we are ushered at 7.30 into the large circular, cone-shaped hut where the performance is to come off. When the mat-shutters that are down on the far side are pushed up it becomes cool and airy, through being open all round. On the near section, on the cool floor, which is of small, round, hard pebbles bedded in earth and covered with thin mats, sit our party—in the front the dress

NATIVE HUTS, WITH THE MAT-SHUTTERS PARTLY CLOSED.

circle, as it were—in many strange attitudes of discomfort. Some vainly try to sit up, their legs stretched out before them, considered by the natives a very rude position; others, anxious to be polite, tuck their feet under them, and essay to smoke cigarettes without toppling over; others, again, are resting on their hands or on their knees; all of us in awkward contrast to the native who sits at ease, upright and graceful, his legs crossed in front, or her legs sometimes crossed, but generally both to one side, bent under her. Behind us, stretching beyond the pillars of the hut into the night air, is a full pit of native eyes glistening in the dark.

At the opposite segment of the circle—the mat-shutters are now

opened—enter the principal performers, eight common men of Seumanatafa's people, and Seumanatafa's daughter, *Tineāta Apīa ;* behind them are the clacquers and assistant singers. A bottle of cocoanut oil is handed in, and the young *prima donna* rubs her body, arms, legs and feet, and is assisted to rub her back, with the fragrant (?) oil, until she glistens all over. When her toilet is thus completed, in full view of our deeply interested visitors, the bottle is handed to the men, who prepare themselves in the same way, while the native audience look on indifferent and chatty, as in an ordinary pit *before* the rising of the curtain. Tineāta Apīa sits in the middle, her bare legs crossed in front of her. Her hair is well oiled and dressed out beforehand. On her brow is a coronet of red hibiscus ; on the top of her hair gleams one lovely white gardenia, and another is tastefully arranged just over her left ear. As the rose is the flower of England, so may the gardenia be called the flower of the South Pacific. Round her loins is a tappa cloth, covered with a rich coloured girdle hanging in strips half-way down to her knees. Otherwise, from the waist upwards, she is dressed in a handsome necklace of black and red beans, and bracelets of the same on her wrists. The men, with wreaths of green leaves on their heads, are ranged on each side of the chief's daughter. The leading singer is on her right hand, and begins each song. The rest follow, chanting war songs in monotone, gesticulating and clapping hands in perfect time and tune, all making the same movement of the arms at exactly the same moment, slowly at first, then quicker and quicker. Song follows song ; the men, sometimes an octave lower, sometimes in fourths and fifths, making weird harmonies. One man sings in a buzzing, bass tone, like the drone of the bagpipe. This gives some colour to the music. They move their bodies as well as their arms, even to putting heads down on the floor, but never stir their legs at all. In short, they sit still, and dance only with the upper part of the body. After sitting and singing in this way, sometimes holding a white stick, about a foot long, in each hand, with which they strike the ground, now on one side of them, now on the other, swaying their bodies, then crossing the sticks, all in perfect time and unison, for about an hour, they stand up and swing about in exact time, shuffling their feet, heels and toes back and forward, and jerking up and down in various attitudes of fear, fighting, defiance, moving their knees rapidly in and out : and the first siva is over.

We begin to wonder if this be all, for it is a trifle monotonous. However, more variety is coming. An entirely new set of performers make their appearance, and Tineāta Apīa walks across the floor, and sits down beside us to watch her rival. The second leading lady

is another chief's daughter. She is a larger young woman, of considerable *embonpoint.* She and her men are dressed in the same style, except that they all have large coils of beans down to their waists. This evidently is a much superior performer. Her motions are violent and exhilarating, so much so that her bosoms gyrate in a most alarming manner. She dances much with her hands—sitting—and

TAUPO MATAUTU, ONE OF SEUMANATAFA'S DAUGHTERS.

afterwards with her feet, standing. The first part ends by the performers suddenly standing still, as if struck stiff in an attitude, but without any of the grotesque face contortions in unison, or the guttural sounds, that characterize the hakas or New Zealand Maori dances.

"Mahlia! mahlia!" that is, "Bravo! bravo!" we all cry.

But this is not by any means all they can do. She and her party are real actress and actors. They perform character plays—

pantomimic for the most part; but some word or two spoken, mostly in dialogue, every now and then, explains the subject. These character plays are greeted by the native audience with screams of delight and clapping of hands, in which the clacquers perform a useful lead. The first play acts fear, each performer giving the different contortions representing states of terror, and all ending together, abruptly, as before. The second represents a picnic party, where two men quarrel, and begin to fight about the woman, and she is the peacemaker. The third is supposed to be a bird on a tree looking for food, and monkeys jumping round it; but the performance is so obscure that we cannot make head or tail of it, although the native audience is immensely tickled. (*Curious old dance. No monkeys ever in Samoa.*) Next comes a fishing expedition, elaborately descriptive of the spearing and netting of small fish. It also seems to us very difficult to follow.

I have here to make the confession that this scene—especially the actions of the *prima donna*—seem to some of us disgracefully lewd, and one remarks, "How fortunate we did not bring the ladies with us!" Old Adam, the Portuguese boatman, who sits near me, and has been interpreting, sees our mistake, and explains that what we object to is a perfectly modest imitation of the woman's part in filling the basket with the fish. Such a ridiculous, pruriently-minded exhibition in exactly the wrong place do travellers sometimes make of themselves through sheer ignorance of the language and of native customs.

Now a diversion is created. The chief, accompanied by two European visitors—one a tall, stiff, long-necked, long-nosed, pale-faced fellow, with high collar, eye-glass, and a cummerbund, I immediately set down as of pronounced English type, but he turns out to be a Yankee!—come in and sit down in front, in the old-world approved fashion of a great personage making a sensational entry at the opera when it is half over. The excitement, of course, increases; the best plays are immediately put on the "boards," or, more accurately, the "stones," to interest the great man; and the actors, pointedly and unblushingly, play to him alone.

The next scene represents a mad dog and the terror it inspires. One of the men very cleverly imitates the dog barking and howling, gnashing his teeth, snarling, and biting people—the victims now retreating, and again pulling the dog down on the ground, fill the stage with abundance of action. The imitator of the dog suddenly makes a great hit at the "pit" by rushing up to the visitor with the eye-glass, who sits beside the chief, and howling fearfully right

into his face. Then the chief's brave daughter, careless of danger, nobly rushes in, pats the dog, soothes him, and so rescues the young gentleman. In the next piece an imitation baby, made of *faow*, is supposed to be dying. The actor-nurse, getting tired of its howling —for it will neither eat nor drink—hammers it quite in Punch and Judy style, eats the food intended for the baby, puts a whole lot

"THE SECOND LEADING LADY."

of bread-fruit into her own mouth, and brings it out again in a big unpleasant-looking coil of masticated pulp, apparently three or four times as much as she put in. The audience screams with delight, "Mahlia! mahlia!" The baby dies suddenly. Without any ceremony in the remotest form representing grief, a cloth is put over it, and the native audience laughs still more. A funeral dirge is then sung while the baby is being buried. Immediately afterwards—for the

movements of the plays are abruptly rapid—the actors eat and laugh. It is the funeral feast! I should say a baby, more or less, is not of much account to this audience. The performance winds up by the actress shaking hands all round with everyone except the chief.

These character plays are evidently Papuan in their origin, as they are unknown to the New Zealand Maoris, and were in old days carried to considerable perfection in Fiji. Miss Gordon Cumming and Mr. H. S. Cooper describe elaborate "Meke Mekes," in which 200 to 300 men and children represent flying-foxes robbing a garden of bananas, and where rows of dancers, rushing up past each other, form a magnificent imitation of the waves coming up to the reef or dashing on the shore.

All the time the second siva has been going on. Tineāta sitting beside us, her face in her hand, has eyed her rival with intense earnestness. Several times she said "Mahlia!" but there was no expression of pleasure on her face, only eager, fierce criticism. In a laudable effort to show respect to such a high princess I lighted a cigarette, and after a couple of whiffs handed it to Tineāta, who received it with a gracious smile, but never took her eyes off her rival.

Between us sat, or rather reclined, Sandilands. After vainly trying to sit up, his body hoisted on his hands, he had resigned himself to a full side-length on the mat, feet decorously behind him, elbow on the ground, supporting his head on his hand.

"What a strange scene!" I said to him; "to think where we are, sitting on these hard mats in this weird-looking hut, open all round to the dark night, behind us the dimly-seen audience, with their wild '*Mahlia! mahlia!*' In front of these wilder performers the absurd kerosene footlights, so out of keeping with everything else; the delicate odour of cocoanut oil from your lovely neighbour. Is it not all like a dream?"

"M—m—more like a nightmare," was his instant retort.

Ungrateful fellow! On his other side, close up to him, was one of the most beautiful girls in Samoa—a chief's daughter, glistening, nay, dripping with cocoanut oil, and dressed, or, shall I say, undressed? to kill; yet he was not happy! We expostulated with him. We gravely took him to task. We tried to spur him on to little attentions by magnifying her dowry and calculating it in cocoanuts. We quoted Alfred St. Johnson, whom another writer calls "that hysterical young gentleman," and not without some reason, as, among other enthusiasms, the pleasant and gifted author of *Camping among Cannibals* tells us that "he thinks he can

recognize the scent of the pandanus across nine miles of sea!"[1] I wonder how far away he could smell cocoanut oil and Tineāta Apīa? But Sandilands was firm that there were not enough cocoanuts in the whole group to tempt *him*. Alas! he was quite too unimpressionable for so young a man. It was almost painful. What a *blasé* old fellow he will become if he live, like some of us old colonials, to see natives off and on for thirty-five years! We told him that. It was no use; *but he promised to praise Tineāta to the skies when he got home to England.* He said that was what travellers always did, and with that concession we had to be satisfied.

The siva is over. In ghostly silence the audience has melted into the darkness. Then the six of us, who had asked for the performance, notice that all the other Europeans who had participated in the enjoyment have also silently melted away into the darkness, and left us to pay the piper.

The evening's entertainment, however, is not over for us. It is just beginning. We are invited into the chief's own house, which adjoins the one where the public performance was held. The chief's hut is a very large one, open nearly all round, except for a few mat-shutters down. In it are a table and chair. By himself, in one corner, Seumanatafa, a burly, tall, fine man, his wife and eldest unmarried daughter, Tineāta Apīa, and some others in a group in the middle of the hut, are all standing up to receive us. Faatulia, the wife, is dressed in a high-necked coloured print or muslin long dress down to her ankles. She is a tall, rather graceful woman, with a sweet smile.

As we enter she holds out her hand with a noble gesture of welcome, and we all sit down, the chief first; our best-looking young man, Ortenham, whom Tineāta had distinguished with her favour by placing her wreath of red flowers on his head, next to him; then myself, and so on in order in a semicircle around the outer edge of the hut; Faatulia and Tineāta in the centre of the hut, about six feet away from us. Tineāta is the only one whose bosom is naked, but to see her sitting timidly close beside her mother, both of them modest-looking, gracious, smiling, anxious to entertain their visitors, it gradually becomes impossible to consider her to be in other than the most appropriate evening costume. The women can speak no language but their own. The chief understands a good deal of English, and also speaks it a little. So the conversation is carried on between him and his guests. We praise Tineāta's dancing. Seumanatafa tells us

[1] "*The smell of the land*," quite a different matter, can be detected by old salts many miles off under certain conditions.

of his visit to New Zealand, and shows his contempt for "Maoris," both men and women.

"Women ugly tattooed face" (the Samoans tattoo their loins and legs above the knee in so close a pattern that it looks like a dress or covering, but not their faces), "get old soon." . . . . "Men no good" (for pride in self and country, and sublime consciousness of superiority over every other race, the Samoan is a very good second to the Tongan). Auckland—the warmest part of New Zealand—he felt so cold in summer that he was glad when it rained, for then he could put a waterproof coat over his top coat. He had been sent by King Maleatoa to New Zealand to confer with our Government about certain measures of trade policy. He was glad to get back to Samoa again—there is no country like Samoa, and so on.

Then refreshments are brought in. First, to each of us is handed round a young cocoanut brimming over with colourless, cool, refreshing juice. To call this liquid *milk* gives a wrong impression. It is quite unlike the coagulating whitish milk of the ripe nut of commerce.

Politeness in this country abhors heel taps; so we finish each our nut-full, and roll the empty vessel on the ground. Next comes the inevitable kava. Tineāta sits still with her company manners on beside her mother. I suppose, being in full dress, she disdains housework, so the duties of hospitality fall to the others. Tupito, the second daughter, after handing the first cocoanut bowl full of kava to her mother (who pronounces some formula, said to be a sort of blessing, and returns it to her), stands up with it in her hand.

"To whom shall this be given?" she cries, in Samoan. Immediately a sort of cross between a court jester and an A.D.C., who stands in the gloom behind the central pillar of the hut at the back of Faatulia, calls out—

"Give it to the old man first."

So Tupito approaches, bending low, till the full, brimming, half-cocoanut bowl of kava almost touches the ground. She looks at Blackmore first, and for a moment, to his intense disgust, he being a good ten years younger than I am, she hesitates; then a graceful sweep of her hand brings the bowl up again on a level with my head, and, smiling, she hands it to me. With a momentary prayer for my wife and family, my life not being insured, I eye this, the biggest half-cocoanut I have ever seen, and there comes over me a sudden desire to be the youngest, so that if the "old man" drop down dead, I may live to see it. With "Give it to the old man first" ringing in my ears like a knell I say, "Your good health, Seumanatafa!" drink the whole at a draught, feel as if flooded with soapsuds and pepper, and toss the bowl proudly on the

floor. In my agitation about the results of this tremendous drink, on the top of the nut-full of young cocoa-palm juice, I commit a solecism of manners, for, instead of tossing the bowl on the floor, I should politely roll it back to the Hebe who serves us. Instead of that, Tupito has to come and fetch it herself.

The old man's is the only brimming bumper. The second is ordered to be given to Ortenham, who proudly flaunts Tineāta's wreath on his brow. He was the only one thus honoured, and that 's why we called him the "good-looking young man." Several of the others thought Tineāta had wretched taste, and guessed that the wreath smelt horribly of cocoanut oil.

By an old custom it is imperative that the biggest chief present take the third, not the first drink. There is an old (oral) legend—if I may use the term where no written characters exist—that when the use of kava was first discovered the king was eager to taste it, but secretly fearing to be poisoned he ordered the first two drinks to be taken by his head mataboles. To conceal the origin of this change of routine he ordained that ever afterwards the first two drinks of kava should be considered "honourable," but that the third should be "the king's drink." So Seumanatafa comes third. Then the bowl is given to another guest, and so on all round. The moment one puts the bowl to one's lips everyone else present smiles and cries A-h-a-h! and claps hands, till the bowl is emptied. In less polite society the host sometimes rubs one hand up and down his stomach, as emphatic testimony to the goodness of the liquor, while he slaps his leg with the other hand. To see a number of one's hosts doing this simultaneously is rather exciting, and such warm hospitality, somehow, helps not a little to make the drink refreshing.

Meantime the others have time to criticise the making, which is carried on at the far end of our semicircle, under the eyes of Blackmore. Him nothing pleases. In answer to an expostulation, he grumbles that he does not care whether or not the daughter who makes the kava has first washed her hands, because he notices that her hair gets in her way several times during the performance of gathering up the particles of kava and squeezing them out of the hibiscus fibre as out of a sponge, and she carefully puts back the cocoanut-oiled locks by passing her fingers well through them.

"P-p-erhaps to flavour the kava," whispers Sandilands, sitting next to me.

But sharp eyes are upon Blackmore, and we look out that he does not shirk his bowl. After such a nasty remark, we take good care that he drains it to the last drop.

All standing together, bidding us good-bye at the open space between the supporting pillars which serve instead of a front door, Seumanatafa, his wife and daughters, make an interesting group. The eldest daughter, who is married to a New Zealander (the marriage is described by Baden Powell in his book) is not there. Drilled by her white sister-in-law, she is Europeanized, plays lawn tennis, and gives afternoon teas. Nor is the other chief's daughter, the actress in the siva, there, which is a disappointment to us, as we should like to compare her in the home circle with Tineāta. This evidently is quite a family party in our honour. We thoroughly enjoy ourselves.

We do not hurry away. Somehow, in the hot air, open house, and clear moonlight, there comes across one no feeling that midnight is an unseasonable hour for a call even in winter. At last we shake hands heartily all round with many expressions of good will and hopes to meet again. I promise to look after one of the chief's people—an old woman who is going with us to Fiji, and we start for "home"—the steamer. Staggering under the huge bowl-fulls of unintoxicating cocoa milk and kava that we have quaffed, we think it prudent to call at the hotel for a life-preserver. We clamour for the very smallest drink that exists, and the barman, well experienced in such cases as ours, recommends maraschino. This, after passing through the ceremony of "simple Tommy," is enthusiastically drunk, and appreciated. Taking Adam's, the waterman's boat, we get on board the steamer an hour after midnight, under the placid moon, a cool breeze blowing, and the thermometer standing at only 78°.

And yet, somehow, though the thermometer is so low, and it is now the middle of the night, the heat is oppressive. We are glad to have a bath and lie on the deck, or in the little social hall at the head of the companion ladder, in pyjamas and a rug, rather than go below to sleep. In this lovely equable climate a bath, either salt or fresh water, is acceptable at any time of the night or day, summer or winter. Everybody half lives in the water. The Sliding Rock (*Papasae*) near Apia is a favourite bathing-place, and few youthful tourists miss the leap into its cool waters if they can help it. The bathers sit on the top of the rock, and slide down the smooth track made by the water, which falls constantly into a pool about eight feet deep. In the winter it is a mere trickle, but in the rainy season, December to March, the stream is much larger. Readers may imagine the party in the pool if they can. They may rest assured that the author of this book is not there. He could not be induced to take the leap, although Dawfort, our youngest English tourist, tried hard to persuade him that the slide was delightfully easy, and just the thing to freshen up a man

of his age. There is nothing wonderful or uncommon about the *Papasae*, or the "leap." *The Last Cruise of the Wanderer in 1851* gives an account of tobogganing at Hilo Bay in the island of Hawaii, a cataract 50 feet high, a height far exceeding that of the Samoan waterfall. Natives at Hilo go over the falls into the boiling surf, and no accident has ever happened.

The "coral garden" is the show spot of Samoa. Coral gardens exist wherever reefs are in course of formation, but in Apia the coral grows in peculiarly lovely and fantastic shapes just between low and high water marks, so that it can be viewed in all its changing aspects, high and dry, or in shallow or deep water. Out of water its delicate leaves and long shoots are worth examining, but the varied colourings, its chief charm, disappear. Then it becomes of a uniformly leaden-green hue, and the brilliant seaweeds fall flat and dead. The garden is at its loveliest when covered by three or four feet of water. On a calm day a party of us took a waterman's boat—for which the charge is 1*s.* a head (moderate enough)—and were rowed to the reef, where the boat was allowed to drift gently over the coral garden, and we looked down through the limpid, still sea on a wonderful, almost fairy-like scene. It was a veritable garden. Slender, long, lily-like flowers waved slowly back and forward to the eddying currents of water. Taller shrubs, with broad and narrow leaves of all the hues of the rainbow, mingled with great clumps of flat, lotus-like leaves and mosses, that spread rich-patterned carpets along the ground. Here and there, magnified by the watery medium, lumps of coral simulated huge dead trees, their thick branches broken off picturesquely short, and gnarled with lichens and orchids. Great starfish, prickly-backed and spiny, porcupine-like plants intertwined with feathery creepers, that ran along convolvulus-like, and threw their quivering shoots up into the buoyant water. Tiny fish of golden hue, of pure blue, and of pure pale green, darted in and out among the trees and shrubs of coral and seaweed like humming birds in a miniature Brazilian forest, while big sleepy fellows of all shapes crawled along the bottom. The whole was a vivid scene of brilliant, constantly-changing life and colour. We begged the restless boatmen, who waited uninterestedly by the hour, impatient to get back for another job, and who wondered what we could see to stare at, to let us have another shilling's-worth, before the tide rose and dimmed the fairy scene of life at the bottom of the sea.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FIJIAN GROUP.

LEAVING Apia, bound for Fiji, we go out by Apolima Straits, between the islands of Upolu and Savau. Savau is the larger, and even the more hilly, of the two, the inland part of it being an almost inaccessible, long mountainous ridge, one of whose summits is 5400 feet high. Further on the steamer passes close to the exceedingly picturesque island of Tutuili, in which is Pango-Pango, the best harbour of refuge in the South Seas.

The first of the Fiji Group sighted is a low sandbank, the sand of which is so fine and white that natives sail long distances to gather it for the graves of their departed friends. This island, if it can be called an island, stands quite alone in the wide ocean. Surrounded and protected by a hidden coral reef it is a regular ship-trap, invisible even through the glass until close upon it. To steer clear the navigator has to get within sight of islands far beyond it, and take the bearings from them. So we slow down during the night, in order not to reach this dangerous reef till daylight.

Another channel, called the Nanuku Passage, is generally used on this route by shipmasters who want to push ahead at night. Coming south from Vancouver to Fiji steamers always take it, because, when nearing land at night, they can pick up the new light on Weilangilala, visible on the port hand.

Then we pass Nuiafoou, one of the Windward Islands, so called because they are the nearest of the important Fiji Group to the south-east trade winds, and are directly to leeward of the Tongan Group. Nuiafoou belongs to Tonga, and is its extreme northerly possession, 340 miles from Nukualofa and 220 miles from Vavau. It is circular, volcanic, about nine miles in circumference. The principal village is on the north-west side.

It is rather a trouble than a profit to the little kingdom, having only 1118 inhabitants, paying £1000 in taxes, and requiring a governor and a Government schooner to work it in conjunction with Niuatobutabu

and Eūā. It is the only Tongan island that pays taxes in kind. Its contribution, 150 tons of copra, was tendered for in 1895 by a German firm at £7 per ton.

The Tongans are smart, enterprising people, and daring navigators, as is shown by their possession of a colony so far from home, and by their earlier settlement in Naiarai Island, where they became adopted or naturalized Fijians. Geographically, Nuiafoou is Fijian. It is only artificially Tongan, and ultimately must return to its natural racial position. In the days of the chief Finow and of the Tuitonga some young Tongan bloods exploring and driven along by the trade winds arrived there, and were delighted with the Fijian timber and way of making canoes, and with the Fijian weapons and arts of war. Learning quickly all that their hosts could teach them, and getting back to Tonga with canoe timber and sample weapons (probably in the summer when the winds blow variably), they made use of the knowledge gained to build new and better canoes (there being no timber in Tonga very suitable for that purpose), and to make new weapons. With these they returned in full force to the Windward Islands, thrashed their teachers, and took possession of several islands. Nuiafoou is one of those which these "Algerines of the Pacific" conquered, and in the old days periodically spoiled by their piratical expeditions. They still hold it. Isolation for generations from their countrymen, combined with constant intercourse with their neighbours, has made these colonial Tongans drift gradually away from the characteristics of their ancestors. They mingle with the Fijians even in their dances. The island is of volcanic origin, and has a mountain crater shaped like that of Mount Eden in Auckland, New Zealand, but with a lake in the centre. There is no vegetation round the crater, which has been subject to frequent eruptions; a considerable one in 1853, another in 1867, and an emission of smoke in 1883, simultaneously with the appearance of Falcon Island, both islands being in the great direct line of volcanic action thousands of miles long, which by a combined effort may some day split the earth in twain. One of the largest traders in the South Seas has a station in Nuiafoou, and it is said that the island produces the largest cocoanuts in the world.

We steam between Mango Island and Loma Loma. They stand far apart. Mango is circular, and about three miles in diameter. It is beautiful, hilly, with a lagoon in the centre, has rich soil, and produces much copra and cattle. A trader would possibly find a good opening, as there is no permanent trading station in it. The sugar-cane grows well, and the chimney of the sugar-mill was seen in the distance to be smoking as we passed in 1895, so perhaps the mill is at work again.

Mango can be visited by the small local steamer, and more comfortably, though at rarer intervals, by the large Sydney boats. But all these lonely islands, peopled by a few natives living on cocoanuts and bananas, though pleasant to see, are so much alike that it becomes wearisome to name and describe them.

Of the Fiji Group the largest are the most interesting. Of these, perhaps, Vanua Levu, an island 150 miles long, contains the most picturesque scenery. Nasavusavu Bay is particularly lovely.

At daylight, sixty-eight hours after leaving Samoa, we "make" the harbour of Suva, in the Fiji island of Vitilevu, bearing the "Devil's Thumb," in sight of Mbenga, which lies to the south-west. The entrance to the harbour is through an opening in the reef three cables broad, with forty fathoms of water.

Mbenga, where *Na Ivilankata*, a certain priestly tribe of the natives of Bihu, perform the wonderful piece of jugglery, or miracle, or scentific dodge of walking barefooted on hot stones, has been often described. I will merely add that to this day no one has discovered how this piece of ancient magic is accomplished. It is unquestionably true that a row of stones is heated to a white heat, and that the professional fire-walkers at the religious ceremony of baking the first roots of the *masawe*, walk coolly and slowly over the stones unharmed. This rite has now degenerated into a secular public performance given to order, before Europeans, at so much a head. The fire-walking of Mbenga, photographed by Mons. Morné and by Mr. Basil Thomson, is not a unique feat. There have been similar priestly performances in many other parts of the world—from Soracte, where Virgil tells us "the pious ministrants tread unhurt on glowing ashes," to Tahiti, where Miss Henry, of Honolulu, joined in the fire-walk, back to the kings of Southern India, and on again to "modern Bulgaria." Possibly our mediæval ordeal by fire, as a proof of innocence, arose out of the fact that certain persons—whether secretly prepared or differently constituted is not known—can, without being scorched, walk on stones heated to a white heat, and have done so from time immemorial. Scientific men have suggested the use of sulphuric acid and of many other chemicals to account for it, but have discovered nothing. The marvel is, not that it is done, and well done—for the feats of ancient magic are many and startling—but that such a profitable secret has not long ago been "captured" by the enterprising "professional sorcerers" who nightly fill the Egyptian Hall with the choicest "spells" wrung from Buddhist jugglers, Christian spiritualists, and Mahommedan card-sharpers and ventriloquists.

However, even if they wanted to do so they could not go straight to

Mbenga and buy up the Na Ivilankata. They would have to come as we do, round by Suva, because, owing to fear of another epidemic of measles, vessels are not allowed to touch at any island of Fiji until passed by the health officers at Suva or Levuka. This tends to concentrate trade in the big ports.

At first the seat of government and the headquarters of Fijian trade were at Levuka in Ovalau, but Governor Sir Arthur Gordon found it advisable to remove them to Suva, in Vitilevu. One reason for such a costly step was that missionaries and trading speculators had bought up all the best sites, and wanted such enormous prices that settlement in Levuka was hindered. Other reasons were that although in a very beautiful position and prettily laid out and built, the old chief town was not geographically well placed to be the commercial and political centre of the group, and that the island of Ovalau was too small, and the back country was not so suitable for profitable settlement as the lands of the larger and more important island of Vitilevu.

Seen from the steamer, Suva is rather a pretty little place. To the left, forming one arm of the large bay, is a long range of rugged mountains, with the peculiar and conspicuous-looking "Devil's Thumb" peak in the centre. This peak was once scaled by a mad Fijian, but it is virgin ground to sane people, including the whole Alpine Club. Round the steamer and extending far to the right is a large open bay, bounded seaward by the thin straight line of reef that shelters it from the ocean waves. Opposite us is the town, and to the right of the town a mass of trees and green foliage, among which peep out the brown huts of the little village where visitors from inland, and those natives who so frequently form deputations from other islands to the governor, are quartered during their stay at the "metropolis." Suva itself is now just like any other small colonial infant city: a broad street, open on one side to the sea, runs along the beach in a white line of hotels, shops, offices, and a bank. Its uninteresting appearance is mitigated by the trees and the native houses at both ends of the town, and by Indian houses upon the hill at the back of it, where live many of the coolies and their families who have settled in Fiji, working on the sugar plantations and at the mills.

One of the most interesting sights in the town is the Botanic Garden, situate to the right, near the governor's residence. Of course, the head gardener hails from Kew Gardens in England. As certainly as it may be noted down that a marine engineer in any part of the world is a Glasgowensian, so may it be computed that the superintendents of botanical gardens all over the empire have been bred at Kew.

A hurricane two years ago did great damage in Suva, sweeping away,

besides other important and valuable trees and plantations, a whole avenue of the beautiful and useful "Traveller's Tree." But everything grows fast, and nearly all traces of the storm are now obliterated. In this garden is a profusion of tropical and rare plants. One of the most remarkable is the Traveller's Tree, which has saved many a man from dying of thirst. I stuck my knife in between two of the tightly massed flax leaves and out gushed to the top of the knife-handle a stream of

THE TRAVELLER'S TREE, FIJI.

the pure cool rain-water which is secreted under every flax band or leaf. Every one of these trees is a reservoir all the year round. Here also is to be seen a sample of the *Via*, whose great leaves over-arch and offer to the weary traveller a grateful shade from the blazing sun, and here are many other plants. I began a very painstaking list of them until I discovered, to my disgust, that all the rarest came from Kew, so that it would be like carrying coals to Newcastle to enumerate them for the

benefit of English readers. The work is done by light-sentenced prisoners, who are very comfortably housed and fed, and who only work hard enough to get up a healthy appetite, which is appeased by meat and bakers' good white bread. The houses for these prisoners are built native fashion, and are most comfortable. Here again, under

THE VIA PLANT, FIJI.

The larger leaf is five feet long.

our more enlightened rule, I regret to learn that many of the sentences on native Fijians are for breaking *English*, not *Native*, laws about their women. It is only fair to say that the English law-makers in Fiji have shown anxiety, where possible, to adapt our ideas of virtue to native habit and comprehension, as well as to raise theirs to our standard.

For instance, great pains is taken, by trying to explain the English system of marriage and divorce, to make them understand what ties and duties we consider a man and woman undertake when they enter the bonds of holy matrimony, and by asking the woman a whole string of official questions, such as :—

"Are you quite sure you desire to be married to this man of your

FIJI GIRL, AS SHE APPEARS IN HER NATIVE VILLAGE.
Her dress is white ngatu. On her finger is a cheap imitation silver ring.
"Are you quite sure you desire to be married to this man?"

own free will, or do you love someone else, and are now following the wishes of your friends, and through fear have consented to be married to this man? You can in such case now say that you do not wish to be married to this man, and you may return to your home, and no one shall molest you in any way."

Forced marriage must have been a very real danger, so many

official questions seem framed to guard against it. If they satisfactorily answer all questions, such as "Have you personally conversed together in private about your marriage?" "Were you ever married before? if so, Where is your last wife or husband?" and about health and degrees of consanguinity, and about means of support, and

FIJIAN.

"Return to your town, build your house, and prepare for your marriage."

if it be proved that the relatives have not conspired to make the couple marry in order to obtain *duguci-ni-yalewa*, the *Buli* shall then say to the man:—

"Return to your town, build your house, and prepare for your marriage, and if you and the woman come to me one month hence, and nothing in the meantime has arisen to prevent you being married, I will give you a paper to the stipendiary magistrate."

Duguci-ni-yalewa, a word not easily translatable, is the custom of the levying by the superior relatives of a heavy marriage-tax from the unfortunate candidates for matrimony. Possibly this custom fitted in well enough with the old native polity as a whole, but, combined with the English scheme of society, it became such an intolerable injustice that strong measures had to be taken to suppress the system of marriage gifts extorted by relatives and superiors, and the following regulation is now the law of the land:—

"Whoever shall use persuasion or menace to prevent two married persons from cohabiting, on the ground that the marriage gifts have not been presented, shall be liable to a fine not exceeding 10*s*. (a considerable sum to a native), or to imprisonment with hard labour for one month."

Much is done to protect married life. The woman is not allowed to carry unduly heavy burdens. "Women absenting themselves from home for three months or more without reasonable cause shall be sentenced to work at home plaiting mats, or making nets, or pottery, as the court may order." The penalty for "harbouring married women who have left their homes and refuse to return" is three months' hard labour. It is unlawful to enter the house of a married woman in the absence of her husband, either by day or night, without just cause shown, and the penalty, on conviction, is severe, being up to six months' imprisonment. The dodge of leaving a family unprovided for, under colour of going to a mission station to preach the gospel, is very properly forbidden by law. (Other countries, "please copy.") The bitterness and conspiracies of religious bodies against the most humane efforts of colonial secular Governments have arisen not a little from their rage at being shorn of the tremendous power of being the sole makers and administrators of matrimonial law.[1]

With a people so unable to fully comprehend our ideas of morality, the enforcement of an indissoluble marriage-tie would be a crime. The fee on application for divorce, raised at one time to £1, had to be restored to the old price, 10*s*., but again, in 1894, was raised to £1.

To check the necessity for such applications, married men now

[1] "There are very intelligible reasons why the present system of government should be displeasing to missionaries. . . . It has strongly supported the existing Marriage Law against the attacks of the clergy. It brought to light the scandal of European ministers attempting by spiritual censures to punish magistrates for decisions given by them on the Bench. It condemned attempts to extort money for missionary purposes."—SIR A. GORDON to the Colonial Office, 1883.

get twelve months' imprisonment with hard labour on conviction of unfaithfulness; and a married woman, on conviction, is sentenced "to plait mats, make *malo*, fishing nets, or pottery at her own home, from time to time, as ordered by the court, during twelve months." Unmarried persons get the same punishments, but for them the

FIJIAN.
Old style, with bow and arrow (not used now).
His hair is limed. The effect of limed hair over the dark skin is not unpleasing.

term is reduced to three months. In the Divorce Court damages were at first allowed to the amount of £25 against co-respondents. But this regulation had to be repealed, for proceedings to obtain such a large sum (to a native) as £25 in such an easy way (from a Fijian point of view) became quite a business. It would be well were the similar law of Tonga repealed.

While giving due credit to English efforts, it is an arguable question

whether women in many ways—some of which are mentioned in Chapter II.—were not better protected under old native customs than they are under English law. However that may be, here in the botanic garden I stand and talk to chiefs and common men—prisoners—who, without distinction, are digging, planting, and weeding, cheek by jowl, and I find that woman is mostly at the bottom of all their troubles.

Prisoner or no prisoner, between native and native the power of the chief is unbroken, and, of course, the punishment of imprisonment with labour is more felt by him than by a common Fijian. The whole of this important group of 225 islands, peopled by a bold Papuan race, is divided into provinces, each under a great chief. The provinces are sub-divided into districts, under lesser chiefs, and all are responsible to the English Government. This system of governing through native institutions works well. The ancient *mana* of the chiefs is upheld, while at the same time all Fijians are made amenable to the law without respect of persons. It is a sound policy, and England is entitled to the credit of any success it has achieved. At the same time it leads to Gilbertian situations. When a chief is a prisoner, and the warder a common man, the position is, to say the least, awkward. It is rather comical to see a native Government official grovelling on all fours with food and attention before a cropped[1] chief, and squatting humbly on the ground till his prisoner deign to take the loaf out of his hand.

There has been considerable discussion in England about the system of government here, and opponents have asserted that, in order to produce the tale of taxation, common natives are held in a sort of bondage by their chiefs for the benefit of the chiefs and of the English rulers. It is impossible for casual visitors to discover whether the system be occasionally abused or not, but anyone who has experience of native races knows that the only fair and *kind* way to govern them is to do so through their native chiefs and native customs. Once attempt to destroy the power of these natural superiors, to prate to common natives about liberty, fraternity, and equality, on earth or in heaven—to Europeanize them, in short—and they die off the face of the earth. It would be almost as humane to exterminate them at one fell swoop, as we try (but try in vain) to exterminate rabbits in New Zealand. The

[1] Cutting the hair short is a great punishment. Fijians are intensely proud of their big heads of hair. The higher it stands up and out, like a large mop, the prouder they are of their hair. They tie bands round it to make it grow upright, and to keep it in that position. Were a stranger even to touch it gently with his hand, he would give deadly offence. This long, thick hair, when dyed—the tips a deep red, fading into black at the roots—has a curious, handsome appearance, like a valuable fur.

system is not wrong. On the other hand, the regulations under it are so loosely framed, that the system may easily be abused by tyrannical chiefs, as I shall show further on. As far as I could judge, there is no mark of slavery, no cowed physiognomy, to be seen among these Fijians. Indeed, nothing about them is more remarkable than the contrast between the bold, fearless, upright, joyous carriage of this burly-limbed race, and the timorous cringing of the thin, treacherous-looking, imported Indian coolie. To my mind satisfactory evidence of abuse is not yet forthcoming. On the contrary, evidence is all in the direction of great amelioration of the condition of the common native during the last twenty years. Towards this result missionaries have done good service in the past, especially towards bringing the people *gradually* out of cannibalism. Even yet, however, that practice is not wholly eradicated. A prisoner is at present working out a sentence in jail for having eaten a man—only two years ago!

The schools are practically all under the control of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, which in 1894 is returned as having 1942 schools, with a total average attendance of 36,158 scholars. The Government, however, has made a beginning in the direction of practical secular education. Several miles out of Suva, under the Devil's Thumb range of mountains, it has established an Industrial School, where, under the direction of a New Zealand master and of his wife, who is an accomplished B.A. of the New Zealand University, the Fijian youths not only get the usual school training—reading, writing, arithmetic, English, and moral and religious knowledge—but are taught by an English carpenter, by three natives (tutor, foreman, and sawyer), and by other experienced technical experts, engaged from time to time as required, boat and house building, agricultural farming, the care and management of stock, carpentering, sawyer's work, and may learn blacksmith's work, sail, rope, salt, brick, and road making, soap boiling, printing, and other useful knowledge.

Young men trained and taught a trade are encouraged to continue their skilled work after their education is finished by having their taxes commuted, tools provided, and a house and workshop built for them in whatever village the Government considers that, on account of the particular trade followed, it will be most advantageous to the community to have them located.

Whether through these means—this missionary devotion, this secular effort and encouragement—or not, it is a fact that Fijians have learnt some suitable European virtues; for instance, it is said they do not steal. Hundreds of tons of copra are left on the wharves in open sheds, and are not touched. It is the general opinion that the firm yet kindly

rule of Sir John Thurston and of his predecessors, acting through the chiefs, has done much towards this important result.

As the Fijians, like the haughty Maoris, scorn domestic service, the servant difficulty is a burning question to English ladies in Suva. The settlers have tried Solomon Island girls, who are imported under stringent indentures, and often get as much as £13 a year; but they are intractable, lazy, and malingering. The climate being more bracing and generally healthier than that of Tonga or Samoa for European women, they often prefer to do with their own hands such portions of domestic work as cannot be done by Fijian men or Indian coolies, rather than be harassed by these Solomon Island girls.

Fiji, now being an English colony, is not so interesting as Tonga or Samoa. Its past history and old native customs have been written of so exhaustively that repetition here would be wearisome. If the country settle down, as seems likely, to cane sugar growing, it will become more an Indian than an English colony; for native Fijians, though steadier workers than Tongans or Samoans, are incapable of that life-long labour[1] of the Chinese or Indians, which is the outcome of the survival of the fittest in a teeming mainland population. There were in 1894 seven thousand male Indian coolies at work in Fiji; and as they bring their wives and families they have come to stay, and to gradually occupy the country. As Sir John Thurston states officially, but not without a latent grim humour, "Experience has shown that no islander of the Pacific will work—as a white man requires him—if he be in a position to leave by the simple effort of running away. . . . He does not regard work as the chief end of man."

But to leave the Blue Books for awhile and return to more personal matters. As it was raining when the steamer went away for two days to the mouth of the River Rewa to load sugar, most of the passengers stayed ashore at Suva in Mrs. McDonald's hotel, where the accommodation was good at the moderate charge of 10*s.* a day. Had the weather been fine, a party of us would have arranged to hire a whaleboat and crew at 10*s.* a day, and something extra for food. The

[1] At the same time Fijians are fairly industrious in their own way. As officially reported in 1882, by *direct taxation* under the heading of "Native Taxes," 123,000 natives of all classes, of whom at that date only 1400 were Indian coolies, contributed to the General Revenue alone (apart from local rates, and assessed and commuted taxes, and the oppressive exactions of the chiefs) £18,000 annually, consumed imported goods to the value of £256,000, and exported £163,000 worth of produce. In eight years they spent £25,000 in buying boats and small vessels to supersede the old canoes, and grew in two years in one district alone 10,000 tons of sugar-cane.

obliging captain of the Union Steamship Company's steamer offered to either tow the whale-boat or take it on deck for us. Using the steamer as a base, it would have been very pleasant to have rowed up the river to the sugar mill and to the plantations, and also to have landed on the bank and walked to the village of Mbau, especially as the air was cool; the thermometer was standing at 70°, and mosquitoes, which are a great plague here, had vanished for the time. Instead of this, the two days were very pleasantly spent among the

FIJI HUT.

Grass roof; walls made of reeds. In front is a bamboo fence.

hills at the back of Suva, where the common Australian minahs flew in flocks from tree to tree, and where in shady spots among stunted scrub grow many ferns, which, with the cool weather, made one forget how far away one was from New Zealand; and in wandering among the avenues of trees along the shore, where the shut-up leaves of the too vigorous peculiar weed, *mimosa sensitiva*, marked our path like a ship's wake; and, most pleasantly of all, in calling on natives at the native town past Government House.

The fine, muscular Fijians we met here have good-humoured, smiling faces, ennobled by crowns of magnificent hair, and they welcome visitors with a beaming, overflowing hospitality that is very

pleasant. Their houses are lofty, airy, and clean; and I note that the portion covered with soft mats, and set apart for sleeping, is in many cases raised a foot off the ground in a sort of alcove, after the manner of the Moors in Tangier. Their kava, or *yagona* as they sometimes call it, is famous throughout the South Seas, partly from the excellence of the water. It is the best I have tasted. It went down cool, pungent, and refreshing, while my kindly hosts looked at me with laughter and delight in their eyes, rubbed their hands up and down their stomachs to signify how good it must feel, and cried, "*O mara, mara!*"

In all that Fijians do there is an individualism, a strength of original character, that makes them a remarkable and distinguished race. Cannibalism, in its extreme form, was one of these characteristics, and the most horrible of them; but there were many others. Even the great mounds where their chiefs are buried are unlike those of the other and tamer South Sea Islanders, who have succeeded the prehistoric race, which built huge mausoleums of unhewn stone. When a Fijian chief died his principal wife sat at his head; the others stood around her, bending over him; his slaves at the four corners; his canoe was brought up alongside. Then earth was brought in baskets and piled, in a great mound, over the dead and over the living, who neither stirred nor spoke. This was his grave. Think of the awful scene! It must have been like a Rider Haggard dream.

The interest excited by Tongan polity and social life is unique. It is that of an island race, peculiarly perfect in physique, natural intelligence, and virtue, with none or, more strictly speaking, few of the traditions, the gradual education of the mainland races, the mass life, that makes all large nations in some degree akin. It is the life of a small, totally-separated set of human beings, shut out by vast ocean spaces from intercourse with the great world, and working on lines of its own. How does such a race act, how much does it swerve, and in what direction does it tend when, struck of a sudden by the all-powerful momentum of European civilization, it is left to govern itself? The interest of Fijian life is of a different and commoner kind. It is the spectacle of a race of lower degree in the scale of humanity, more savage, less isolated, more numerous, living in a larger group of islands, and not yet having lost all tradition and touch of the Papuan mainland great race from which it sprang, now made a Crown colony of England, and governed entirely by English ideas and laws. Here is a European civilization of, we are vain enough to think, the most perfect kind, applied to a small island-separated savage race. What has our civilization done for it? Though

not so anthropologically interesting, this question is one of great moment to all English-speaking persons, and therefore I think a brief summary of the efforts to rule Fiji wisely, since it was taken over by England, is worth recording:—

King Cacobau and the Rokotuis, after suffering for years from the exactions of syndicates of whites, arising out of a claim for £9000 by the United States of America, which they were unable to pay, and which the syndicates arranged to take over on almost impossible conditions, were rendered desperate and disheartened. Those white planters introduced a monstrous system of enforced labour; in plain words, of slavery. By purchase, by direct war under the plea of hard labour, punishment for non-payment of a poll-tax—a law which through their influence was made for the purpose—they depopulated whole districts, and swept away the men and women to work on their plantations. So on the 10th of October, 1874, to save themselves and their people from those plunderers, King Cacobau and the great chiefs, of their own free will and in spontaneous accord, unconditionally ceded the whole Fijian Group to the Queen of England. A great gift and a great responsibility! An area of 7400 square miles and a population (then, alas! not now) of 150,000 souls.

"Great Queen," said they in effect, "we give you all. Give us in return civilization and Christianity, good order and good government; respect the *bonâ fide* rights and interests of all chiefs and tribes in their lands, and let trade and industry increase." And Sir Hercules Robinson promised on behalf of Victoria, Queen and Empress, that so should it faithfully be done for them.

To carry out these pledges a Council, consisting of the Governor and of the Rokotuis (great chiefs) and two Bulis, was constituted; and in this Council all legislative and administrative power was vested. "As the Governor is the root of government, he is also the root of all government appointments." "The Rokotui is the deputy of the Governor in each several province, is appointed by him to rule and govern the native population, and is responsible for their welfare and good order." Under the Rokotuis, Bulis or native justices of the peace are appointed to assist the native stipendiary magistrates, who are appointed by the Governor. The lesser "chief of each town is the root of authority." He is nominated by the Council of his district, subject to the Rokotui's confirmation, and if approved, is appointed by the Governor. He must obey his Buli, and on him "rests the duty of maintaining order and cleanliness, and of seeing that all provincial regulations are observed by the inhabitants of his

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town." "Plantation overseers are appointed, who shall obey the Rokotui and oversee the preparation and collection of the produce-tax." This is the weak point of the constitution, and is the one that has given rise to much accusation of slavery and besmirching, by philanthropic colonists, of a generally good system of government. And not without reason. The overseers, it is asserted, having absolute power under the great chiefs, tyrannize over the native common people, and virtually keep them in a state of slavery, working to pay taxes. The same objection to this system of direct taxation, the same incapacity to adapt cut-and-dried European theories to special cases, was manifest in Tonga, where, as Mr. Basil Thomson, Foreign Secretary or Councillor to King George Tubou, appointed by Sir John Thurston, informs us with evidently a light heart (*Diversions of a Prime Minister*, p. 234), "spirited action was necessary to convince the natives that they must pay taxes"; the spirited action consisting in ruining the poor creatures, by selling up all their belongings without the slightest effort or arrangement to get the highest available price, horses being sometimes sacrificed at 3*d.* each!

As in religion, so in politics. Nothing is so hopelessly stupid as an attempt to graft advanced ideas on lower minds. Here the statesman of one idea, be he socialist or single-taxer, with the best intentions, does great harm. Direct taxation, on a large scale, is not suited to the lower races. It is questionable whether even white New Zealanders, the most advanced race in Christendom, could bear it. It must be softened by indirect taxation. Let the enthusiastic reformer pause therefore before he advocate the removal of indirect levies; as, for instance, the salt-tax in India. It might be well that the direct produce-tax in Fiji were mitigated by more indirect taxation.

Under the great councils of chiefs are:—

1. *Provincial Councils*, composed of Bulis, chiefs of towns, native stipendiary magistrates, chiefs of Qalis, *i.e.*, the heads of associations of families, and provincial scribes, who are really counsellors to the Rokotuis, to coach them up in the law, and to make returns of all their acts. These bodies are, in effect, County Councils, with special powers to deal with town gardens and rural plantations, for the purpose of seeing if there be abundance, for food as well as for taxes, to deal with sickness and large general sanitary arrangements, and the removal of towns to healthier sites; to deal with schools, and with "disputes between tribes, towns, and families."

2. *District Councils*, which correspond to our Road Boards and Municipal Councils. Weekly, and at any other time when called together by the Rokotuis, in every Buli district, meetings of these

District Councils are held, at which the Buli, all chiefs of Qalis and towns, and any other person the Buli may desire, shall attend. "The chief of every village initiates and inspects sanitary arrangements, and sees that every house is properly built, and is raised at least nine feet off the ground, and that women do not work for hire in any way to injure themselves." There are elaborate provisions safeguarding men who work under contract for hire away from home; but the Fijian is not likely to work too hard for anybody, and coolies are now found to be a necessity if sugar planting and making be continued.

Jurisdiction on native affairs is by native magistrates, subject to revision by a European magistrate and appeal to upper courts in respect to offences punishable on summary conviction, and in more important offences by a provincial court, composed of at least one European stipendiary, and one native stipendiary, magistrate. These courts deal with harbouring married women, assault with intent, indecent liberties, adultery, fornication (which is here made a statutory offence), rape, abortion, incendiarism, common assault, perjury, larceny, slander. As stated elsewhere, the time and cost of these two courts, similarly to the vicious system in Tonga, are consumed in vain attempts, prompted by missionaries, to judge native sexual customs by European standards. The secular power struggles against, but has difficulty as yet, in freeing itself from the tremendous influence wielded by the religious bodies. In the Statute-book the very authorities are preached at in theologico-legal phrases, and are threatened with the day of judgment if they do wrong, and many fine sentiments jostle uncomfortably against dry enactments of Parliament.

"*The chiefs of the land shall deal justly and kindly with the people, and shall always hear and consider the voice of public opinion.*"

This bombastic regulation smacks more of French theoretical, than of English practical government. However, it may be judicious to print it, so that natives can read it. The only remedy for the people, if the chiefs do not listen to the "voice of public opinion," is to complain to the Governor! Instead of pompous periods and pious homilies, a few practical checks on the natural tendency of chiefs to oppress their people, and a few strict definitions of what they may do and must not do, and the careful restriction, or even the abolishment of *lala* or service tenure, would be not only more business-like, but more in harmony with the British Constitution. For it must be borne in mind that Fijians are British subjects, and that criticism

which, acting on a lower level, might pass lightly over, or even from contrast with former barbarism give comparative praise to the regulations of native half-savage races, may be justified in severely condemning the same laws when applied by the highest civilization to British subjects.

It is an important question, this question of the powers given to chiefs, and the loopholes for oppression. Some assert that these powers have reduced the mass of the people to slavery under their chiefs without any of the old barbarous checks of priestly influence, superstitious rites, tapu, and other customs, and of the power of one tribe not only against its chiefs, but against other tribes, which created a rude, perchance bloody, balance of freedom.

If "big words" could make a good Rokotui, he gets enough of them to make him a paragon, enough to delight the soul of the most bureaucratic Russian or Frenchman, or the most theocratic missionary-statesman. To instal this chief, "after the usual native ceremonies, the Rokotui sits on the ground before the Governor, who, sitting in a chair or high seat, takes the hands of the Rokotui within his own hands" and administers to him the oath of allegiance to the Queen, followed by a promise to obey and assist the Governor in all things lawful. The Governor then delivers to him the staff of the province, with the following high-faluting admonition:—

"Take with this staff authority to rule as Rokotui in the province of ——. To the people over whom you are placed be as a father—lead them, teach them, feed them, take heed not to oppress them, and in all your acts remember that strict and solemn account which you must one day render at the judgment-seat of God."

This question of taxation and of the oppression of the people by chiefs and rulers agitates settlers, traders, and philanthropists—traders because "the first effect of the payment of taxes in kind is to touch them in the pocket"—and should be matter of considerable thought, interest, and anxiety to English statesmen, not only in little Fiji, but in our huge Indian possessions. A description, therefore, of the *lala* is not out of place here.

To make the following regulations intelligible, I should explain that the ancient land system of Fiji was a feudal system pure and simple. I quote throughout from official documents. The act of conveying land to a European and his assigns for ever was positively inconceivable to a Fijian thirty years ago, therefore, as in New Zealand, the lands acquired by missionaries and traders were unjustly acquired. "Random land transactions under these circumstances

were simply another seizure of Naboth's vineyard, for which the price of blood would inevitably have to be paid." Every inch of land in Fiji had an owner, every parcel of land had a name, and the boundaries were defined. The proprietorship rested in families, the heads of families being the representatives of the title. Again, the tribe was an extended family, and the chief was the head of the tribe. Each head of a tribe had absolute power over the persons, properties, and lives of his people. He was called their "father or their god," and both before and after death had the same reverence shown to him as to a god. Only capital punishment could atone for the insult of merely speaking disrespectfully of him, dead or alive, or of any of his ancestors. Thus to curse a South Sea Islander's father is to curse his gods. To tell him to go and eat his grandfather—his oldest and most venerated relative—is considered an endeavour to bring down on him and all his family the greatest evils and punishments that superstitious horror can invent.

The families of a tribe maintained their chief in war, they gave him their services in peace, they supplied him with food. In constant warfare, flavoured with a gluttonous cannibalism, this feudal military discipline was necessary for the preservation of life. Under English rule it needs more revision than it has received, as the following oppressive regulations show—oppressive in their too great anxiety to keep within the lines of ancient usage. All custom points to the fact that the lands belong to the head or ruling chief of the tribe, and are held by his subordinate chiefs or vassals, subject to service, which is called "lala," and is equivalent to rent. Lala, if properly rendered, involves no wrong; if used despotically, it becomes tyranny. I give the regulations in full. The italics are mine.

1. The custom of lala, or service tenure, shall be retained for the following purposes: *house-building, planting gardens, road-making, feeding strangers, cutting and building canoes, fishing turtle, and any other works of public good.* The usual custom of providing food or payment in each case for those working shall continue to be observed *by the person receiving the benefit of the lala.*

2. If any chief fails to perform the due and proper custom of providing food or payment for those working for him, *no person need work again for him for the space of two years, and on the case becoming known to the Rokotui, he* MAY *order remuneration* to be made to the people performing any work when they have not been fed.[1]

[1] A special regulation had to be passed in 1890. "No person shall be prosecuted or in any way punished for not assisting to build a church for any religious denomination *to which he does not belong*"!

3. Only the Rokotuis of provinces and Bulis of districts shall enjoy the right to exercise the *lala* authority. Any other chief or *individual desiring the benefit of the "lala"* to assist him in any of the above works *shall apply for it through one or other of the above chiefs*, who in each case shall be responsible for its proper exercise.

4. If any town shall desire to commute its *lala* work due to any chief for a fixed annual payment in money *or in kind*, and such chief shall have accepted such commutation with the Governor's sanction, the right of *lala* cannot again be resumed by him. The people (of such town) and their children are for ever free while they continue to observe the conditions of the recorded commutation. Signed and approved, "GORDON."

In plain English, Regulation 4 means that if the commutation in kind be oppressive, the townspeople and their children are for ever bondsmen. Nothing stands between them and slavery but the discretion of the Governor, who, not having precise definitions to guide him, may not have sufficient experience of native ways to judge whether the commutation be oppressive or not.

A schoolboy, asked to paraphrase the above regulations, would possibly do so thus:—

"*Lala* means that if a chief desire anything big or little under the sun, and having learnt from Europeans new luxuries and vices, he craves for a lot of things he knew nothing about before, he tips his head man—called a Rokotui—and then the people have to work until he gets all he wants. If he is not likely to need any other big thing within two years, he doesn't feed the workers, and he tips nobody. Should he think it pays him better, he feeds them, and sets them to work again; or, if cheaper, he gives the Rokotui another tip, and the people feed themselves. If they complain to the Governor, he makes it still hotter for them in many little dark ways. Sometimes a chief is too lazy to be always thinking of things to make the people work at. Then he makes the whole village slave so hard and continuously, for a first spell, that the inhabitants of his whole district are glad to contract to pay him heaps of yams, bananas, dalo, and cocoanuts every year, instead of being annoyed by being called upon to work at inconvenient times. This is called 'commutation of lala work,' and the people are told that they and their children are for ever free. Hurrah! The chief and the Rokotui, and a gentleman called the Bully, wink the other eye, and eat the cocoanuts, yams, bananas, and dalo. The Governor is pleased, and orders the Rokotui to 'vouch for the proper conduct of the chief, or he will be called to account at the day of judgment.' The Rokotui willingly vouches for the chief, and takes his chance of the day of judgment; but, to copy Gibbons' famous epigram, 'Who in the meantime is to vouch for the Rokotui?'"

Evidently nobody. For, in the words of the petition of the Chamber of Commerce in 1886 (which really wanted to exploit

123,000 brown people[1] for the benefit of 2500 whites, and therefore was unsuccessful):—

"*The exactions of the chiefs* placed in authority by the native policy (is still having) the effect of depriving the commoner of all incentive to industry, since its fruit is at all times subject to tribal and personal levy. That these levies have not been kept within the bounds prescribed by regulations *is a fact within common knowledge.*"

Experts, in authority, assert that *lala* is so bound up with the native feudal system that to abolish it would destroy the *mana* of the chiefs, and upset the whole system of governing by means of native customs. If it cannot be abolished, there is no question it must be rigidly defined. Of course, there are difficulties in the way. Where would be the necessity of good statesmanship were there not? I think I can point to two roots of the evil. If such laws as those of Tonga against unlimited credit to natives by European traders were enforced in Fiji, and if the powers of religious bodies to levy contributions by working on fears and superstitions were regulated by law, the greater and lesser chiefs, neither being squeezed to pay up old debts and cunningly manipulated accounts current for goods supplied and produce taken in exchange, nor having promises to support churches and religious bodies extorted from them in moments of religious ecstasy, would rule more humanely, and cease to impose upon the loyalty of their people by either lala or "forced donations."

Here is an excellent regulation of an entirely different class:—

Every able-bodied man who, according to the custom of the land, is under obligation to plant, shall have besides sugar-cane, corn or anything else he desire, a plantation of not less than a hundred bananas, five hundred "hills" of either yams, dalo, or kumalas, and shall keep them in good order. The chiefs of each town, through the officers, shall see that such person is provided with sufficient planting land, and does not sell the produce needed for

[1] This assertion of the motives of the Chamber of Commerce is officially made. It is, however, just to that body to state that some missionaries have also objected to the whole native direct taxation and lala policy, as injurious to native interests, and have defended the trading community from so sweeping an accusation. A Wesleyan missionary of twenty years' standing, "who," Sir Arthur Gordon writes, "for years before annexation wielded authority greater than that of any mediæval bishop, and who is one of those in whom the ugly features of selfish ambition are masked to the conscience, and in whom the lust of power is most strongly developed by a sincere belief that they are solely animated by a zeal for pure religion and the spiritual welfare of the church," virtually says, "This is the *régime* of terror. The rule is only for the chief. The people of the land are wretched and oppressed." For meddling in politics and for unsubstantiated accusations this missionary is severely rebuked by the Secretary of State for the Colonies.—*Correspondence Relating to the Native Population of Fiji*, 1885, pp. 86–112.

the support of his family, and shall see that this law is observed, and shall cause the officers to report any failure to the magistrate, who shall order the person so failing to commence planting at once, and in default, may punish him by imprisonment for any term not exceeding two months with hard labour.

Other useful regulations are:—

Every man above the age of sixteen shall plant, every January, two fruit trees and two forest trees as per schedule. The penalty for non-performance is a fine of four shillings or fourteen days' imprisonment.

Mangrove, and other specified timber to the value of £5 and upwards, cannot be cut and sold for firewood or other purposes without the consent of the town authorities, of the Rokotui, and of the European magistrate; and it is provided that one tree be left standing, for seed, every forty yards, and that no fruit tree be disturbed.

Native doctors are educated and trained at Government cost, and paid £5 salary per annum. Each village provides for its doctor a house, and prepares for his food a garden, which, however, he has himself to keep in order and to plant. He must attend to every sick person if called upon. He is not allowed to take fees, but may take presents.

The Land Laws are fairly good, but not nearly so good as those of Tonga. The Fijian race, not being considered advanced enough for a division of the lands among individuals, it is enacted that:—

"The tenure as derived from their ancestors shall be the legal tenure"; so "the lands are, for the most part, held by family communities as the proprietary unit." Individual natives or family communities can part with land to persons not native Fijians only through the Crown, in the shape of leases not exceeding twenty-one years. So far the intention seems excellent, and the words used in the Acts of Parliament sound very grand. The land-sharking legislator, however, here, as in the case of New Zealand, always manages to insert towards the end of any Act a little clause that completely neutralizes all the efforts to make him loosen his hold on native lands. This evasion of the intention of an honest Land Law is completely and simply effected by a clause giving power to grant native certificates to individual members of the family communities. The clause runs thus (the italics are mine):—

"When the individual owner has held such lands under the said certificates for five years, he shall be entitled to a Crown grant of his lands, and when the Crown grants have been granted the lands shall cease to be native lands, and *the inalienability provided for shall cease.*"

Though so much remains to be done for the natives, it must not be forgotten how much has been done. They are happy, joyous,

free from care, and take no thought for the future. Can as much be said for the white settler? I fear not. Is everything to be done for the native, and nothing for him? Over all the English in Fiji hangs the gloom of misfortune and loss. With the depression in the sugar trade, they have been struggling for years. Can nothing be done to brighten its prospects? The story of the depression is the old story of beetroot *versus* cane. Everywhere in the world bounty-fed beetroot seems to conquer. For years the Fijians' sugar mills have not paid dividends. At last, probably owing somewhat to the rebellion in Cuba, where the production has decreased by 840,000 tons, a rise in sugar has come, and the prospects in Fiji are not quite so gloomy as they were a year ago. The supremacy of beet is not the fault of the sugar cane, but of the process. When science finds a way to extract *all* the sugar from the cane, "it will be impossible for beet to hold its own under any conceivable circumstances." If there is any way in which the Government can assist in bringing about this result money should be freely spent in doing it. Experts will soon find a way to utilize Government assistance if offered in earnest.

POLYNESIAN IMMIGRATION.

"Prior to the annexation of the islands the whole system was one of complete, short-sentenced slavery."[1]

The momentous question of moral right or wrong in the abduction of ignorant savages by means of either true or untrue representations, in order to force them to do, whether they like or not, what is incomprehensible to them by *any* representations or explanations, viz., to do *steady*, *continuous* work at less cost than the pious Christian white man cares to do it for himself, is one that concerns Fiji more, as yet, than any other island group, and is therefore fittingly linked to this chapter.

The above quotation from a Fiji Blue-book is so far misleading that it tends to imply that, after annexation, the system of "legal kidnapping" was not slavery in a specious form. The simple truth is, that though the Western Pacific British-Colonial Acts and Ordinances for regulating Polynesian immigration and native labour, which includes the deportation of natives from one island to another of the same group, are many, lengthy, and exhaustive, no laws devised by the wit of man can make this traffic humane. The hiring from their bribed chiefs, and the deportation by unscrupulous ship-masters

[1] *Official Correspondence Relating to the Native Population of Fiji*, 1885, p. 14.

and recruiters, aided by "decoy-ducks"—as native under-recruiters are nicknamed—and by lying interpreters; of ignorant savage men and women speaking imperfectly-known languages, and unable to conceive the idea of constant labour, is slavery pure and simple, and no Act of Parliament, or approval of pious Christian, can justify it. The poor islanders know that, if conquered by a hostile tribe and taken as slaves, they may be eaten in due course, and in the meantime be made to work intermittingly planting yams and taro in season; but they cannot comprehend, even if recruiters honestly explain, what it is to be subjected to the far greater punishment of working not only week after week, but month after month, without intermission, for five years.

To understand what can be officially done and approved of in the way of "black-birding" after annexation one has only to read, as a sample, the case of Reg. *v.* McMurdo and Davies in the Court of the High Commissioner of the Western Pacific, 1883. Shortly stated, Polynesian immigration is a wrong, and no number of clauses of Acts or petty safeguards, such as "husbands shall not be separated from their wives and children" (a new regulation!), no amount of "inspection" and "registration," can make it a right. White men cannot conceive what the poor savage feels when caged and worked far away from his home. The yarn in Chapter II. of the Solomon Islands young men turning their faces to the wall and dying of simple despair and grief, under the kindest master, is not an exaggeration, but a plain, common fact. Missionaries—to their lasting credit be it said—have generally, but not always,[1] thrown the weight of their influence against such a cruel system of slavery, but quite without appreciable effect. Much more than "talk" and "influence" is wanted. England, by one stroke of the pen, should make illegal the whole business of *the enforced labour of savages*, either in the shape of labour contracts or *lala*, or in satisfaction of direct taxation in kind or money, and sweep away from her glorious escutcheon the disgrace of slavery in every specious form.

Indian or Chinese labour in the South Sea Islands comes under an entirely different moral code, and therefore I do not discuss it here. It may be right, or it may be wrong. It is *possible* to make

[1] Enraged at the deprivation of the irresponsible despotism they exercised, some of them here, as in Tonga, conspired with selfish traders against a comparatively humane Government policy. "How harsh and rigid" (that despotism was) "and how freely secular punishments were resorted to for the enforcement of ecclesiastic censures, it is difficult for a stranger to believe."—*Sir A. Gordon to the Colonial Office*, 1883; also *vide* footnote (1), p. 187, chap. vii.

coolie labour a humane state of life. Mainlanders differ hereditarily from islanders. Indian coolies have laboured from year to year, from generation to generation, in their own land, and know quite well what they are doing when they sign a five years' engagement. They bring their families; they comprehend settling in a foreign land; continuous work is not an agonizing slavery to them, they thrive under it.

* * * * * *

One by one my old fellow-passengers have dropped off. New ones have come on board, but cannot fill their place. I feel cold towards the strangers, and make little progress in acquaintanceship. The casual, who joins near the end of a voyage, is generally looked on as an interloper. "Who is he? What does he come among us for at this late period? I wonder if he will be in my cabin. Bother him!" represent the British feeling, only half concealed. I have often been tickled by the repellant English stare of passengers in possession, leaning over the bulwarks, as I, alone at an out-port, mounted the ladder from a small boat. . . .

The "commercial" was the first to go. Dawfort caught the 'Frisco boat at Samoa. The moth-catcher was left behind against his will, ostensibly, but looked so happy standing on a wharf, as we eyed him through the glass, that we are not sure to this day whether he were late on purpose, or only of confirmed habit. Ortenham engaged a native guide at Suva, and crossed to the other side of Veti Levu, where is reported good duckshooting. Mr. Müller has long gone. The last I saw of him was at night, in a small island.

He disappeared down a green avenue, carrying a lantern and a heavy bag of silver coin. Only Sandilands, Blackmore, and I of the original company are left. We get quite sociable, and make of ourselves a sort of rampart against the "strangers."

Blackmore actually thaws in manner, and becomes less secretive. We find him playing, and playing well, on the piano, whereas when our juvenile accompanists to boisterous chorus were wrestling painfully with the score he gave no sign, and hugged his accomplishment to his secret heart. We also find, by accident and to his annoyance, that he speaks French and German fluently. He is, however, still unmeasured in his criticism of everything Colonial. The English news in our papers specially excites his ire:—"Surely New Zealanders don't really like to have their paper filled with the gossip that John Jones, of Wellington, called on the Agent-General, and then went to spend a few days with his aunt in Buckinghamshire;

or that Mrs. Brown, of Auckland, felt the cold in Yorkshire, and wore a muffler! Surely they would rather learn the doings of the men who are at the making of contemporary history: Gladstone, the Emperor of Germany, even McKinley—eh?"

"Certainly not!" I reply stoutly, though in my inmost heart knowing he has me again in a tight place. I think of the number of Joneses and Browns there are to only one Gladstone!

Our friend even became confiding and sentimental towards the last. Just as I had got my only portmanteau ready, and was stepping on to the gangway--the first to go ashore at our destination—Sandilands, carrying several small leather bags, and assisted by the steward with more strapped bundles of eccentric shapes, came hurriedly up, looking quite excited, a broad smile on his ruddy, clean-shaved, good-natured face:—"Do you know w—what? At last I have discovered something that Blackmore admires!"

"No! What is it?" I eagerly ask.

"The black smoke coming out of the funnel. He says it is s—plendid, and he never tires looking at it. *I d—didn't contradict him!*"

"Good! You intend going home *viâ* Sydney, do you not?"

"Yes, after a fortnight or so."

"I go back to New Zealand, but some day we may meet in London."

"I trust so. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE COOK GROUP.

"For my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, before I die. . .
It may be I shall touch the Happy Isles."

HAVING thus far pictured islanders under purely native, yet civilized, rule in the Friendlies, under the protection of England, Germany, and America in Samoa, and under English Government in Fiji, bringing to bear upon the subject a life-long knowledge of their New Zealand kinsmen, I begin to understand better my dusky friends, the Maoris of the Pacific, and to feel for them a growing affection and pity. And as I warm to my work it is borne in upon me, by the very experience and analysis of the knowledge gained in the writing of this book, that my study is unsatisfying, until I can complete the whole circle of conditions and contrasts by showing, farther, how the islanders thrive up to date under the protection of New Zealand in the Cook Group, and under Republican French Government in the Society and neighbouring islands.

So I have thrown down my fountain-pen and put my incomplete chapters away in a drawer, and here I am again on board a New Zealand steamer, undertaking a voyage of 5000 miles merely to write two chapters on the Cook and Society Groups. Well, all I can say for myself is that Tahiti[1] alone is worth coming 2500 miles to see; so if the chapters be a failure from a literary point of view, I, individually, am a gainer; for the French South Pacific colonies, dependencies, and protectorates, which consist of the Society, Marquesas, Paumotu, and Gambier Groups, and numerous scattered islands, form, perhaps, the most beautiful—certainly the richest—most lavishly-endowed by nature, and most important groups in these seas; and the inhabitants show signs of having originally been far and away the finest, most lovable, of all.

[1] Pronounced *Tahāiti.*

Hypercritical people will tell me that aborigines cannot be understood except by living for years among them and mastering their language. It may be, therefore, that some enthusiast of that opinion will, through reading this book, become so irritated by my "errors and omissions" as to attempt such a course. But I fear—so rapidly are they growing and changing under white impulse—by the time he has mastered the languages and customs of the whole of the South Pacific Groups these will have so altered that his knowledge will be ancient history, that his work will be cold and stale, and that he will have to begin all over again! I must be content to add to my knowledge of New Zealand Maoris a superficial knowledge of their South Sea progenitors, and serve up my work "all hot."

The Cook Group is comparatively insignificant. A study of it is interesting, principally so far as it bears on the claims put forward by New Zealand, whenever a chance offers, of special aptitude for governing, or annexing, or protecting Pacific islands, as, for example, in the cases of Samoa and Norfolk Island. The Society Group is much more fascinating; but as the steamer on this second trip touches at the Cook Islands first, I shall leave Tahiti and its fascinations to another chapter, and confine myself just now to giving an account of the passage to the "New Zealand Protectorate," and what I saw and learnt there.

Leaving Auckland in July, 1896, by a larger than usual steamer, put on specially for excursionists, we are this time entirely a party of "Colonials," only seventeen all told. The fame of this new route has not yet reached many European ears, and consequently I must confess that, though loving the brighter, freer manner of my own people best, I miss the acceptable leaven of English thought and habit. Unfortunately there is no smoking-room. All who travel much by sea can realize what discomfort this means, for they know how a cozy smoke-room draws men together and makes them sociable. A little cabin *near the galley* was intended for this purpose, but it is so unsuitable that no one will go into it, and it is used as a dark room by the photographers, who cannot stay in it long even for business.

If the male passengers be not drawn together in one way as much as they might wish they are in another, for in our ladies we are exceptionally happy. Although only three, they represent most charmingly the three interesting states of "colonial" maid, married, and widow. The married lady is elderly, speaks French and German, plays cribbage, is musical, has seen a good deal of the world, and wins the hearts of more than one Frenchman at Tahiti. "C'est une

femme du monde! DU MONDE!! DU MONDE!!!" said one excitable Frenchman later on, laying his hand upon his heart. The widow is young, Australian, mourning a lately-lost French husband. To many of the accomplishments in which young widows are *facile princeps* she adds a knowledge of the Tahitian language, and can tell us a great deal that is interesting about the manners and customs of the natives. She is on business bent, having property in Tahiti which needs looking after. The third is a pretty vivacious New Zealander of twenty summers, one of the few "English" girls (we do not talk of ourselves as New Zealanders) ever seen in these seas, and consequently much stared at and criticised by the Kanaka young ladies, who, not satisfied with daylight views, by-and-bye come on board where she is sitting on deck, after dark, and strike matches all around her to have another look at hair, dress, ornaments, and face. I think they long to take her to pieces and see what she "has on"—a matter of little difficulty in their own case! But I anticipate.

To our three ladies heaven sends, as reward for their virtues, a young colonial Irishman, whose sprightliness and attentions never flag; who does not know a note of music, but who joins heartily, as if he loved it, in the choruses, as he does in everything else that goes on—one of those New Zealanders to whom girls give pleasant nicknames, which the whole ship's crew and passengers take up. This jolly youth rejoices in two: one complimentary to his nation, made up by taking an O from the end of his name, where it was only a delusion and a snare, and placing it at the beginning (before he turned up on board that ultimate O caused speculation among the ladies, who after, with much interest, scanning the passenger list, hoped to see at least a Spanish hidalgo, and were a trifle disappointed to find he was only a New Zealander); but the other nickname, "Mr. Patsy," is the successful one, and runs through the ship till the very firemen think it is his real name.

Another young New Zealander has brought his banjo, and contributes much to the amusement of the company by a good repertoire of music-hall songs of the better class, with choruses in which, in the evenings, ladies and all of us join. His "Ting-a-Ling," "Little Tin Soldier," and "The Pussy Cat and the Owl," sung by-and-bye to the banjo under the spreading foliage of pandanus and banana, surmounted by the feathery coco fronds, will not soon be forgotten by some of the Tahitian half-caste ladies. It is quite a musical revelation to them. We, the officers and passengers of this steamer, rather flatter ourselves that music is our strong point. And when,

on fine nights—and the nights are always fine—we do congregate on the box of the unused wheel at the very stern, one of the ladies and the Irishman, high up on the top, reclining on a rug and leaning against the cushioned rail, like a king and queen of the May, and the whole crowd of us in all sorts of cool costumes sitting and lying round about below them, like picturesque vassals, the young New Zealanders sing "On the Ball" and "Good Old Mother"; the captain gives "Maxwelltoun Braes are Bonny" in a sweet tenor; the purser's "Flying Dutchman" drowns the noise of the screw kicking out of the water; the second engineer, with the long black eyelashes, who, strange to say, happens not to be a Scotchman, puts his hand on his heart and insists again and again on having "Sweet Marie," which our young lady sings nicely and simply, and we all strike in at the chorus, tenor and bass going pretty well anyhow, but quite satisfactory to everyone, so long as they are loud enough. *Mem.*—We have left Beethoven and Mendelssohn and all those classical gentlemen behind on this trip, and get on capitally without them. "Good-bye, Ting-a-Ling," I hear a sweet voice say to our banjo-player as the steamer sounds her last whistle on leaving Papeëte; and it appears to me that there are soft vibrations in the way the improvised nick-name is pronounced! But again I anticipate.

Then we have two colonial illustrated newspaper photographers—enthusiastic and clever artists—later on at every island the first men ashore, where they "get up" picturesque groupings of natives and fly around, perspiring under the hot sun, in despairing effort to place effective niggers up trees, or perch them on rocks, and perhaps bring to the foreground some remarkable-looking shy fellow in a straw hat fifteen inches high, or baby, or pretty girl, or very stout dame, and to get in a nice bit of tree with a peep of sky in it, and to arrange colours, lights, shades, attitudes, and get their mobile subjects to stand still and stare at a given point and "show their teeth if they like"; and the other eager spectators, who crowd round and peep under the mysterious black cloth on three legs that is to do such wonders, to "Keep heads out of the road just for one minute; now!" When imprisoned at sea these two enthusiasts spend hours trying to catch, in a proper light, the break of a great storm-driven wave, or, perchance, they rig up on deck a dead flying-fish and "fake" him up into "a jolly good picture" flying fast over the sea, with that breaking billow and a sky cunningly fitted in; or they take a snap-shot at our solitary albatross, or at "Billy," the ship's dog, hauling a rope with his teeth, his legs firmly set, doing his share like a man among the sailors

to get the yard round. As for sunrises and sunsets, our artists watch for them like cats, but in the main, I fear, suffer much disappointment, the cloud effects being very inferior to those in the Indian Ocean and nearer the equator.

Next on our passenger list comes an old Ceylon coffee planter, who, after turning his hand to store-keeping and farming and many other things in New Zealand for a dozen years, hankers after his old tropical life, and is going out to spy the land at Rarotonga—a splendid island for coffee-growing.[1]

Also we have the representative of an Auckland trading firm, a young man—all colonial commercial travellers are now preferred young—who has been all his life among "the islands," and understands sugar, coffee, oranges, copra, and "niggers." The rest of our passengers are exclusively on pleasure bent. One New Zealander takes a sudden fancy when we are a week afloat, and comes to breakfast clean-shaved, and nobody knows him. He might have played it low down on us as a stowaway. From a jolly-looking squatter, with a rough roundabout beard, when he is at home a quiet fellow, fond of his local club, his pipe, and his cattle, and taking a great interest in the road board, in chaff-cutting and thrashing machinery, he has transformed himself into a long-visaged, melancholy Henry Irving. This is rather hard on me, as it leaves me the only man with a beard and bald head to be mistaken by confiding natives for a missionary, and, generally, to bear the *odium theologicum* on inconvenient occasions. In vain do I afterwards give my big straw hat a fierce all-round cock. That only confirms the opinion of my brown friends, male and female!

Arrived at the islands, we take on board, besides a Frenchman or two, a few Kanakas travelling from one island to another; but we get nothing like the big companies of jolly native tourists met with on the other line. Indeed, compared to Tongans, Samoans, or even Fijians, the general expression and manner of the Tahitian Maoris may be summed up in one word—sadness. It shows in their songs and choruses and their cries of joy, which are more like wails, as well as in their faces. A mother, folding a loved infant in her arms, after a long separation, will break out into piercing, heartrending cries of joy. The jolly rollicking dance of the Tongan is absent. Tahitian dances are athletic and saltatory, as well as sedentary, of course, but in a matter-of-fact, painstaking way of studying perfection.

[1] The crop of 1896, at Rarotonga, is a partial failure, not exceeding fifty tons. The methods of growing and drying coffee are very rude and unskilled as yet.

As for the Frenchman here, he travels at sea as little as possible, and only on business; he does not look on a sea voyage as a pleasure in itself. The only beautiful journey to him is the one that leads back to Marseilles and Paris. He dislikes all "work." I was amused at one gentleman, who lamented his poverty and inability to send a talented son to the School of Art in Paris, instead of putting him into a Government bureau at Papeëte. The life of a settler, clearing and planting, and producing something—a life which would be a joy to an adventurous Englishman—never occurred to him as suitable for his son. If it had, the idea would only have caused him a shudder of horror.

RAROTONGA.

This service by the Union Steam Shipping Company, steaming 1620 miles from New Zealand without seeing a speck of land or (in our case) a ship, or a bird, except one solitary albatross—far out of its usual course, far away from the boisterous cold south, like its famous predecessor whom the Ancient Mariner saw—to strike at the end of seven days an insignificant little protectorate fifty-three miles in circumference, is, perhaps, one of the most remarkable evidences of New Zealand maritime enterprise, and shows that the little "Britain of the South" is a worthy child of Britannia and Father Neptune, and alive to the destiny of her geographical position as mistress of the South Pacific.

Rarotonga, when first descried in the far distance, thirty or forty miles off, rises a razor-backed, jagged rock right out of the vast ocean. It is the principal of the ten islands of the Cook Group, Mangaia and Aitutaki being next in importance. As we approach the reef that runs all round the island and guards it from the sea, the distant rugged beauty is transformed into closer green tints of vegetation, masses of cocoanut and pandanus trees, and thick foliage of many-coloured shrubs. From the shore, which is lapped by the gentle lagoon waves, coral bound, and rarely—not more than once in seven years—disturbed by hurricane or storm, the rich verdure stretches half-way up the precipitous mountain cliffs and peaks that tower over us. Viewed from the steamer a mile off the slight irregularities of height are imperceptible, and the mountain appears covered with a wonderful close mantle of shot-green velvet pile. Skirting this scene, where native huts of white coral, thatched with dark brown leaves, picturesquely peep out among the trees, our steamer approaches the sheltered north. There, inside a reef, in a bay too shallow and small for us to enter—though a lesser steamer of the same line

has ventured in—is the principal town or village of Avatui. We reach it by boat, landing on a solid and business-like jetty, with a tram-line running all along it to carry the stores up, and the fruit and copra down.

Here are assembled to see us land all the *élite* and fashion of the island, tall, handsome Maori men and women, smiling and joyous, rather darker than Tahitians, more the colour of the Sicilians of Syracuse; while under the sheds that adjoin the wharf others are busy papering oranges with the contents of old Blue-books, the best use I know for such documents, and packing into cases the rich fruit scattered about in kits, as it is emptied out of the light vans and handcarts which stand grouped around.

Avatui and Avarua, which join and form really one village, are modernized, and few of the houses are built in purely native fashion. In a few years there will be not a real native tree-hut left, except, perhaps, one carefully preserved in a museum, with a group of wax figures in front, to show the old style of life. The coral houses will, however, last a very long time, unless pulled down. Here are American nails, European doors, puttied glass window-panes, wooden walls, galvanized iron roofs crushing out of existence and swallowing up, as it were, native thatches and lashings, open doorways, and quaint old verandahs.

Along the roads one is struck by the number of American buggies drawn by small, native entire horses, and sometimes by mules. Also here one is struck by the number of queens. We positively get tired at last of calling on them, for there are four, and it takes only four hours to drive right round the island. A queen per hour! We were quite fresh, however, for Queen *Makea Takau* of Avarua, the *Ariki* or head chieftainess of Rarotonga, and the elected permanent chief of the Executive of the Cook Federal Parliament; while her husband is only a common member of the Rarotonga Local Legislature, a sort of village board, with no executive powers or important duties! Of course, the first thing the ladies did on landing was to call on her, and the men rather reluctantly and nervously followed, up the long green lawn, shaded by tropical trees, to the palace—a very respectable wooden verandahed house. We lost our nervousness, however, without exactly recovering our composure on seeing the maids of honour, headed by "Jackey," stealing on all-fours up the passage, and keeking round the corner to get an unseen glimpse of the new comers. Jackey is very nice-looking. I regret to say she is "no better than she should be"; but that mysterious formula does not accurately describe her condition. It

would be more correct to say that she is a little—not much—worse than the maids of honour of the time of King Charles II. of England; but that is not Queen Makea's fault—not, indeed, her husband's. They do their best to bring Jackey up strictly. It is the fault of surroundings, and, perhaps, of a frolicsome nature.

It is hardly right, however, to bring in the Queen's husband's name at all in the matter. A Rarotongan queen's husband is a perfect nobody. I do not know that I can compare him more accurately than to the drone attendant on a queen bee. The natives call him, sometimes, the "fifth wheel of the coach." Even Jackey would not feel much flattered by his attentions. Still, these queens in *esse* and queens in *posse* are rather particular about husbands. Once upon a time a Rarotongan future queen, when a young girl, just as if she had been a character in Annie Swan's and any other namby-pamby story book, fell in love with her present husband, an Englishman. The parents, as usual, when daughters startle them by choosing the wrong man, were averse to the match, and locked, or rather, I should say, more correctly, there being no locks handy, lashed the young lady in her room. She, however, got out, I presume by a ladder of cocoanut rope, and fell into her lover's arms. He bore her straight away to his catamaran, and set off paddling with all his might on the open sea to Aitutaki, a hundred miles off. Imagine the excitement of the Queen and her subjects when they saw the heiress-apparent braving the main with her lover. Picture to yourself the launching of canoes, and the shouts and cries of the warriors who manned a whole fleet in pursuit. The runaway couple, having a good start, got ashore first, made a bee-line for the missionary's house, and were about to be spliced when the King and Queen and the whole army rushed up and demanded that the proceedings be stopped. But the young princess was firm. She declined to leave her man, married or not married, and the natives of the island took her part. The royal parents had to give way, and like wise people did the inevitable with a good grace.

"If you are determined to have him you had better come home and be married in proper princessly style, not like a common Kanaka, without any ceremony," said the old Queen.

So the young Queen returned to Rarotonga, and was married in great state, taking days over it.

She is an old lady now, weighing about seventeen stone, and as she and I sit on our heels on her verandah smoking cigarettes, while she and two maids of honour, all in their bare feet, are making a patchwork quilt, I take a long look at her fat, smiling face and

heavy body, and try to picture what she must have been like when she fell from the rope into her lover's arms; but the exertion is too immense, the reconstruction is too difficult, the present is too overpowering. I cannot do it. I suck a big orange instead, and

QUEEN MAKEA.
"She jumped up and took us all round the room."

give up trying. She is old and ugly now, but youth is everlasting, and the story is ever young.

To return, however, to Queen Makea. We were introduced to her by Mr. Moss, the British Resident, who is guide, philosopher, and friend to the Queen and Parliament. We all went into her English-furnished parlour, and sat down on horsehair-covered chairs. Makea understands English thoroughly, but will only speak her own language. We soon got tired of so one-sided a conversation.

Though very fat and big, like all queens in these parts of the world—I suppose they are fed differently, like queen bees, and don't take much exercise—Makea is very active if she choose, and when, to cause a diversion, I pointed out her photographs hanging on the wall, evidently taken some time ago, and remarked how like her it was, she jumped up, and took us all round the room, doing the honours of her pictures, among which were photographs of the family of the late Governor of New Zealand and his suite, who had visited her. She was very proud of these.

Our Australian photographers now appearing on the scene with their cameras, we all adjourned to the lawn, and were "arranged" by those artists, Jackey being told to keep her bare feet well back. Makea sat in front. Mr. Moss stood at her side; the French surgeon, in a white helmet hat, placed himself in polite attendance on our married lady, and I had the honour to be behind Miss Jackey. The position of a young sheep farmer, who was placed by the artists doubled up on the ground in front of the ladies, may not add to the dignity of the group, but accentuates its colonial verisimilitude. After being taken—first with our hats on, as shown in the frontispiece, then with them off—we were let go by the photographers. We all shook hands with the Queen at parting. Our banjoist, who lives in a Maori district in New Zealand, and is rather callous to royalty of this kind, distinguished himself by saying, quite seriously, "Well, good-bye, old lady." The amiable sovereign, understanding lady as a term of great respect, was much pleased, but we had some ado to keep our countenance.

Sauntering along the road, we pass a stream where women are washing clothes, while a number of young girls with nothing on earth to do all day, and just about as little on, are playing in the water enjoying themselves vastly, if we can judge by the laughing and splashing they make. The clothes are washed by beating them on stones with a stick. Each time you give out a shirt to be cleansed by this process there is less to do. When you have given it out six or seven times it disappears. Then we visit the newspaper office where the local paper, *Te Torea*, has lately been promoted from the stylograph to the printing press. It is issued in double column foolscap. One column is in Rarotongese, and the other in English. Part of the work is done by an assistant—a very intelligent half-caste girl—who also writes little editorials, and can pitch into a "big contemporary" three thousand miles off in capital style. Here is an example of her work in the stylograph days. I quote from the English column:—

"There is a very nice account of the Tereora School in the *Sydney Morning Herald*; but Mr. Hutchen is printed the Rev. Mr. Butcher. So *Te Torea* is not the only paper that can make mistakes."

The same stylographed copy of *Te Torea* (March 23rd, 1895) contains the following paragraph about the old days, which is worth transcribing:—

"In the old days" (*before the New Zealand Protectorate*) "the judge's business was to look into the matters brought before him from the beginning to the end. He often brought a man up himself to be judged, and was, then, complainant or policeman and lawyer as well as judge. For this reason he was sometimes prejudiced, and had, in fact, made up his mind before he heard the case on both sides. There was also a great many police, each of whom was really a judge, and that added to the mischief."

Perhaps there was safety in numbers! However, as the editor goes on to say, "things are different now."

By-and-bye we get exhausted, tired, thirsty. A friendly trader invites us into his grounds, and offers a drink of cocoanut juice. Calling a native boy, he says, "Get some cocoanuts for the ladies," who look at the tall-straight and tall-slanting stems, and wonder how the nuts, which hang invitingly eighty feet above us, are to be reached. The youngster makes very easy work of it. He ties his feet together with a strip of pandanus leaf about twelves inches long, so that when stretched the flax-like strip allows him to place one foot pressed flat against the tree on each side. He puts his arms round the slender stem, climbs up quite easily, and throws the nuts on to the ground. A man stands ready to open them. To effect this he plants a stick firmly in the earth with a sharpened end upwards. Pressing the nutshell on the sharp point, he tears off the thick outside husk of coir piece by piece, leaving the half-ripe, hard-shelled nut exposed to view. With the long, heavy knife used for cutting up copra he strikes the nut sharply all round the top, and breaks off a piece the size of a Chilian dollar, making a drinking-cup of the nut itself. The brimming bowl of cool, colourless cocoanut-water is handed to the ladies, and they take their first drink from nature's most wonderful of fountains. The water of these half-ripe nuts is not so insipid as that of the very young fruit.

The drive round the island is along a good road skirting the shore the whole way. On the sea side, and half a mile to a mile in width, is the broad lagoon formed by the coral reef, on which in the distance can be seen beating the heavy waves, driven by the steady south-east trade winds. The lagoon is shallow. Big stones and sand banks,

showing up every here and there, form resting-places for the fishermen who wade about holding up their spears ready to aim at any fish within fifty yards, or with kerosene cans fastened on their heads, bend down under water and catch those crustacea which are shown up in their hiding-places by the light reflected from the bright tin.

The coral, pounded into finest sand by the ceaseless waves, and bleached pure white by the sun and wind, lies in heavy masses along the inner beach, right up to the many-rooted pandanus (with fruit-cones resembling a magnified raspberry in great pips, the cores of which are eaten like artichokes)[1] up to the slender coco-palms, and wild white-tufted cotton and bright green coffee plants, and far up little creeks at the mouths of many streams. The narrow tires of our American buggy sink deeply into it as we pass.

On the land side village stretches out to village among the spreading trees, and ever and anon, after the village is left behind, little paths lead off the road to native solitary huts, where we get glimpses of a man or a woman hoeing in a clearing or of small plantations, or of fowls, pigs, and perhaps a cow, here and there. Over all hang the big mountain precipices, queer-looking, jagged high peaks, and jutting rocks.

Each bit of road, each section of breaking waves, of coral reef and still lagoon, each sandy creek, each clump of coco-palms and foliage and straggling village, little path, and towering piece of central mountain, is curiously and monotonously like the last. Only the changed position of the sun and wind to indicate it, one gets back to Avarua almost without realizing that one has been travelling right round the compass in a very small circle. Four miles before reaching Avarua again I and a fellow-passenger all the way from Flint Island, who speaks Tahitian, and consequently can make himself pretty well understood in Rarotongese, stop at the last village. We have a letter of introduction from the husband to his wife, the Queen, who lives in a comfortable wooden cottage. We are ushered into a well-furnished parlour containing sofa and chairs, and a central table with bright plush cover and a few books, and on the papered walls photographs and water-colour paintings, everything quite in English country fashion. On one side of the room is a large American symphony, and the local trader, a young Aucklander, sits down and plays it, and then puts on one of the musical drums which lie piled in a corner of the room. This turns on a whole barrel-

[1] The natives are also very fond of the juice which is extracted from these cones. From its leaves is obtained a fibre-like flax. Taking it all round, the pandanus tree is useful wealth from leaf to root.

organful of waltzes, which mechanically play to the evident delight of the Rarotongans, while we sit on easy chairs, each with a plate of oranges, peeled and cut across the middle, on our knee; and another plate politely placed at our feet on the tapestry carpet to catch the pips as they drop out of our thirsty mouths.

GETTING US A DRINK.

Rarotonga is in holiday mood and high fashion just now, for a queen of Samoa is on a visit to Makea, and with her retinue is being fêted at one of the villages with much beating of drums and ceremony of gifts. This great lady, Tui Ariki, wife of Malietoa, arrived last week by the missionary steamer *John Williams*. She is rather good-looking, but I am sorry to say would not allow herself to be photographed. She retired into the house while this group was

being taken, then she returned, and we visitors all sat down on chairs in the open air, and conversed with her through a Samoan chief, who spoke English. The presents, consisting of fruit, mats, kits, fans, baskets, coloured cloths and handkerchiefs, shells, carvings, and all sorts of nicknacks of native make, were piled up in front of the verandah, and the whole village was gathered round holiday-making in a tame, unexuberant way to commemorate the occasion.

The performance of the school children's fife and drum band before Tui Ariki reminds me how well the education of the rising generation in all the islands of this group is being attended to. The British Resident, who has taken a great interest in education, the native Parliament and people, are very proud of their schools. Every district builds and supports its own and pays the teachers, who are New Zealand men and women with proper certificates and qualifications, the Federal Government supplying only the furniture and books. Each village has a large substantially-built free public schoolhouse with forms, desks, and maps in orthodox style. Here in Avarua 350 children of both sexes attend daily. On the blackboard I was amused to read a few very familiar old copybook lines, chalked by the young New Zealand lady-teacher, ending with the couplet:—

> "Work while you work, and play while you play;
> That is the way to be happy and gay!"

These two lines are a whole sermon on the white man's code of civilization, and for a lesson which the Maori does not easily learn. He knows nothing about the curse of eating by the sweat of the brow. He does not want to work. He prefers to be happy and gay *all the time.* Our English idea is to make everyone happy by working hard till he die. From that point of view it is, perhaps, a very appropriate sentiment to be taught in the native schools. I overheard a short dialogue the other day that puts the other point of view forcibly:—

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ: *The Chief Officer; a Kanaka Lumper.*

Chief Officer: "You'll let that case drop overboard; why don't you sling it properly, you d—d nigger?"

Kanaka Lumper: "What you call me d—d nigger for? I only work when steamer comes once a month. It's you is the d—d nigger, for you work *all the time!*"

Following the very excellent New Zealand system, denominationalism will be stamped out by these public secular schools, and even the Roman Catholic schools are making little headway. Religion here is a Protestant legacy from the London Missionary Society, and consequently even in the French groups both churches and

schools are mostly under the control of the French Protestant societies, to whom the English Society handed over the management on the assumption by France of a protectorate over the Society Group in 1842.[1]

The Roman Catholic schools, under the joint management of enthusiastic priests and sisters, are always interesting. The "sisters" — Irish and French — who keep the little school at Rarotonga, have a small company of bright intelligent Maoris, and half-caste Maori-Chinese, Maori-English, and a few English boys and girls. By law English must be taught in all the schools, and our language is not only taught, it is encouraged, hymns being sung in English to English, not native, tunes. The children write well, being by nature mechanically imitative. On account of the absence of some of our letters, such as B, S, they find a greater than ordinary difficulty in pronouncing English, consequently their reading is not so good as their writing. English is not an easy language to Rarotongans and Tahitians. French seems much more easily acquired. The teachers made the children stand up to show and compare their physique, when it was at once patent that the native boys and girls were bigger and stronger-looking for their age than either half-caste or English born on the island. That vigour of native blood will not save the race, which, though now said to be stationary in population (*i.e.*, during the last year or two of the New Zealand Protectorate), has declined from 7000—at which it stood in the good old days—to 2500!

The Seventh Day Adventists have obtained a footing in this group, and a fine little schooner, the *Pitcairn*, Captain Graham, from San Francisco *viâ* Pitcairn Island, Tahiti, and Rurutu, accompanied us from Rarotonga to Aitutaki. The captain and crew are very pious vegetarians. Not only do they eat no meat, they drink only water, depriving themselves of even tea and coffee for religion's sake. This body, however, does not interfere much with education. The Salvation Army is unknown in Melanesia. This is a matter of surprise, and, perhaps, of regret, as the islanders might possibly thrive better under General Booth's adaptable and lively methods than under the depressingly rigid Sabbatarianism and the haughty, expensive bureaucracy of the great missionary societies.

Not only the children, the grown-up men of the Cook Group are being educated to govern themselves. The following extract from *Te Torea* (perhaps unconsciously) gives a striking account

[1] I think this is correct, although a former visitor says of Tahiti, "The natives are nearly all Roman Catholics now."—LADY BRASSEY'S *Tahiti*, 1882.

of the state of efficiency at which a Maori Parliament can arrive under an English tutelage of four years:—

"Rarotonga, Tuesday, 11th August, 1896.

"Parliament met at 11 a.m. Prayers.

"The chairman and clerk, according to custom, proceeded to Makea's, and presented to her, as chief of the Federal Government, the various laws passed during the session. Makea, having expressed her approval, attached her signature. The chairman and clerk then returned to Parliament House, and a message was sent to the British Resident" (who now does not attend any of the sittings till the closing day) "that the work of Parliament had ended, and the Resident soon after entered, and was received standing. The various laws were presented to him and formally approved, after which he congratulated the members on the good work done, and on the care they had given to its consideration. Only one Bill had been rejected. He thought the Bill a good one, but as they thought otherwise, he was glad they had not passed it. He hoped they would always act on their own opinions. All he asked was that they should give reasons for those opinions, as they had done in the present case. Other points were touched upon, and when Mr. Moss sat down, members from each island rose one after another to thank him for what he had done for the Cook Islands. They were now able to understand much better and to appreciate what a government meant, and the way it helped on the people by enabling them to work together. They hoped they would have in future only one mind, and that Mr. Moss would remain with them and continue his work for the rest of his life. The Resident thanked them sincerely for the good feeling they expressed, and which to him was a great reward. When he began to form the Government he was told it would be useless—that the Maoris were like children, that they required someone to act for them, and could not be left to act for themselves. He was glad to say that every year they were getting more and more able to act for themselves."

The old fight of Denominationalism *v.* Secularism is here as everywhere. Would that some grander white Parliaments displayed the same simple good sense as does the Maori Parliament of Rarotonga.

"*Catholic Petition re School Fees.* This was again considered, and after much debate it was finally decided that, with the best wishes for the Catholic school, the Parliament could not vote money lest confusion should be created."—*Te Torea*, August 8th, 1896.

When one studies these self-dependent efforts in secular schools and Parliaments one perceives the wide difference between native and missionary rule. "Prayers at 11 a.m. for guidance in counsel" no longer seem a bitter farce. It is true that some of the Cook traders would like to see Mr. Moss removed; but, I repeat, that

neither missionaries nor traders, however estimable they be in their private capacities—and the traders of Rarotonga are highly respectable men—are fit to rule native races.

Always, however, have the best traders in Melanesia done useful work in promoting orderly self-government, in encouraging good public institutions, and in preserving the management thereof from missionary interference, as the following example from *Te Torea*, August 8th, 1896, shows:—

"A public meeting was held at the Osana Hall to consider the Bill now before Parliament for the future management of the hospital.

At seven o'clock about thirty Europeans were present, but they decided to wait some time, as the natives were at their usual household evening prayer.

Proposed by Mr. McAlister, and seconded by Mr. Ennis, That it is desirable the public hospital should be placed under the management of a Board, so constituted as to secure the sympathy and support of the people of the Cook Islands. Carried.

Then came the representation of the three missions as proposed in the Bill.

Mr. McAlister asked if anybody could say who was the head of the Seventh Day Adventists?

Dr. Caldewell said there was no local head, but that Captain Graham was the official head of the mission in the South Pacific.

Mr. McAlister pointed out the impossibility of allowing Captain Graham, who had nothing to do with the Cook Islands, and did not live in them, to appoint a member of the Hospital Board. Other speakers concurred.

Finally it was proposed by Mr. Kohn, and seconded by Mr. Rice, That it is not desirable that any of the religious denominations should, as denominations, be represented on the Board. Carried.

Judge *Tepou* proposed that there should be six Europeans on the Board, and not more than six Maoris."

When the protectorate of the Cook Group was proclaimed, and the new flag—the Union Jack, defaced by a cocoanut tree—was hoisted, the natives were guaranteed all ancient customs. These customs are identical with what we call laws. Being hitherto unwritten, every effort is now made by the British Resident to have them embodied, where possible, in Acts well defined to avoid confusion, and passed by Parliament. "Each island," so runs the Constitution Act, "to govern itself as much as possible," has local government, and makes its own laws on most matters, such as, for instance, on the all-important liquor traffic. Consequently the laws are not uniform throughout the group, and every island is in a different stage of advancement.

The protectorate is really a protectorate by England, New Zealand

having merely the nomination of a Resident, and the paying of his salary, is virtually the agent of Great Britain. The natives govern themselves under his advice. They have a Parliament which, unlike that of Tonga, must meet every year, and sits almost continuously. It can make new laws, but they must be formally approved by the Resident before they can come into operation.

The chiefs own all the land, subject to a feudal system. Succession is settled at the great feasts held on the death of an owner. Nominally, whoever at the feast gets the pig's head is the heir; but in practice, except where the next-of-kin has forfeited his right through dishonour, succession is strictly hereditary. Justice is invariably done by this open, quaint way. It is astonishing how well primitive and illogical methods work if only supported by a strong public opinion. *The pig's head is always put before the right man.* Native custom hinders chiefs from selling land which is tribal, but when a chief, tempted, does sell, and—which rarely happens—breaks the unwritten law for the sake of money gain, so great is the respect of the tribe for him that no one is ever found to oppose or find fault. Besides, the selling of land means to them, as yet, only giving the right to hold it so long as the buyer chooses to reside on it.

Land on lease to occupy for coffee-planting and other useful purposes is readily obtainable by natives or Europeans. These leases are generally for thirty years, renewable, and will be registered by the British Resident, and thus made valid. The power of leasing is entirely in the hands of Parliament, and the British Resident has no control, only influence, over the Council in such matters.

On the 3rd August, 1894, after many misunderstandings, the nature of Maori land tenure was defined by the following declarations:—

"Custom can only be changed by law. The land is owned by the tribe, but its use is with the family who occupy. . . . The family consists of all the children who have a common ancestor, together with adopted children. . . . Control rests with the head of the family. . . . We," so runs the declaration, in a kind of pitying amazement at the incredible folly of the outer barbarian, "are told that the white man can sell or pledge land, and that creditors can take it away, and leave the family in poverty—such is not the Maori custom. No man can sell land in any such sense. . . . Leases are of two kinds, for money and for services. . . . Money cannot be made by selling leases to others to the detriment of the original lessee. . . . No transfer of leases will be allowed by the chiefs until they are satisfied that enough is substituted elsewhere for the support of the family of the lessee."

Earth hunger—the struggle for possession of the soil—has already commenced. Europeans are now constantly trying to monopolise

the best lands, but they are unlikely to be successful, such monopoly being against the spirit of New Zealand's advanced ideas on the subject of land tenure. No new law authorizing any piece of land to be parted with for ever—as we understand by selling—will receive the sanction of the British Resident, unless it can be shown that all the members of the tribe interested have enough without that piece. So strongly does Mr. Moss feel on this subject that he has constantly called attention to the fact that the vestiture of the land in the chiefs is perilous to the interests of the common people. Chiefs may at any time yield to the wiles of speculators, and leave their people landless to starve. He has addressed warnings to the Rarotongan Parliament. On the 5th July, 1896, he makes another powerful appeal to the Arikis that sufficient land, to be called "family lands," should be allotted without delay to every family in every tribe, and that these family lands should be made inalienable for ever, subject to a small rental to the chiefs as owners. He concludes: "Do not put off this work any longer, or it may be too late. It is the greatest work you have to do. It means the salvation of yourselves and of your people, in the land of your fathers, which has come down from them to you." And he is right.

The Cook Group has prospered financially since it has been administered by the New Zealand Government. In 1892 the Federal Revenue was $2965. In 1896 it is £1428, and the exports of island produce are now valued at £17,000 for the year.

After leaving Rarotonga—and all the time we are visiting Aitutaki, Huahine, Tahiti, and Raiatea—French meal hours, *déjeûner* at ten, dinner at six, are substituted for English breakfast, lunch, and dinner. We do not find that tropical weather in the open sea lessens our appetites; quite the contrary. We Britons get very hungry at one o'clock, and refuse to be appeased with beef teas and afternoon teas. As very few French people travel on this line, the change seems to us unnecessary, and there are many grumblers.

AITUTAKI.

After a run of many miles the steamer anchors off the island of Aitutaki, outside the usual break in the reef, which here leads to the township of Aratunga. So clear is the water that the bottom can be seen, and the reflection of the white coral sand gives a marvellous pale prussian blue tinge to the sea, which heaves the steamer up and down in the long swell. So dazzlingly ultramarine is it in the evening that it seems to impart a blue shade to the

dark hull. Aitutaki is the largest island on a huge atoll or circular reef. The general shape of the reef is elliptical, and dotted on it at irregular intervals are the several islands. So vast is the circle that only dimly on the horizon can be seen the white line which marks the breaking of the sea on the opposite segment of the great reef.

There are many holes and caves under the coral rocks, and the natives are adepts at catching the sharks which make comfortable resting-places of these nooks. Two men take a canoe to the outer edge of the reef, where they expect to find sharks. One man remains in the boat managing one end of a stout line. The other man dives gently, and without splashing, holding the line. If he sees a shark there he fastens a slip-knot round its tail, and the man in the canoe hauls up. This feat reads like the old nursery way of catching birds by putting salt on their tails; but it is true, and very simply done.

Inside the reef is a great space of shallow lagoon, and as this is the only break in it, or channel giving access to the village of Aratunga, and is the principal outlet to the north for the water for some distance on either side, boats have to encounter a current that at certain times of the tide runs through the gut like a mill-race. The Aitutakians are reputed to be the best boatmen of the group. They own some very fine whale boats and catamarans, and manage them splendidly in a heavy sea.

We go ashore in one of these whale boats, and when it enters the gut, which is shallow, the boatmen pole us along against the stream, and jump out occasionally on to the reef and push where the stream is strongest. We come out again swiftly enough, sitting on the top of orange cases, piled three or four high above the gunwale. Landing at the coral lime wharf, where a large group of the natives are waiting to welcome us, and as usual shake hands, we saunter along the broad avenue of rich chocolate-coloured soil with trees on each side. This is the main street of Aratunga. Among the trees are oblong fibre huts, some quaintly picturesque, with one corner of the gabled roof cut away so as to permit the inhabitants to sit inside their houses and yet be in the open air. Others—the very opposite of picturesque—have irritating little Anglicised "improvements," such as door-handles or scraps of weather-boarding. All the people are glad to see our passengers, and we go and sit in their houses, where, perhaps, in the "best room" is drying a great heap of strong-smelling copra alongside a bedstead, or we step over the little low fences that keep out pigs and fowls, and

go into their cooking houses, where the women take off the smoking mats and show us underneath the mysteries of their preparations, in cooking pits, of sweet potatoes, yams, and manioc, and of fish poisoned by throwing into the water some of the fruit of the utu tree.

Attracted by the sight of mat-making on the verandah of a cottage, I stop at the gate, and am immediately invited to come in. The house is a rather swell one, made of imported wood with galvanized iron roof. It stands back thirty yards from the broad avenue, and the land is fenced at the sides with sticks lashed together. A wall of coral lime, two feet high, broken by a gate on European hinges, carefully separates the land on which the house stands from the main road; but inside the space is no vestige of garden, no cultivation of flowers, vegetables, or shrubs. Here, as almost always in front of all classes of Maori huts and houses, the enclosed space is left entirely in a state of nature. The food plantations are sometimes at the rear, but generally all together in one block at a little distance from the village and towards the interior of the island. They are not separately fenced off. One common fence, with stiles and gates at intervals, keeps out pigs, fowls, cattle, from the food grounds of the whole community.

On the verandah of the cottage are three Maori girls—one making mats, another sewing, and the third looking on. I am politely offered a chair, and having in return proffered cigarettes, I sit watching with interest the mat-maker. Around her are scattered long narrow strips of pandanus leaf; some, the naturally bleached grayish-white colour; others, stained red and stained black. With these she hand-weaves rude angular patterns of broad matting. It is a very slow process, and the coiled-up end has been already two months a-making, to be sold, perhaps, for four or five Chilian dollars when finished! The girl that is sewing with English needle and thread has been to Tahiti, and speaks a little French, in which language she gives a glowing account of her dissipations there. One young lady passenger, accompanied by her father and some of the young men, here join us, and immediately the Maoris want to know which of the old gentlemen is the husband. The young Tahitienne stares with astonishment when told that the English girl is not married yet, and immediately suggests that one of the oldest of us should take her at once. It is providential that our young lady does not understand a word of her Tahitian-French.

Then we all direct our steps, as in duty bound, to the missionary house and church. Here in Aratunga, as elsewhere in Melanesia,

standing by itself in a large open space, the most conspicuous object on the island, is the huge coral-lime Protestant church, built, as the missionaries boast, to hold the whole population—men, women, and children. It is now, alas! too large for all that remains of the diminishing race. The wonderfully successful results of the missionary labours are proved by the whole of the inhabitants going to church many times on Sundays and frequently on week-days—so subscribers are told in Exeter Hall. It *is* a fact that the people do all go often to the church services in these islands. If I were an Aitutakian or Mangaian, and all my accustomed enjoyments[1]—even the harmless one of making a Sunday call on a friend[2]—were forbidden by priests, of whom I stood in great awe, I also might be so wearied of the monotonous life as to look on much churchgoing, with its singing and music, as the only dissipation left.

In the afternoon three of us—the young man who speaks Tahitian, a German doctor of ethnology, who came on board at Rarotonga, and myself—engage a Maori to guide us to the island villages of this most primitive, charming, and seldom-visited island. There, we are told, we shall see the natives living in less sophisticated style than at the landing-place, where there are one or two Europeans. In order to reach the first village before nightfall our guide takes us hurriedly through Aratunga. Passing fowls, ducks, turkeys, and more than one well-fed and tended sleek cow belonging to the native missionary, we push up along a rising ground by a path winding among orange trees. It is pretty hot work, and we are grateful to our man, who climbs a tree and throws us down some of the largest oranges I ever saw — three and a half to four inches in diameter. Sitting down in the shade and picking out the brown spotted ones as the best, we peel and suck them in orthodox fashion.

"Any horses or dogs on the island?" I ask the guide.

"No, no! No dogs, no horses."

Just at that precise moment a dog in a hut barks.

"That one dog," says our Maori friend in self-extenuation.

This is a sample of the kind of knowledge one obtains by pressing natives with many questions. They are too polite to say they do not know, and often reply in the way they think will please you best. They always answer a leading question in the affirmative. I believe

[1] "If a man plays cards he is to pay $2 in cash and $8 in trade."—*Laws of Mangaia*, 1891.

[2] "No one to go to another village on Sunday without good cause. Fine, $1 in cash and $4 in trade."—*Laws of Mangaia*, 1891.

there are no horses allowed in Aitutaki, for the same reason that they are forbidden in Haapai—because they eat the bark of, and thus kill, the precious bread-fruit trees.

He who goes to see everything others tell him he ought by no means to miss, who asks too many questions, and believes all he is told, may be as far from the truth here as anywhere in the world. However, it is better to err in that way, to be misled and cry back to facts, than to see and learn nothing, as is the method adopted by some tourists. After coming a couple of thousand miles to see the islands they are content to loaf about on board the steamer staring at the shore, and lazily buying a few pearl shells, fans, hats, mats, stone axes, and other things which, once they get home, they will stow away in some lumber-room and never care to look at again. These sightseers will reluctantly go ashore after a late breakfast or lunch, sit down under a tree or on the verandah of a native house, buy more fans and shells and cocoanut walking-sticks in the rough, well within cover of the ship's boat.

"Oh, it is too hot to rush about; the niggers are all alike," say they. "Besides, this island is exactly the same as the last one we saw. Let's go on board to dinner, and have a game of euchre in the messroom, or Homeward Bound in the captain's cabin afterwards."

That is their style of "doing the islands"!

Meantime, having rested and finished our oranges, we are trudging along led by the Maori guide, with whom we have bargained to take us to Tautu and Waipi, two villages a mile or so apart, paying him a Chilian dollar and a half, equal to three shillings, for about a three hours' journey.

"This my land," says he, pointing to a fine plantation on the road. 'I don't use it; man asked me to let him grow *kumalas* on it; I let him."

"Do you charge anything for the land?"

He laughed.

"No, no! It's no use to me; I got plenty without it."

It is absurd to argue, as many self-interested Europeans do, that these unsophisticated people should be allowed free traffic in their land. The natives do not comprehend selling land—"How can it be carted away?" They would soon fall victims to the European land shark unless legally protected.

We pass a tall banana leaf stuck in the ground. That means "No trespassers allowed here," a sort of secular *tapu* or gentle hint from the native owner that he wants to use the land himself.

As we enter Tautu all the inhabitants come out to see us, and the

chief invites us into the large hut, which is evidently the *corroboree* house, the town hall of Tautu. Here a chair is placed for me, in respect for my age—beard perhaps—and I accept a glass of water, and give some cigarettes to the nearest men and also offer to give some to the women, but the men say, "No, no, no matter about them; they are of no consequence" (when it comes to a question of delightful European cigarettes!)

Through our mate, who understands Tahitian, although the languages slightly differ, and our guide who knows a little English, we answer questions about the steamer, and what we are here for, and where we are going. The big room is packed full of fine stalwart men and women, and the smell of cocoanut oil is really overpowering. So we get out as soon as we decently can into the fresh air. They shake their heads in sceptical amazement when told that the Union Steamship Company has vessels three or four times the size of the little red-funnelled boat some of them saw arriving a few hours before and admired so much. I say "some of them," for with the aplomb and indifference to wonderful strange things which characterizes all South Sea Island races, most of the inhabitants of this village, although having nothing on earth to do to pass the time, have not taken the trouble to walk a mile to see this rare visitor to their shores. In Moorea, near Tahiti, in a bay where, with the exception of a man-of-war once or twice, no steamer had been seen for many years, most of the inhabitants of the village did not take the trouble to walk a furlong to where their canoes were lying, whence they could paddle alongside the steamer in ten minutes, although there was a brass band playing on board, and a crowd of French excursionists from Papeëte.

In these regions, when the sun goes down, it becomes quickly dark. There is no twilight. So we hurry away in order to reach Waipi, the principal village, before the people be all asleep. Waipi has about 350 inhabitants, Tautu not so many. When we arrive night has fallen, and everything is in gloom. Waipi is not so primitive as Tautu; it covers more space, and the houses are much larger and of more improved style.

As we pass along the rows of huts on both sides of the road in the dim light we can see the natives squatting on the grass in front of their houses, or slowly sauntering home like fowls going to roost. The cooking hut is always away from the home or the sleeping hut, and in one of the former there is a candlenut torch, the only light we see. My mates are for walking through and not disturbing the people after dark, but I cannot see the fun of coming so far

without having a talk with villagers we shall never in our lives look on again; so I stop, and persuade the guide to go into one of the houses and tell the occupants that visitors have come.

This house is a small, rather shabby one, and the men, who immediately come out and welcome us, will not permit us to go in, but with society pride escort as into a large, handsome house, light candlenuts, and bring me an American wood chair. This hut of wood and thatch is about 40 feet long by 16 feet wide, and lofty; the floor, raised a foot from the ground, is of sawn, imported timber black with the dirt of years; the furniture consists of several large, well-filled silk-cotton (like kapoc) beds, covered with bright-coloured quilts, some on swell four-post double bedsteads, with clean white mosquito curtains, some on the floor. Otherwise, with the exception of one or two small mats and the chair on which I sit, the large room is empty.

In most of the Cook and Society islands these kapoc beds have superseded the old mats. The silk-cotton grows wild on big trees to the native's hand, like everything else in these Nature's choice store-houses. It is contained in a green fruit, similar in appearance to the plaintain, but produced in single pods five or six inches long, not in bunches. When ripe and opened the green, fruit-like pod is found to be tightly full of the white silken material. All the housewife has to do is to spread it out in the sun for awhile, and the material for a cool, light, springy mattress is ready. Vanity and the mania for copying the white man's ways cause her to go to all this trouble; but I doubt if the silk-cotton be so healthy to sleep on as the cool, hard mat of older times.

About twenty men and women we ascertain sleep here; but it does not follow that the same persons sleep in the same house every night. When an Aitutakian gentleman wishes to build a bigger than ordinary house he calls on all his neighbours to assist, which they willingly do for the honour of the village. Hence when it is finished by the communal labour all the villagers feel a sense of proprietorship in the new house, and sleep there when they list. This is the reason I used the rather peculiar word "occupant" instead of "proprietor" a few sentences back.

We want to see more of the villagers, so after shaking hands all round with the people in the house, which ceremony is *de rigueur*, I persuade them to light candlenut torches, and to call out all the inhabitants into the broad road running through the village. The huts are not close together, and roughly calculating in the dark, which is always deceptive, I should think the space across the street from hut

to hut would be about 200 feet. Candlenuts are highly resinous and inflammable. They are about the size of English chestnuts, and when strung on a pith stick and one end is lighted burn very brightly with a white light.

The whole of the villagers—men, women, and children—tumble out to the number of about 200. They are robust, healthy, and clean; but not nearly so light-coloured, so refined-looking, or so soft-featured as the Tahitians. The ring of flickering, flaring torches casting light and shadow on the glistening eyes, white teeth, black hair, and light-brown skin of the moving multitude which closes round us, the hubbub of voices calling out to each other remarks about us, asking us questions, make a weird scene, to which a comically primitive touch is added by the younger girls stroking our clothes with delight, some bolder clinging to our arms; and by the young men pointing out their particular girl friends, and offering them as wives if we will honour them by stopping in the village.

The boys are dressed only in loin cloths, the men mostly in cotton blouses as well. All the older girls and women wear long, loose, ungirdled dresses of cotton print. It is an elegant costume, showing their remarkably well-shaped busts to much better advantage and more modest attractiveness than the European style of unnatural tight lacing and (to-day) huge sleeves, which make women ridiculously like hour-glasses. Beneath is generally, but not always, a *pareu* or loin cloth.

In these islands there is no restraint of any part of the human form. Consequently, when women come to bear children they do so without the dreadful travail suffered by their white sisters. Instead of being the curse transmitted to all posterity, as pretended by pessimistic priests, and by mothers who encourage their daughters to wear corsets and other abominations, this travail is mainly brought upon themselves by the vanity of Eve's misguided, white civilized children. They deliberately distort the vital organs of the body, yet laugh at the Chinese who distort an extremity! The naturally dressed, tall, erect, broad-waisted, small-breasted, big-limbed, active, brown island women are up and about again in one or two days after childbirth as if nothing had happened. Experts say that this immunity from pain and illness at such times is almost wholly due to hereditary perfection of organs and shape, greatly owing to the loose style of dress worn night and day from generation to generation. It would be well if the dress reformers, who wrangle about divided and undivided skirts and such foolishness, would take a lesson from the island woman, and begin with a reform vital to beauty and health. Not content with condemning

tight lacing they should themselves lead the way by example, and try to persuade their slavishly fashion-copying sisters that it is *good form* to discard all the tight-fitting clothes, which piled one over another crush out of all semblance of human shape that loveliest of nature's gifts, the form divine of woman.

The island mothers suckle their children, and generally have full milk. Cases are recorded of women, who have not a newly-born infant, taking to their breasts one whose mother has died. After persevering for three days the dried-up founts opened again. This is not a freak of nature confined to these regions. Similar cases have happened among other races. In illness and other cases when the mother's milk does not come infants can be well nourished on the soft, creamy inside of the very young cocoanut. The pulp, a thin layer of which forms on the inside skin of the fruit, is scraped off. Mixed with the cocoanut water it makes a very good substitute for the natural sustenance.

I do not think in any part of the world could one see two or three hundred better-formed, taller, stouter, healthier, happier-looking men, women, and children than these seem under the temporary excitement of this torchlit *levée*. I miss only the babies; so to create a diversion from the blandishments of the young ladies who, down to little ones of thirteen to fourteen years old, are anything but backward in pleading their own cause with languishing sighs and gestures, I announce through the guide that I will give a cigarette to every mother carrying a dark piccaninny. In a moment or two I am surrounded by numbers of mothers with babies on their backs, and babies in their arms, and little toddlers clinging round their skirts, and I have to very quickly cry, "No more cigarettes," and beg to be let off my bargain. The cigarettes are exhausted long before all the infants are to hand.

These little brown people, like their elders, *seem* physically perfect. I again use the qualifying word "seem," for to look at them one finds it hard to believe that the race is decreasing. The terrible hereditary scourges of consumption and scrofula do not show themselves till the doomed children grow up. Alas! in praising the native virtues one is talking more of what might be, were it not for the evil influence of European vice, the sudden tearing-up of the old standards of right and wrong, the shock of changed thought and manner, than of what really exists. In praising the stalwart beauty of the men and women, and the active brightness of the lithe children, one is for the moment blind to the canker of European disease, the shock of changed diet and clothing, which are eating away the strength

and vitality of the race. Even in these rarely visited and comparatively primitive islands on the great atoll the native virtues, the new laws for the protection of women,[1] the well-meaning, even if sometimes misdirected, efforts of missionaries and of respectable traders, are neutralised, the deterioration of the native character and physique is rendered ten times more rapid by the proximity of Tahiti. Unstinted spirituous liquors and immorality in Papeëte demoralize the very sources of both ancient-customed and semi-civilized pure living in the whole Cook Group. The strictest laws of the Rarotongan native Parliament, under careful English guidance, are rendered of no avail. The women crowding round us are venial, and show by signs and conversation that they are calculating on the profit they hope to make out of their guests. It is quite evident that we shall be considered shabby and ungentlemanly if we stop and yet refuse the full hospitality so freely offered, so we politely shake our heads, and point in the direction of the steamer.

The whole population, finding to their astonishment that we are really bent on pushing on to the ship through the dark night—no moon, no stars—a time when they never like to travel—accompany us to the end of the village, the old people shaking hands, the young ones clinging round us to the last, each struggling to get hold of a hand and pull us back. Although provision for the light delectation of putting our arms round ladies' waists after dark is carefully made by missionary influenced law,[2] we do not avail ourselves of the privilege. Like the New Zealand clergyman who kissed no girls in Lent, as a self-denying period *for the girls*, we piously proffer this as a self-denial time to the sweet Aitutakians, who stand in a group watching us, and calling out farewells as we disappear into the darkness along the track under the spreading trees. Unseen by them, we turn round once or twice to look at the village and the villagers standing so picturesquely in the torchlight, and then hurry along the soft, chocolate-coloured path, and reach the shore just in time to get on board by the last boat before midnight, and dream

[1] In the Cook Group foreigners are not allowed to cohabit with the native women without marrying them. White settlers do not readily fall in with this just law, but John Chinaman does. He will calmly marry any kind of woman, if that will advance him in life. Once he determines to settle in a place he will obey any laws, no matter how repugnant. The Chinese-Maori children are brought up to work hard, are intelligent, stand the climate well, and altogether are better citizens in these islands than half-caste Europeans.

[2] "If a man put his arm round a woman on the (village) road at night, and he has a torch in his hand, he shall go free. If no torch, to be fined $1 in cash and $9 in trade."—*Laws of Mangaia*, 1891.

FRIENDS SEEING US OFF.

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of this strange, short episode in a corner of our life, the blazing candlenuts, and the merry, laughing, healthy-looking boys and girls as they clung to us on parting, never to meet again on this earth. However, I had better not "cry after the girls" until I am well out of this country, or it may come as expensive as stealing a pig. I do not know what the fine would be for crying after a whole villageful of *live* girls, who are not my relatives; it is $15 apiece for *dead* ones.[1]

The ailing and infirm were doubtless there, though we did not see them that night, or did not notice them. They probably held back while the healthiest crowded round us. Hearing that we had a French doctor on board, several sick persons next day came on board and begged for medicine. One poor fellow, very far gone with scrofula, was a piteous sight. He lay down on the deck, pointed to his scars, moaned out, and made signs that he wanted medicine. The doctor spoke no English. I spoke little French and less Latin, and, indeed, understood none concerning diagnosis or prescriptions, and we could not very well call in the aid of our French-Tahitian-speaking ladies on this occasion. The natives understood neither English nor French. The captain, who was present, ready and willing to give what he could spare out of the ship's medicine-chest, spoke English and a few words of Rarotongese. Our polyglot transmissions of words were abundantly helped out by signs. The doctor explained to the sufferer that the small amount of suitable medicine the captain could spare would be useless, because only a long course of treatment would have any effect on such a severe case. He prescribed constant sea-bathing and a small glassful of sea-water to be drunk every morning. The man gradually comprehended, with deepening dissatisfaction, our laboured signs and words. He looked as disappointed and angry at the proposed simple remedy as the Syrian when told to bathe in the river of Palestine. First of all he objected that he had no glass. The doctor got over that difficulty by telling him to drink the sea-water out of a cocoanut shell! Then, opening his mouth, pointing to his throat and groaning in piteous pantomime, the patient shook his head and shouted, "No, no, want medicine!"

"Just because the sea is all around him and obtainable for nothing," said the doctor, with a grim smile, "he thinks it is no good. If

[1] "If a man *cry after a dead woman*, and he and the woman are not relations, or if he wear mourning for her, he is to be fined $15." [Mem. (*sic*). "This is taken as a proof of guilt during life."] . . . "You cannot steal a pig under $40 fine. On the other hand, incest is cheap at $10."—*Laws of Mangaia*, 1891.

you bottled it, put a fine label on it, and charged a dollar for twelve doses he would be quite pleased."

The Aitutakian is not singular in this idea about medicine, or doctors would have a poor time.

Another man came on board and wanted a cure for a boy. Imitating lameness, he made us understand that there was something the matter with the boy's foot. But it was beyond the capacity of even the skilful and good-natured Frenchman to diagnose signs and to prescribe for a patient he did not see! The captain could not spare certain drugs. All masters of ocean steamers are bound to keep in the medicine-chest a sufficient supply for passengers and crew, so have to refrain from giving too lavishly to the sick on shore. Therefore this man and others in the same predicament had to go away disappointed. If the Salvationists ever dream of annexing Melanesia, I recommend them to study medicine, not superficially, but thoroughly; first, to cure the soul, if they must, but beyond all things to cure the body, if they only will.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SOCIETY ISLANDS.

> "Bordered with palm and many a winding vale,
> And meadow set with slender martingale—
> A land where all things always seemed the same."

TAHITI.

AT last I am within measurable distance of Tahiti, the island I have come so far to see. Aitutaki, its reefs and broad lagoon, its crank-looking catamarans laden with piled-up cases of oranges, and perched on the tops of those cases its gesticulating brown boatmen, steering with long poles, and all glistening in the torchlight, are left behind. The rattling of the ship's winches—all night slinging on board cases, each containing 400 oranges—has ceased, and the steamer has settled down at full speed to do the 600 miles that separate us from Papeëte, the Paris of the Pacific.

Overhead we are welcomed into these regions by the beautiful white boatswain bird—rarest of seagulls—quick-flying in flocks of three or four, the trade wind bending to one side the bird's queer tail, long-pointed, like a great reddish-brown knitting-needle sticking out behind. The tail is longer than the bird.

The sun glows hotter, and we begin to feel the discomfort of cramped berth accommodation. Much of this trouble can be mitigated by tidiness. Tidiness is one of the first principles of comfort where two or more passengers share a cabin. Every traveller should have cabin boxes which will go endways under the bottom berth, and into which he can stow away all clothes and articles not in actual use, thus keeping the bedroom sweet, clean, and cool, and giving room to sit on the sofa and move freely. Some young colonial travellers seem to entirely ignore this. If such take a hint from my remarks they will be in my debt.

It is night when, seen through the glass, a slight colour in the sky indicates the lights of Papeëte, but we do not stop. Steaming steadily on the torches of night fishermen are the first to show up, and we landsmen mistake one of them for the lighthouse on Point Venus,

where Cook observed the transit of Venus in 1769. These flickering, glaring torches attract fish near enough to be speared, numbers of the impulsive, inquisitive flying-fish even jumping out of the water right at the light, and falling into the boat an easy prey. Then two flaming red beacons suddenly appear on the hill. Brought into line they guide us through the narrow, deep opening in the reef. In the still, dark night the roar of unseen surf on both sides seems for a few minutes to envelope the ship. The reef is soon left behind, and the steamer slowly moves into the roomy, sheltered harbour, and anchors at a respectful distance from two French men-of-war.

Twice after passing the reef have we blown long-drawn steam whistles, hoping to persuade the health officer to come on board, though it is more than an hour after midnight, and to let us go ashore at once. But the doctor has evidently turned in, and will not turn out again. He does not keep us waiting unreasonably, however. He is on board at daybreak, He has a brief interview with our captain and a French Governmental surgeon, who is a passenger. The ship's log is examined, and we are pronounced free to land, so long as we leave our wax vestas behind, these being strictly forbidden in Tahiti for fear of firing the dry forests. After breakfast the steamer is brought *alongside the street*, a most convenient wharf, nature being assisted by merely edging the levelled bank with a wall of stones placed flush with the roadway in the deep, still water

But meantime while at anchor in the bay, rather than go ashore in small boats before the inhabitants of Papeëte were up, some of us have been watching from the steamer the sun rise. One never tires of gazing at Tahiti in the early morning. Before dawn the town is hidden. Only a background of dark mountain is seen, and queer crags, and spikes of rock, towering in one uniform gloom over the paler water. As the morning breaks the rocks make sharp lines against the azuring sky. Soft light gradually melts the dark mountain mass into foliage of the most vivid deep greenness that I ever beheld in nature. It is not an exaggeration to call the effect startling. I can only compare it to the glaring colour one turns from in disgust in the landscape painting of an inferior artist, and calls crude and overdone. Soon the sun appears. It picks out the separate tints of each tree and shrub. It calls up from the sea a cool, refreshing breeze so gently, that the bay is unruffled to the very shore. It discloses in the great sheet of glassy water the absolute stillness of the dark-hulled, heavily-yarded ironclads, and of the snowy-sailed, slender-sparred schooners.

Then, in contrast, away seaward it throws up into restless view the white jets of spray that the long, straight reef and the landward

breeze tear from the great waves of the outside ocean. In the far distance it reveals Moorea—a still, steely blue of lofty peaks. The air is divinely pure. Now Papeëte awakes! The crowing of many cocks, faint in the distance, gives homeliness to the strange environment. White houses appear among the trees. From the Catholic spire comes the slow, sweet sound of the familiar *angelus*. Figures

FRUIT-SELLER, PAPEËTE.

in bright pareus walk along the shore. Little boats, noiseless in the distance, row busily to and from the men-of-war. The boatswain's whistle is heard across the water, and the French sailors run up and down the rigging. Motion and colour again gradually give life to her harbour and fill her leafy avenues.

In full sunshine, as well as at early dawn, this is a rarely beautiful spot. Looking seaward on the left hand, the lofty, long island of

Moorea, so distant that even in the candid light it still remains a uniform pale blue, stretches out like a huge projection of the mainland. Besides being a wonderful addition to the grandeur of the landscape, it shelters Papeëte from the western storms. In the far front is the reef, over which the now calm waters merely turn into a streak of light, like a long thread of white cotton stretched straight across the harbour. In the nearer centre, inside the reef and three furlongs off, stands a little island, covered with trees and frowning with an old unused fort. To the eastward juts out an arm of green trees and brown cocoanuts, amid which are seen houses and the more massive buildings of the Military Arsenal, crowding down to the very edge of the still water, where schooners and small boats form a pleasing foreground.

Turning landward, the tree-shaded streets that skirt the harbour are full of Frenchmen in white, riding and driving, and of Tahitian men in pareus of red and of blue ground, ornamented with white flowers in large patterns, and full of women daintily clean and bright-coloured, their

> "Polished limbs,
> Veiled in a simple robe, their best attire,
> Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness
> Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
> But is, when unadorned, adorned the most."

Along the shore itself move the busy, noisy boatmen, the prows of their canoes touching the street, the sterns, weighed down by heaped-up yams, bananas, and oranges, remaining in deep water. The large flat space in front of our steamer is filled with eager spectators of both sexes, and yet more are hastening noisily down the avenues. The cocoanut and pandanus trees cling like a green velvet belt all along the shore, as far as eye can see, on either side. Behind the town, behind the houses, which are nearly hidden, and the slender, white church spires, which pierce and overtop the green trees, the mountains gradually rise to 7000 feet, in long ridges, with flat tops and deep valleys. In green foliage, tinged with many soft shades, or relieved here and there by the glittering reds of the deep blood-coloured crotons, they are covered up to the very rocks, and some even of these are dressed in a rich garment of grasses and stunted shrubs to the summits of the sharpest peaks.

Oh, fairest land of the far, far east, by vast ocean wastes hidden for ages from the ken of the earth's continents and from the teeming multitudes of their debased human races; land where Nature has, in sea and air and soil, exhausted all her choicest gifts of sunshine

and fruits! Guarded in a great visible ring by her coral, the ocean never rudely lashes your shores, and for you all things, to the very tides,[1] are made ever to keep high, summer noon! Guarded in a great invisible ring by her mysterious aerial powers, the breeze is guided with gentle regularity, seaward and landward, warned off is the hurricane,[2] and tamed for you the everlasting trade wind!

You are as if the Unknown Power had decreed: I will make in miniature a world, out of reach of change, or storm, or war, pestilence, earthquake, cold, hunger, thirst, poisonous reptile, or ruthless beast. It shall be full of beauty in rich fruit and verdure, wonderful mountain slopes and crags, and in ever-running brooks. There, lonely amid the down-heaval of prehistoric continents, will I place A MAN, where he can expand unchecked in Mine own image; and My servants, ever round about Me, when they say, "What is man now, that Thou shouldest be mindful of him?" shall see what I meant when I said, "Let there be light upon My favoured earth."

Alas! the debased races of the western continents, the European and the Asian, soon discovered the island paradise, and set to work with fiendish glee to make the man expand in *their* own image. When Bligh crossed the world, and brought the *Bounty* to anchor in Tahiti, that he might transplant the wonderful bread-fruit tree into the Western Indies, he found a gentle race trembling from the first impacts of European vice, disease, and civilization. France has the honour of completing the ruin of God's purest island image, and Papeëte is now deservedly styled the sink of the Pacific, spreading its contaminating example from island to island, attracting all that are viciously inclined for a thousand miles around, and rendering almost futile the English and native attempts to bring up the rising generations of neighbouring groups in sobriety and righteousness.

[1] This is, as far as I know, the only part of the world where the tide is high but once a day, and regularly at the same hour—between 1 and 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The rise and fall does not exceed one foot. There must, I suppose, be a corresponding movement of the sea after midnight. It may be so slight that the regular evening breeze retards and renders it imperceptible. I have often questioned nautical men on the subject, but I have not been able to elicit any satisfactory explanation; nor do the nautical almanacs, nor the sailing instructions issued by the Hydrographic Department, do more than chronicle the extraordinary act The numerous islands of the Paumotu and other groups are known to break the force of or divert hurricanes, currents, and the trade wind, and may also affect the tides. Round Huahine, one of the *Iles-sous-le-Vent*, it is high tide always at noon. The longest day in these regions is 13 hours; the shortest, 11 *hours*!

[2] Hurricanes are commonly supposed never to reach Tahiti. This is incorrect: the *centre* of a hurricane has not been known to pass over it; but it suffered slightly in 1878, 1879, and 1889 from the outer edges of great cyclones.

Missionaries, French and English alike, who have been twenty to thirty years in the Society Islands, in Tahiti, Huahine, Raiatea, Moorea, complain that little can be done for natives while they are allowed unlimited liquor, and while their young people have the bad example of Papeëte before them. Girls go to Tahiti, and, returning to their islands venially immoral, there spread among their friends the knowledge of the enticing dissipations of the market-place. A constant stream of fresh young victims is attracted to this centre of vice. Diseases of the blood, syphilis, scrofula,

LEPERS, TAHITI.

elephantiasis are not uncommon, and leprosy is to be found now in rare cases. At one village the nostrils of *the restaurant keeper* were eaten away. No one seemed to notice it, or to mind receiving food and wine from his hands. At another village in Tahiti a party of us pulled up, intending to stop for refreshment, but the first man that stepped out of the restaurant to the side of our buggy to welcome us in was afflicted with elephantiasis of so repulsive a form, that on catching sight of him we at once pretended that we only wanted to know how far it was to the next village, and drove hurriedly on. I do not assert that repulsive disease is to be found everywhere, or even commonly, but slovenly uncleanliness *is*—as far as I have seen—in the houses and huts of the common

natives in Tahiti, Moorea, Huahine, and Raiatea. A serious, unflattering inference may be drawn from the callous indifference of Tahitian-French public opinion to disease, dirt, and vice among the natives.

The harbour of Papeëte, picturesque though it be, and well fortified by batteries placed on the high ground, is not a first-class one. The

"THE FIRST MAN TO WELCOME US IN."

deep-water entrance through the reef is only one hundred feet wide. The wind often fails, and the currents being strong it is rather dangerous for sailing vessels entering. The town looking to the north, and consequently being completely sheltered from the south-east trades, the climate is hot and rather more enervating than that of the other side of the island. At the last census (1892), just half a century after the establishment of the French Protectorate, and

twelve years after annexation to France, Papeëte had 4288 inhabitants. Did it possess a better harbour for large ships, and were it in a healthier site, it would become an important town, Tahiti being the natural centre of French Oceania.

It was on a Sunday that I first saw the sun rise and awaken Papeëte. By the time she was moored alongside a crowd of natives had assembled to see the big steamer. Here and there, among the bright dresses and pareus, were, conspicuous in white duck short coats and trousers, white shoes and white helmet or straw hats, a few French men and youths. Everyone, without distinction, was allowed on board, and in a few minutes the decks from stem to stern were full of Tahitian girls, all spotlessly clean, dressed only in loose white, or blue, or red, and a few in black, gowns to their feet, who laughed and talked Tahitian to passengers, officers, sailors, engineers, and firemen, and shook hands as if we were all long-lost friends. Then, to attract attention and show off, they sang and danced—if one could call their ungraceful, lewd gestures dancing—to the sound of mouth organs, monotonously played for hours by their attendant swains in blouse and pareu. This monotonous noise and dancing goes on all day—all the time we are in port. By nine p.m. flesh and blood can stand it no longer, when, to the great relief of the passengers, the captain gives orders to clear the ship. The women behave moderately well on the saloon deck; but for'ard it is different.

Meantime it is refreshing to turn from "the niggers" to entertain and converse with the young French lads, who come on board full of curiosity about the ship and passengers. French manners have a great charm. The bright politeness and sparkling vivacity of these youths, after a long course of English and Colonial-English boys, is very pleasant.

Leaving them and the ship with its noisy crowd, and sauntering under the trees along the shore, I am attracted by the sound of clanging Protestant bells; and as a slight shower of rain suddenly falls, I am not reluctant to step out of it into the French Protestant church, through the open doorways of which are entering crowds of natives holding up umbrellas in the warm rain, and gaily dressed in their Sunday best, light clothes as to hats and blouses, but in bare feet as usual. So I accost a French half-caste gentleman on the road, who—a thorough Frenchman in manners—politely takes off his hat, and shows me a little private doorway leading into pews by the side of the pulpit, where, entering, I find a few French and English people and the missionaries' families. I whisper,

in French, to a lady next me a hope that I am not intruding, and to my astonishment she whispers back in English that she does not speak French, and that I am quite welcome. I take this to mean that I can make myself understood much better in my own language! Rather staggered, I pick up a Bible, which I find to be French in one column, Tahitian in the other. As I sit in one of these side pews in front of me is a big pulpit, high and broad. At its foot a number of native boys and girls sit in a circle, where, with the minister looking down on them and the eyes of the minister's wife and of white friends raking them fore and aft, I shrewdly guess these uneasy urchins are much better placed than spread—a disturbing element—among the sedater members of the congregation. Not a word is spoken or sung in any language but Tahitian during the whole service. The minister mounts the pulpit, and after a prayer, gives out a hymn. There is no instrumental accompaniment, and, I understand, no keynote is struck. The hymn is instantly started and sustained throughout by a well-trained choir of native men and women, who sit in the front seats facing the pulpit and sing native hymns to (so-called) native tunes, quite in aristocratic, high Anglican manner, few among the congregation joining in The airs are exceedingly striking and quaint. To my mind they sound much more natural to the singers and the scene than would imported Sankey and Moodys in badly pronounced English words. Some of these native hymn tunes are in fugues begun by the women, who, in the first few bars, mount up to a very high note and sustain it till the men join in, gradually merging into queer harmony, through which predominates a buzzing, drone-like bass, somewhat after the style of Tongan *sibis*. I was eager to get copies of this music, or have it noted down for me; but the reverend French missionary, who has spent all his life here and in Moorea, and his intelligent, active English wife assured me that this was impossible. Copies were not to be had. The tunes had never been noted down, and no one there was capable of doing it.

They are not really indigenous airs. Of such, as I have already said, there are none. The tunes are learnt by ear and transmitted from choir to choir.

Looking round the church, and thrilled by the unaccustomed ancient rhythms and harmonies, and by the thought that they are now set to Christian words, I feel thoroughly steeped in the strange scene. There is not a pane of glass in the building, and there is very little wall space. We seem to be in the open air, for the shutters hung on the wide window frames are thrown back, and I look on

to bread-fruit and cocoanut trees glistening with raindrops, and feel the cool air blowing in upon me. The church is full. Crowding in the front seats, busy with copybooks and pencils taking notes of the sermon and keeping their large, expressive eyes fixed earnestly on the minister, are the pretty young Tahitiennes, mostly cool, in pink, long, loose robes, without belt or constraint of any sort, and

TAHITIAN MEN IN ORDINARY COSTUME.

white straw hats. Flowers are tastefully arranged in their luxuriant black hair, the ends of which are carefully plaited, and hang down in a long thick coil. Their feet are bare, their small. shapely hands ungloved. Here and there among them are boys and men, but these are mostly at the back—tall, handsome, erect, and attentive, in coloured blouse and pareu. A dark baby which cries and is fussily carried out by an anxious mother lends to the scene that touch of nature which makes us all akin. Round the walls are

fixed modern kerosene lamps. The audience never stands or kneels. The whole service is gone through in a sitting posture, heads merely bent down when the minister prays—a sedate congregation on plain wooden pews all across the floor of the church—but not an impassive one. When the minister, who speaks fluently in the native language and seems much in earnest, smiles, and as I guess from his manner makes a humorous or sarcastic sally, an audible, murmuring laugh goes round the whole church, and I think what an encouragement

TAHITIAN GIRLS IN ORDINARY MODERN COSTUMES.
Dancing the "Olea."

such softly decorous demonstrations must be to the preacher. There is perfect silence while prayer is being made, but the long sermon is relieved by a constant murmur of voices talking low.

After service I have the pleasure of breakfasting with the preacher and another French minister, both of whom have spent the best part of their lives in the Society Islands, and we have much interesting conversation about the natives.

I wander through Papeëte—along the leafy, narrow streets where, on both sides among trees, are wooden houses, occupied mostly by natives and half-castes, across here and there broader avenues, along the narrow *Rue de Rivoli*, where the Government buildings and offices are, and a flag or two are flying and Frenchmen do

congregate along the wider boulevard—*Avenue Bruat*—which has a row of trees on each side, and through street after street, all with old-world names. In the official quarter of the town is an open, Trocadero-like space, with a bandstand in its centre, where every Wednesday night the Government-paid orchestra, under the French bandmaster, plays "selections," and all the monde and the demi-monde, which here seem inextricably mixed up, turn out to listen and enjoy the cool air, and make new conquests, permanent or temporary, as the ladies happen to be white or brown.

I look for old landmarks in vain. The wide "Broom," stretching from the town to the water's edge, where, as the Earl and the Doctor describe, may be heard the soft cooing of the brown girls inviting their mates, is now nearly all built upon, and the rare patches open towards the outskirts are fenced off with the modernest of barbed wires. Many a hunt do I make for brown ladies walking about with lovely, dear little pet pigs, adorned with bows of rose-coloured ribbon, as mentioned by Lady Brassey, but upon never a one do I cast eyes. I cannot say that I expect to see them, not being built in that sanguine way, and knowing, as I have known all my life, that the dingily black-and-white marked, razor-backed, long-snouted, shambling, surly, Maori pig, from New Zealand to Fiji, from Tonga to Tahiti, is, even among pigs, the ugliest, most uninteresting brute alive.

The market-place is the centre of Papeëtienne life. At 5 a.m., especially on Sunday, it is a busy mart of meat, fruit, and vegetables, of poultry and fish. In railed-in spots the butchers are hard at work chopping up ugly-looking lumps of beef and mutton. I go in with a friend who, after long talking, says he must hurry or nothing fit to eat will be left to buy. He has to content himself, as it is growing late (6 a.m.), with a chunk of beef—I defy anyone to say what part of the animal it is—at 2*s.* per lb., *i.e.*, in Chilian dollars. These debased coins are now in general use over the Society and Cook Groups. The natives like them because they are large, and look a lot for their money. These islanders have been so exploited and swindled in every conceivable form of exchange, even to tons of iron money from Central American States, that the Chilian dollar is to them now quite a respectable coin. The British sovereign here, as everywhere else in the known world, is the king of coins, and we get ten Chilian dollars in exchange for as many as we like to part with, so that the shin beef at half a dollar per lb. is not so dear as it looks. Here there are five species of exchange in constant use: Tahitian-French paper money for local circulation; French coin or paper money, which is compulsory in

all Government dealings; Chilian dollars at 50% discount; American and English silver at full face-values. Gold, of course, is full face-value, but it is as scarce here as in Spain. Trade remittances are generally in drafts on San Francisco, Sydney, or Auckland firms or banks. The trade between Tahiti and America is an old-established one.

Here exists perhaps the last royal mail subsidized sailing service of

THE BELLE OF TAHITI.

Half-caste mistress of a French official, Papeëte. "The monde and the demi-monde"

any importance in the world. A line of fast schooners carry mails, passengers, and cargo once a month between Papeëte and San Francisco. The vessels take irregularly, in the summer and winter seasons, 35 to 45 days to do the trip either way. The accommodation is fair, but French passengers grumble at the food. The New Zealand Union Steamship Co. having once started a line from New Zealand to the Cook and Society Groups will, no doubt, extend a monthy service from

Tahiti to Samoa, there to join their San Francisco mail steamers; and the *Royal Mail American Schooners* will be things of the past.

In the evenings the market is a meeting-place for all sorts and conditions of men and women. Up and down saunter groups of brown girls. Here and there among the crowd are French men-of-war sailors, English and American visitors, Chinamen, native men from other islands, native girls, evidently new arrivals, older hands standing outside the drinking-shops and being served *in the street* with wine or beer by admiring swains (women are not allowed in the bars); Frenchmen in cool white, but no ladies, except English and American ones from the schooners and steamers, who *will* see everything, and don't care a pin's head what the French-Tahitenne Mrs. Grundy thinks. Round a railed-in fountain are seated a dozen or two of native lads playing on "mouth organs," while a band of girls sing songs or, more accurately, chant boastful, minutely-realistic descriptions of their dissipations on the previous night, in unstinted praise of the generosity of the French gentlemen. All along the sides and down the centre are squatted, or seated on chairs, elderly native women—women are the masters here—with little bundles of fruit, confections, wreaths of gardenias and other flowers or of shells, on tables or on the ground in front of them: the whole stock worth a dollar or two, and lighted by a solitary candle. The same stock seems to be there night after night, and they sit patiently the whole evening awaiting customers who seldom come. Perhaps to one of these old Maori women as the night comes on will step up a daintily-gloved French gentleman, *and shake hands*, and the following dialogue will be carried on in the French language:—

"Good evening, madame. Where is Mademoiselle Annette?"

"Oh! she will be here directly, monsieur."

By-and-bye comes Mademoiselle Annette, a good-looking half-caste of sixteen. At twenty-four absinthe and dissipation will make her look like an old woman. She knows now through missionaries (for which all honour to them for good intention) what we mean by modesty, and her later state is ten times worse than that of her ancestors. Unlike primitive and behaved girls of some remoter island she is "modestly" and tastefully covered with clothes from her ankles to her neck, and would be shocked to be seen otherwise attired now. She is the product of native custom, plus missionary costume, multiplied into French morality.

He putting an arm round her neck, her arm going round his waist, they skip away down the street and out of sight. Toward ten o'clock half a dozen or a dozen couples may be seen at one time skipping off in the same elegant fashion. Native fathers and mothers look on with

complacency, and, indeed, all the natives, down to the young lads, take quite an interest. In the market-place and elsewhere it is a matter of evident congratulation when a girl goes off; so all the old ladies squatting before their stocks of nicknacks, and everyone else—man, woman, and child—look pleased at the increase of business. By-and-bye the market-place is emptied, the lights are put out, and there is

A TAHITIAN GIRL.

silence until reappear the noisy morning marketers, bringing with them clean, wholesome daylight, and pure fruits and flowers.

With all its pretty, tinsel finery, its imitation boulevards, its band-stand, and its clubs, there is no family hotel in all Papeëte. There are houses that supply board to regular customers, but decline to cater for strangers. At the Hotel de France one can hire an unfurnished room to sleep in, but no food or private furnished accommodation is provided. There are two restaurants where

déjeûner and dinner can be ordered, but the result of the ordering is not eminently satisfactory. The only comfortable way to spend a few months in Papeëte is to rent a cottage, furnish it—not much furniture is needed or advisable in this climate—and arrange for *déjeûner* and dinner in one of the restaurants or boarding-houses, preparing early *café au lait* and supper at home as required. Servants are not easily obtainable, and the native youths and girls would be more a trouble than an assistance. They will not work steadily. They leave and go home to their huts at any moment without warning. A South African colonial tourist, one of our passengers, intended to stop awhile exploring the country. He was not over fastidious, as his travelling steerage showed; but after hunting all Papeëte he could get no place decently comfortable, and so returned in the same steamer. House rent is cheap, large cottages being obtainable at £24 a year, and a really good house, with large grounds attached, has been in the market for some time at £50 a year without finding a tenant. Tourists coming here to stay for, say, six or twelve months, would be wise to bring French, Negro, Chinese, or Indian servants with them.

Walking through its shady avenues along the water, and looking on to the magnificent scene around, one feels that Papeëte is a perfect little paradise. Very different is the opinion of one of the common sailors I came across reading his Bible at daybreak one morning on a forecastle head.

"This place!" said he, laying down the Sacred Book for a minute to talk to me; "it is a hell on earth, and the forecastles of the ships are not much better."

It is a fact that, from what they constantly see around them, French and even English women here gradually get into the way of talking of the relations most sacred between the sexes in a surprisingly callous way where native or half-caste women are concerned.

Though thoroughly French as yet, the influence of English neighbourhood is gradually becoming felt, and is noticeable even in the signboards in two languages, such as: *Voilier*, *Sailmaker*. The hope, openly cherished by English and Americans, secretly by one or two of the French traders, is that some day there will be war or exchange of territory between England and France, and Tahiti will become an English colony by conquest or barter. Speculative purchasers of land are especially anxious for this result. No Frenchman will work on the land. The landlords know that it is valueless without cultivation, and they think what a magnificent haul they would make were a crowd of energetic English colonists to take up blocks, and

transform their wilderness of rank vegetation into coffee, vanilla, cotton, and fruit plantations, and cocoanut manufactories. And they look to England to save them from a greater evil—from being strangled by the huge octopus, China, which is fast closing its suckers on Melanesia. The number of Chinese storekeepers and market-gardeners is increasing in Tahiti. Unlike Frenchmen, who scorn legal marriage with natives, they are delighted to marry pretty half-castes, and settle for life. Then friends and relations crowd in from China to join them. There are now regular Chinese quarters in Papeëte, and if it is to be a choice whether Mongolians or Saxons are to possess the land, the French landlords will prefer the latter. A foreign resident, who has bought very largely of a rich chocolate soil that will grow coffee to perfection, and of alluvial land suitable for sugar cane, as an investment for his children on the off-chance, as he tells me, of the island changing hands, gives me an amusing description of the natives' method of valuation. They have no idea of standard or relative values. He very much wanted to buy one small block, and kept asking the owner to sell.

"Why should I sell?" pleaded the native chief.

"Because the land is no use to you."

"I don't want any money particularly just now, but when I do I will talk to you."

By-and-bye, wanting 3000 dollars for some special purpose, the chief proposed to take that sum for it.

"Nonsense, 1000 dollars is its full value!"

"No! I must have 3000 dollars."

"Why do you name that sum? How much per hectare do you value the land?"

"I don't know. But I name 3000 dollars because I want it, and *because it is a large sum of money!*"

He had not the remotest conception of a standard value for land. So the speculator had to give him his price, and probably even then the land was cheap. Of course speculators, here as elsewhere, want the Government to tax unoccupied lands so as to force the natives to sell. One buyer has secured 40,000 acres. If there are a few more like him coming to the front the natives will soon be thrown paupers on the Government. To do the French system justice, France is unlikely to play knowingly into speculators' hands, as the French do not as a rule care to speculate much in the land themselves.

But in all probability the native inhabitants will die out before they have time to become paupers. Aborigines in all islands annexed by

France are citizens of the French Republic. The Declaration of Annexation nominally guaranteed to Tahitians all their ancient laws and customs; but really they are solely under French law. Consequently there is no special legislation to keep these poor, uncivilized children of the sea, who have no power to resist evil, from copying all the vices of the dissolute beach-comber. Perhaps, if they must die, the

TAHITIAN WOMEN (OLD STYLE).

short process is the best; but those, English as well as French, who assist in their extinction, and live to look on the survivors of these noble races, and who recollect what the Tahitians were before the protection of France was, in the bombastic language of the proclamation, condescendingly "given for their good," will feel twinges of compunction grip their souls when it is too late.

The French rulers here form simply a petty bureaucracy, which looks upon magnificent Tahiti as annexed for its particular benefit,

and not at all for the welfare of the natives. If troublesome friends of the Government at Paris must be provided for, the last resource is to send them to Tahiti, and the sinecurists only grumble:—"Why should we be given billets so far away from France? How soon may we get back? For what are all these native girls here but to amuse us and help to dispel the ennui of living in this outlandish place?"—and the Governor, willing as he is reported to be to stop the immigration of sinecurists, is powerless.

TAHITIAN ANCIENT COSTUMES AND WEAPONS.

Tahiti is the veritable Port Tarascon of the inimitable and sarcastic Daudet. Cannon, men-of-war, a miniature Paris, regular, officially-ordered, seriously-studied amusements; haughty bureaucrats with long names and many official titles, a few French traders, and *no French settlers to speak of!* How can these ever make a prosperous colony?[1] As a result of gross neglect the orange trees are fast dying out, and at the Paumotus millions of cocoanuts are washed away

[1] *Import Trade*, 1895, £97,613, as against £105,557 in 1894.
Proportion, 1895—
From United States of America, Great Britain and her Colonies . 80%
,, France, in spite of about 30% advantage in differential duties, only 18%
—*Excerpt from Consular Reports*, 1896.
Exports, 1895, £97,361 a against £105,385 in 1894.—*Ibidem.*

because there are too few settlers to organize native labour and save them.[1]

English colonization is very different; not that it, either, is anywhere near perfection. The worst French colonist is far more self-respecting than the worst English one, as I feel when, on a lonely island, I make the acquaintance of a choice specimen of the veritable beach-comber, who under French rule has flourished absolutely untrammelled in his career. He is a blear-eyed, English seller of rum and absinthe to the natives. Cadaverous, weakly, besotted, he now, for his own special tipple, prefers new rum, "because he gets it cheap by the cask." The vitriolic stuff stimulates his worn-out stomach. He has drunk it so long that now he says: "I don't care for what you people call good liquor." He stigmatizes all such under the generic name of "expensive stuff." He has a clumsy Kanaka *wife* who does not speak a word of English; he has nearly forgotten his own language, and mouths it in a dazed, halting way. I see an early grave yawning for him, and can almost hear the howls and yells, "the high, false note of barbarous mourning," over it, and see the wriggling funeral dances of his wife's relations. Can any Frenchman in the world sink as low as he is?

Tahiti is 33 miles in length. It has a fine carriage road 72 miles long right round it, and an excellent mail and passenger coach service. It may be described as healthy, though warm and moist. The trade winds blow steadily from March to November, *i.e.*, all autumn, winter and spring, if I may use those terms to denote the seasons here. Rain is not confined to summer, the usual "rainy season"; although heavier then, it is not excessive. In showers, at intervals all the year round, enough falls to perennially fill the mountain streams and stimulate

[1] "The population of Tahiti and its dependencies does not exceed 25,000 persons all told, and from enquiries instituted it would appear that there is a tendency to decrease of the inhabitants of the neighbouring islands under this administration. . . . About 4,000,000 oranges are exported annually to New Zealand and Australia. . . . Except in a few districts where coffee and vanilla plantations have been, and are now being formed, the orange trees are fast dying out, and it is a noticeable fact that in places on this island (Tahiti) where in former years vessels could load cargoes of oranges, to-day hardly a tree exists, due entirely to want of care and attention on the part of the natives. . . . At the Paumotu Islands, which are very numerous, it has been said that millions of cocoanuts are being washed away and destroyed owing entirely to the paucity of population in that region, and that in consequence some thousands of tons of copra are lost to this colony annually. It is obvious, therefore, that under existing circumstances no augmentation of British trade can reasonably be expected, and that until foreign capital and labour are introduced into this colony no practical suggestion likely to be useful to British manufacturers and merchants can be offered."—*Ibidem.*

growth to the highest pitch. The temperature varies from 94° to 81° in summer, down to 70° and at rare intervals to 63° on winter nights. In reality it is an unchanging summer, in which cotton, vanilla, coffee, oranges, and other productions, suitable to a moderately hot, moist climate, reach perfection. But temperate zone flowers and plants do not thrive in it; roses, for instance, which do so well in hotter inland countries, here are weedy and poor. There are great numbers of pigs of inferior breed; poultry increase rapidly—these birds, and particularly their eggs, are small—cattle fatten well on the undergrowth, but the few sheep I saw were miserably poor. Sheep do not thrive in Melanesia; but they are not missed, as wool is not needed and natives everywhere prefer beef to mutton.

About Queen Pomare and her ancestors much has been written which, as Tahiti is no longer under native rule, has no bearing on modern island life. But the tomb of the Royal Family is rather interesting on account of the peculiar burial ceremonies and superstitions still attaching to it. Since the protectorate the natives have had an idea that the French might take the royal remains to France for some mysterious purpose. So it is rumoured that, after lying in state for some time in the official mausoleum, the bodies of deceased members of the Royal Family have been secretly taken out of the coffins and buried on the mountain at night. After remaining there a certain time they have been removed to the island of Huahine. All burial clothes are thrown into the coffin. The common people fear that anything that has come in contact with the royal dead, or anything growing near the tomb, if touched, will give "King's Evil."

I shall not weary the reader with more descriptions of driving from village to village in buggies drawn by small horses (which, in spite of general weakness in appearance, go fairly well and fast), along good roads, and amidst tropical vegetation. Taravau Harbour is worth seeing. Five things remain impressed on my mind:—

First. The number of good *écoles publiques*, on all of them the quaint sign $2 + 2 = 4$. In these days of higher education one cannot, perhaps, too often bear in mind that mathematics and a familiarity with the early English poets are not so potent of success in life as the simple knowledge that "two and two make four."

Second. The thousands and thousands of land crabs everywhere. These are comparatively small, not like the land crabs of Rotumah. Those gentlemen sometimes measure more than a foot across the back, and take two men to hold them down and put a bowline round them. They can easily break a man's arm or leg, or a ripe cocoanut,

with their great claws. They live on cocoanuts, climbing eighty or a hundred feet up the trees, breaking off the nuts, which fall to the ground, and then crawling down again and opening the fruit at their leisure. These land crabs of Tahiti do not, I understand, climb the trees, but the rats do. In very dry seasons, when the guavas, fei,

PRINCE JOINVILLE'S SON,
Pomare's nephew, now at Papeëte.

and other foods on the mountains fail, the rats come down in myriads and destroy whole cocoanut groves, sucking the water out of the soft young fruit. As much as 40°/₀ of the crop has been lost in this way. Here and there we see favourite trees protected from these rodents by strips of tin a foot wide nailed round the stems.

Third. The peculiar dazzling *bright* red colour of the mountain soil, evidently volcanic. It is not so rich as the deep chocolate

volcanic soil that produces the best coffee, or as the black loam of the lower lands where vanilla luxuriates, but it has a very striking appearance. It may contain valuable properties, to be discovered when intelligent, skilled cultivators possess the land.

Fourth. The enormous trade with all Melanesia in tinned beef, of which New Zealand has the largest share. The meat must be perfectly saltless, although, strange to say, the natives are fond of very salt beef or pork. They will not take the lean meat of Australia or America now that they have tested canned fat beeves, fed off the moist succulent grasses of Maoriland.

And fifth. The charming *déjeuner à l'indigène* at the delightful house in Tahiti of our young widow passenger. A real native breakfast is not to be had every day, so I hire a buggy and am punctual to the hour, 11 a.m. The sun is hot, and it is quite a relief after driving for a mile to get into the long, narrow avenue of trees that leads to the house of our hostess. I find the other guests assembled on the broad verandah, raised half a dozen steps, and looking on to a patch of lawn, girt by thick tropical shade. The whole house is, as it were, in the open air. The shutters that take the place of windows are wide open, back and front, and a passage leads right through the middle of the house on to a high back verandah overlooking another lawn, with a fountain and a pond full of goldfish, also surrounded by trees. Under the first floor of the house, which is built on ground sloping to the back, there is a large cemented swimming bath. The roof of the house, which is two storeys high, is covered with native grasses. On the first floor, with these arrangements, the temperature day and night is quite different from that of the stuffy steamer; and the ladies, who receive hospitality all night, wake cool and refreshed, instead of tired and languid.

Our good-natured hostess, attended by native cooks and only one old and trusted servant, who has evidently been caretaker in her absence, has worked hard since early morning to get everything ready for us, and looks quite flushed compared with her lazy guests. But there are no signs of breakfast in the open rooms and passages. It is not here at all; it is a hundred yards away. So we leave the verandah and walk along a shady path winding among slender tall trees, and great spreading trees, the names of which I am told, but forget the next minute, being botanically weak-brained. In a shady spot at a bend in the road we come suddenly on the breakfast, spread on the cool ground, but no seats! Then we recollect that, being natives for the nonce, we carry our chairs with us, or, more strictly speaking, they carry

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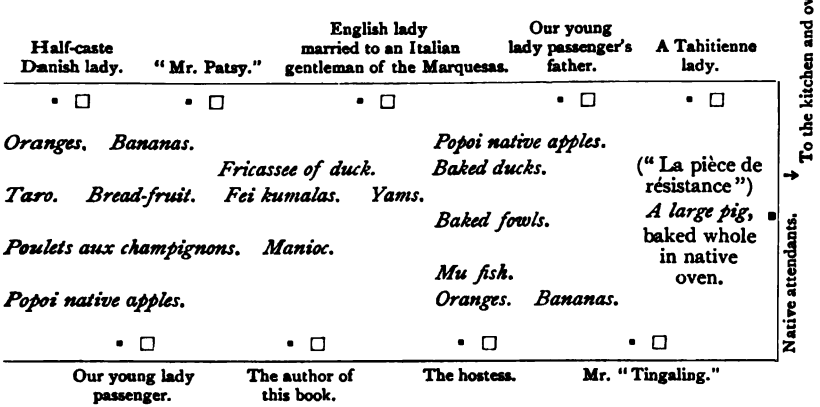
us; so with much fun and laughter, especially on the part of the ladies, we gracefully fold our legs under us, squat on pandanus mats on each side of the festive spread, and pick up our leaf serviettes. Under a double tablecloth of bourro (hibiscus) over banana leaves are arranged, on leaf assiettes, the native meats, all cooked in native fashion. "Mr. Patsy" has his camera with him, and gets awfully

TAHITIAN ANCIENT COSTUME.

Worn now on July 14th, anniversary of the taking of the Bastille!

excited arranging us, making one hold up a cocoanut cup, another a big banana leaf fan, another a leaf full of fish, or a kumala. Snap! then we are all "taken," and we relax the paralyzed, idiotic expressions of our whole bodies, and think the ordeal is over. But the polite New Zealander, suddenly discovering that he has taken the photo in a position which does not show the hostess properly in the foreground, must needs take another from a better point of view. Unhappily he

gets *too* excited over it, and takes the second picture *on the same plate as the first!* This he does not find out till he gets back to New Zealand, so the illustration of our *déjeuner à l'indigène* is lost for ever. Here is a part of the scene, alas! now only in cold pen and ink: the dots before each guest represent gourd finger-bowls filled with water, the squares are wooden blocks, each holding a young cocoanut full to the brim of sweet cocoanut water.



1st	course.	*Omelettes.*
2nd	,,	*Mu fish* (very good flavour).
3rd	,,	*Poulets aux champignons.*
4th	,,	*Baked fowls and fried kumala chips*, with a delicious native sauce (*meti harru*) made of cocoanut milk, salt water, and limejuice.
5th	,,	*Fowls stewed in taro leaves*, and cocoanut milk sauce.
6th	,,	*Pig boiled in scented leaves* and *kumalas.* (Certain leaves have a wonderful effect in cooking; they make tender the toughest meat.)
7th	,,	*Fricassee of duck*, with *bread-fruit*, *taro*, and *yams.*
8th	,,	*La pièce de résistance. Cochon rôti seul.*
9th	,,	*Young cocoanut pulp* and *manioc*, boiled in cocoannt milk.
10th	,,	*Dessert—oranges, bananas, popoi native apples, etc.*
11th	,,	*Coffee*, and *cigarettes of banana leaf.*

I do not think the Kanakas breakfast quite in this style, and I am ashamed to confess that we have French bread and also some wine to correct the cocoanut water; but one doesn't want to be *too* realistic at meal times. I am sure none of those present ever laughed more, especially when they partially lost their balance on "the native chairs," and put out their hands to keep themselves from toppling over, or enjoyed themselves more in the whole course of their lives. My hostess—may my memory of you be ever as green as your bread-fruit trees! I send you again and again across the South Pacific *mille remerciments* for your *déjeuner à l'indigène.*

MOOREA.

On first establishing a new line of communication it may be necessary to give freedom to every native without exception to see all over the steamers, in order to make popular the idea of travelling in them; but no doubt by-and-bye there will be less licence, and such strict rules and regulations will prevail on this line as the U. S. S. Co. so satisfactorily enforces on the other island routes. Great efforts are being made to popularize the Auckland-Tahiti steamers, not only among the natives, but also among the French inhabitants. To this end our captain makes up his mind to have a grand excursion trip to the island of Moorea, and to invite all the principal Papeëte officials and traders. Then his troubles begin! While he is in the thick of it how I think of Tartarin of Tarascon, and wish he were here. Perhaps Tartarin has been here! There are two distinct societies in this little French colony—the trading and the official. If a theatrical company were to risk crossing the vast Pacific, and bring talent, regardless of expense, to this *ultima thule*, and were so foolish as to advertise a favourite play for *one night only*, it is an even chance that nobody would go.

The bureaucratic society would be afraid to patronise it for fear of doing so in company with the traders. The French traders and their dames would not move a foot or take a ticket in case they would have to sit in the same hall with the families of their hated foes, the haughty officials! The play would have to run two nights; then all would be well. The official party would go on one night and the trades party on the other. However, our skipper holds good trump cards in his commodious, comparatively large steamer, and the rumours of elaborate preparations on the part of our cook for a French-English *déjeuner;* and as this is probably the first steamboat excursion trip known in the history of the colony, the temptation is too strong; so with the exception of a few irreconcileables the invitations issued by his agent, the head of one of the oldest-established French firms, are accepted from the Commodore of the flagship and the Governor's party, and the Mayor's party downwards. The Frenchmen get *carte-blanche* to bring their friends, and as a pleasing result the decks are, to the surprise of the officers and passengers of the steamer, filled with half-caste and native girls in bare feet, a number of whom, as a Tahitian put it forcibly to me, "it would be base flattery to call immoral." On the main hatch is stationed part of the Papeëte band, under the excitable bandmaster. He is in despair because some of his principal instruments are absent, kept back by bureau irreconcileables who refuse

to give leave of absence to the players. He conducts by walking round and round his band like a raging lion, and darting at each instrument as it comes to the front in the musical arrangement. Woe to the unfortunate white or brown player who makes a false note! The band performs very creditably, and I listen with special pleasure to a number of favourite Tahitian airs. Of course the "Marseillaise" is played with great enthusiasm as we pass under the sterns of the men-of-war. It is repeated about every quarter of an hour. We have to dodge into sheltered spots and take off our hats each time.

Once the band attempts "God Save the Queen." I thought I had heard this as badly done by highly cultured New Zealand orchestral societies as was possible, but I was mistaken. The Tahitian attempt at that all over the world well-known and badly-played air is far and away the most miserable to which I ever listened.

Afterwards, over a glass of wine, congratulating the conductor on the performance of his band, I venture to make an exception of our National Anthem. He becomes immensely excited.

"Monsieur is right! 'God Save the Queen' was frightful! horrible! but it was not my fault. The Government will not give me one single scrap of the music."

"What!" say I jocularly, "a tyrannical republic won't give you copies of our 'God Save the Queen'!"

"I have asked for it fifty, a hundred times, and have not had it yet. So I was forced to note the air down on paper from my recollections—solely from my recollections, do you hear, Monsieur?—in order to play it to-day as a compliment to our entertainers, and to write out all the parts for the band as best I could out of my own head," tapping his forehead vehemently.

He has been here twenty years, and I suspect has not heard "God Save the Queen" half a dozen times during that period. The result was startlingly unique. I have been often amused to note how coolly Englishmen take it as a matter of course that every nation in the world knows our National Anthem by heart and *admires it.*

Luckily it is a very calm day, but many of the French are sea-sick. When we get into smooth water the band strikes up dance music. On one side of the saloon deck are formally ranged the French ladies, attended by only a few gentlemen, including the English Consul and other "white men," to use colonial slang.

Most of the Frenchmen have deserted them, and have gone across to the other side, where they are vigorously dancing with the native and half-caste girls. The dancing of these gentlemen consists in hugging two girls, one on each side, and skipping up and down

the deck with them to the music. My mind flies back in a flash to the skipping couples of the market-place. Ah, me! to see French gentlemen put their arms round the romping, giggling niggers, and to watch the parties of threes hop up and down the deck as hard as they can go, jostling and bumping against each other as the ship rolls, while the gentlemen's wives and daughters and lady friends look primly on at them from the other side of the deck, is a spectacle to make gods and "white men" shiver.

Some of the sons of the principal chiefs are lookers on, but I observe they do not join in this French amusement. Among the well-educated high-caste natives are many fine-looking, gentlemanly fellows. The better class of half-caste girls, sent to school and finished at Auckland, Sydney, or San Francisco, often prefer marrying these to being the mistresses—changed every three months—of the Frenchmen. These marriages are entirely under French law, natives being, as I said before, French citizens in every respect. No native marriage rites are legal. Any person who would pronounce a native blessing and perform the ceremonies of a native marriage, without the parties first signing the civil contract required by French law, would be imprisoned just as would a French priest who broke the marriage laws.

Then the native men for'ard get the dancing mania. Impelled by quicker and quicker movement of the music, furiously gesticulating, step-dancing, half-caste and native bandsmen can play no longer. One after another they lay down their instruments and cut remarkable double shuffles on the main hatch to proper native, jiggy-jiggy dance tunes. As the bandmaster put it, "Native tunes are composed for the legs, not for the ear." I have already given this, his epigram, under the head of music in Chapter V.; but, as it seems to me to be the whole vexed question of island melody and harmony admirably disposed of in one phrase, I cannot refrain from repeating it.

In a couple of hours we are skirting the shores of Moorea, and have time to admire its flats, its valleys, and its tall cliffs. We pass Cook's Bay, so called after the great navigator; it is the bay most frequently visited, being nearest Papeëte. Further along we watch for with the glass and catch sight of daylight on the other side of the far-famed two holes in the mountains—curious natural tunnels through high peaks. In Rarotonga, Tahiti, and Huahine the mountain-tops are of fantastic shapes; the Moorea peaks are grander. When one looks steadily at them, so queerly tumbled together are they that it seems almost impossible Nature could have made them. The steamer swiftly passes on, and the angle of view alters. Indulging in fancies,

as when one stares into hot coals, one can imagine that the great pillars of jagged rock are changing into ruined castles and towers piled together by giants, and one does not wonder that the native legends teem with the cavern-cutting, mountain-building feats of sea and land gods.

When we drop anchor in the Bay of Papetoai, or, as my native friend calls it, *Tereu*, the French-Tahitians go below to breakfast—a long affair of two hours or more—and I go ashore with a young chief and walk three kilometres to the village. It is just like the villages of the Cook Islands, except that we now have added a grogshop, in which are retailed the vilest absinthe and new rum.

Alcohol and French civilization have done this for Moorea: where formerly there were 8000 inhabitants living on the healthy hill lands, as well as on the flats, there are now only 1500. The mountains are occupied by the guava running to weed and by the wild goat.

After entertaining me in his house the young chief walks with me through the village, and we go together into some of the huts. They are dirty and unpicturesque. The old style of hut, that is usually portrayed in illustrations, is fast disappearing. In one, a man is lying under a mat, dying from elephantiasis. Sometimes the afflicted ones, though hardly able to walk, drag out a long existence and die of something else.

Saying farewell to my friend and to the village I return on my way. Though we are in the very middle of winter the sun is hot. I sit down under a tree by the roadside making these notes. I am bite-proof; but the mosquitoes are too many for me, they get in under my *pince-nez*, and so cover the inside of the glasses that to get rid of these insect pests I am fain to sit away from the trees right out in the middle of the grassy road. Writing away in the glaring sunshine, sitting on the ground all alone, in a white duck coat, flannel trousers, white canvas shoes, and big straw hat with a white puggery wrapped round it, my legs tucked under me, I laugh to myself and think what a comical figure I would appear in a Londoner's eyes.

RAIATEA.

There being no special characteristics about the *Iles-sous-le-Vent* I will not particularize my visit to Huahine, where the natives are rather darker, and where I saw a man fashioning a large canoe out of a log with an axe—a long job; but time has little meaning to these people. But Raiatea, being at present in a rather comical state of rebellion, deserves special notice.

Not only by English and American and a few French traders and speculators in land, but also by the Kanakas of these islands themselves, would English or Colonial-English rule be hailed with delight. Tahitians hear many rumours from friendly foreign natives of the advantage of being under English government or native government guided by English counsels, and they envy the condition of Rarotongans, Tongans, and Fijians.

Already they have heard that their nearest neighbours, the Rarotongans, grasp the idea of going past the middleman and consign oranges, bananas, and pineapples direct to New Zealand and Australia, the Union Steam Co. assisting them to do so by collecting the proceeds from the brokers and deducting the freights. All natives understand profits, but it is doubtful if they will understand the losses that necessarily arise in the fruit trade sufficiently to continue shipping steadily. The great secret of success in this trade is the careful plucking and packing of the fruit. It is contended that natives do this much better when they have an interest in the result. Joint account between grower, shipper, and consignee, the Steam Cos. acting purely as carriers, is perhaps the best plan. Traders in Rarotonga are very bitter about what they style the interference of the Steam Company. The British Resident there assures me that he has not suggested it, nor has he taken any part in promoting it. The movement is entirely spontaneous on the part of the native growers. Anyone who knows the business acumen of the Maori can readily believe this. It is a moot point whether a carrying company is wise to interfere with or seek to divert the stream of trade from ordinary channels.

Through such trade arrangements and in many other ways are the Society Islanders influenced by Rarotongan-English methods, and as a result rural Tahitian and *Iles-sous-le-Vent* natives are developing a character antagonistic to the French principles of letting them go to the devil their own way as soon as they please, so long as they amuse their masters on the road. This dislike of the French has broken out in a decided form in Raiatea. There, what I may call a harmless little rebellion, indeed one of rather a jolly and entertaining character, almost touching the ridiculous, is in full swing at the present moment, and the little island enjoys the rare privilege of asserting simultaneously three national flags, the French, the French Protectorate, and the Union Jack.

It appears that the natives of Raiatea made up their minds a little while ago that they would make a present of themselves to the Queen of England, whether she liked it or no, calmly hoisted the Union Jack,

and intimated to the French authorities that they did not require them any longer, and thank you. Now nothing irritates a bureaucratic or military or naval Frenchman so much as to be told, even by a beggar or a nigger, that he is not so good as an Englishman. So the Tahitian authorities were furious, but impotent! For the Republic of France nobly and humanely sent out strict instructions that these poor, simple, misguided natives were not to be shot down; they were to be brought back into the French fold by persuasion and kindness. So, as the next best thing to a massacre in French eyes, an imposing demonstra-

Queen of Raiatea. Queen of Bora Bora Island. A princess of Huahme Island.

A ROYAL GROUP OF SOCIETY ISLANDERS.

tion was got up. Men-of-war came to the island, a large body of armed marines was landed, and the English Consul, in full uniform, was courteously and ceremoniously escorted to the flag-pole where the obnoxious Jack was flying; the natives were called together, and the English Consul made a speech. He told them that Queen Victoria was very much obliged to them, but that she declined to take them under her protection, and that they must be good and obey their French masters.

The natives simply laughed at him! They knew better than that. Where was the Queen herself? They would not be convinced unless she came herself in person and told them. *Enfin*—This gentleman

in the lace coat, who was he? A Frenchman dressed up for the occasion? They knew better than to believe *him*.

This was a poser! The moment was a critical one, and fast rushing from the ridiculous to the tragic. The French soldiers were all around eager to fire. What a capital excuse if they could officially report to France that they were forced to shoot the natives in order to protect the English Consul! He had presence of mind to take in the position at a glance, explained it to the chiefs, begged them for their lives to remain perfectly still and let him haul down the flag. They obeyed. The flag was hauled down, the soldiers re-escorted the Consul on board, and the natives *hoisted the Union Jack again*, and there it is now waving in the breeze as we pass!

The rebellion here is both to natives and Frenchmen a delightful variation from the monotony of island life. At both ends of the village are forts occupied by little French soldiers, and no one is allowed to go beyond those boundaries without a pass from the commanding officer. A dozen more soldiers are drilling under a tree, for the heat is no joke. My head aches even under a straw hat and puggery, and I envy for the first time the ladies who carry umbrellas. However, there is a better protection than a clumsy umbrella to be had gratis everywhere. I pick some cold young banana leaves and stuff them into my hat, and the headache vanishes. This does very well among English people, but not among the politer Gauls. My companions immensely enjoy seeing me forced every now and then to raise my hat in response to a salute. They know what is going to happen, and are quite prepared for my sudden-remembering confusion when leaves fall out and down over me, to the astonishment of monsieur.

The natives have cutely divided themselves into two parties: Friendlies and Rebels, exactly in old New Zealand Maori fashion. The Rebels are supposed to be strictly isolated at the other side of the mountain, and thus to be cut off from supplies of European luxuries; but in reality they get everything they want from the Friendlies, who carry on a roaring trade with them, and will be sorry when the rebellion is over.

Passing through a gate at the end of the town I see a wooden hut about ten feet square, with a turf wall round it about two feet high, and I mightily offend a little French *gendarme*, who is walking up and down there, by asking him where the fort is. He eyes me frowningly. Can this *sacré Anglais*, he is thinking, be making fun of our WAR? It appears I am *in* the fort, and he hastens to boast that at the other end of the town there are plenty of cannon and ammunition ready to be

sent here whenever required. After a few respectfully polite remarks his manner softens. I discover that he is just out from home. When I ask him how he likes Raiatea he turns away angrily and tells me I have broken rule in opening the gate and coming twenty yards beyond it to the fort. "Monsieur must retire."

Poor Pandore! What would he not give to be back again in barracks, in his beloved Paris! As I retire I hear him humming a tune to keep up his spirits. I fancy it is the real old "barrack ballad":—

> "Deux gendarmes, un beau dimanche
> Cheminaient le long d'un sentier
> L'un portait le sardine blanche
> L'autre le jaune baudrier.
> Le premier dit d'une voix sonore
> 'Le temps est beau pour le saison!'
> 'Brigadier,' répondit Pandore,
> 'Brigadier, vous avez raison!'"

Raiatea is thirty miles in circumference. Both it and Tahoa are encircled by one vast coral reef, on which there are also several islets. It is mountainous and picturesque, the highest peak being 3389 feet.

The steamer goes into the great lagoon inside the coral reef by the *passe Te aoa piti*, between the islands of Tetaro and Taoru, running quite close to Tetaro, where lies stranded—a memento of the old days of island trade—the wreck of a small schooner. The *passe* is not an easy one to navigate, and our skipper studies his maps carefully, for this is the first time he has been through it. The native pilot who takes us in does not speak English, and the captain does not speak French or Tahitian; so they have a lively time of signs, amusing to us though not so to the captain, who with his hand on the engine bell bursts occasionally into violent questions in English, and recollecting himself stops in the middle very funnily to resume pantomime.

The people are not nearly so hospitable here as in Tonga, Fiji, or Samoa. They are always on the look out for money or money's worth, or a deal in shells or nicknacks. In this style:—

A pleasant-looking man comes out of his house wearing a broad, hospitable smile, and we have the following dialogue in bad French:—

"Do you smoke?"

"Yes," reply I, thinking this the beginning of a chat, and, perhaps, the prelude to an invitation to visit him in his cool house of bamboo.

"Then" (holding out his hand) "give me some tobacco."

How different from dear old Tonga, with all its faults!

To appreciate native rule under occasional advice from an English consul, to appreciate Maori men and women at their best—athletic, jolly, sober, kava-drinking, hospitable, comparatively modest, proud, obliging without pay, clean-housed—one has first to see Tongan life, then to see the effects of French rule in the Society and neighbouring groups. And yet we know that fifty years ago the Tahitians were a far simpler and more lovable people than the Tongans, and that Tahiti is still the most beautiful and most richly-endowed island in Melanesia.

CHAPTER X.

MISSIONARIES.

"Is it nothing to you all ye that pass by?"

ONCE more at Apia, amid the bustle of departure, Samoan bright-eyed, smiling boys and girls, with nothing on but a waist-cloth, their healthy-looking, cocoanut-oiled, light-brown skins glistening in the sun, are hawking strings of beads and coral and coloured beans, model catamarans, and large pandanus baskets of coral, sixpence each, including the basket; Savage Island[1] men are offering fibre hats—capital hats at a shilling each—ripe green and ripe yellow oranges (one sixpenny basket which I bought contained 127 delicious oranges), bananas, yams—as many as you can carry for sixpence; a Hindoo is pressing us to buy photographs; ordinary white traders, German agents, Government and consular officials and their wives are bidding good-bye to friends; Mormon elders are seeing off one of their number—a tall, thin, gaunt-faced, pleasant man, in a balloon-shaped, military undress, Prussian cap of the time of Frederick the Great, and in a long, black, threadbare surtout—a faithful apostle who lately arrived by the 'Frisco mail-boat, and is coming on with us to Tongatabu "without scrip or purse," literally, without a sixpence in his pocket since he started in the Northern Hemisphere! But all sink into insignificance before a much more important personage who now arrives as we are getting under way. The English missionary sweeps alongside in the best boat in the island—the whale-boat of the London Missionary Society.

Of boats and of steam yachts (yachts like Lord Brassey's, costing £6000 a year each to keep up, supported by children's pence), of these as of everything else the modern evangelist to the heathen has the very best, and he wears the air of a great chief. Truly the missionary world is a wonderful world! In the boat with this

[1] "Savage Islanders" were so named by Capt. Cook because they attacked him. They were never cannibals. The 5000 inhabitants live peaceably under an absolutely pure republican form of government.

new visitor to our steamer—doubtless an amiable, sincere Christian; I do not even know his name—are his wife and three English-dressed converts to a "helping league"—the young Samoan widow of a white trader, a young half-caste widow (both in hats, with profusion of ostrich feathers), and a plainer half-caste girl. It is said that this religious, exclusive little league, to gather in the souls of their less-deserving neighbours—attractive though it was, at first, to idle natives and half-castes—now languishes. The Samoan young women find, if they join it, that they are expected to relinquish the pleasures of the dance and song. They are willing, nay, delighted, to sing hymns for any number of hours at a stretch, but give up dancing, of which they are so passionately fond? that is quite another matter.

Therefore many backslide, which is not an unmixed grief to rival sects.

As I look over the steamer's side into the smartly-cushioned and manned missionary whale-boat, much that I have seen and heard and read fills my mind, like the sound of a rush of remembered waters, and I feel a strange impulse and longing to unburthen myself of not one but many chapters on this burning, this deeply-important subject; but I must content myself with *one* short one, and straightway I jot in my notebook the scene I have just described, and so commit myself to Chapter X., and to the serious subject of missionary tactics in the South Seas, aye, and to much abuse and, perchance, misrepresentation from many persons with whom I would fain live in peace and on good terms. But those who carry the burthen of the cross of doubt must not fear to shirk facts.

In this delicate subject of missionary enterprise, as in all others, it is ultimately of the best service to both God and our neighbour to face the truth. And the truth is, that all the churches—Free Church, Wesleyan, Roman Catholic, and Anglican are bitter enemies in these regions, and would rather a native remained as he was till they could get at him with their special nostrum than let him slip away to heaven by another route. Further, they are ready to spend any amount of money, and to use unscrupulously all the temporal and spiritual powers they can get hold of to damage and circumvent their competitors for island souls. Sometimes, in cases of great danger to their prestige, Protestants combine and try to crush the Roman Catholics; but the *rapprochement* caused by this amiable concert lasts no longer than its special occasion.

This mutual hatred touched the ridiculous in Tonga when it extended to the alphabet. "The Tongan language is very soft, and

it possesses a good number of Greek turns," and (I am quoting the words of a French Roman Catholic expert) "it has no B, neither R." In spite of Catholic opposition, the Wesleyan missionaries introduced B. The dispute between B and P raged bitterly, but in the end the Catholics, who probably were etymologically right, got Mr. Baker, the Missionary-Premier of King George, on their side, and he carried a resolution of Parliament in Tonga authorizing the introduction (or, as some contend, the reintroduction)

SAMOAN PERFORMANCE (MA-ULA-ULA).
"The pleasures of the dance and song."
The hair of the girl in the centre is bleached with coral lime.

of the letter P into the Tongan language and into Government papers and books. Some rival missionaries to this day use only B, and deny the necessity of P. For instance, Roman Catholic missionaries always write Togatapu; some Protestants, always Togatabu (g is sounded ng). That resolution of Parliament is unique in history.

Religious discussion is intrinsically vain, and is avoided by sensible men. It only becomes necessary when religious bodies use temporal power to hinder the social and political advancement of a nation. I have lightly touched, in former writings, on old evangelical enterprise in New Zealand. It was not necessary to do more, for the

missionary has no longer abnormal power for good or evil there. Even in touching lightly on his monstrous land-sharking, which led to bloody New Zealand wars, I was careful to give proofs for every statement put forward. I am going to do the same here.

Were missionaries, I repeat, satisfied with preaching and teaching religion, the man of the world would be content not to criticise too closely. In fact, he would give the whole subject of missionary enterprise a wide berth. To all priests he is polite, and more than polite, he is respectful, for he knows that great good has been done by them as a body in the past, and that very many are sincere Christians. Who is he that he should judge them? Will he go and do half as much himself for Christ's sake? Money may be wasted. Where is money not wasted? Let Exeter Hall have its way would in that case be his rather selfish argument. Giving a fat billet to the laziest man alive cannot be half so bad as wasting fortunes on an ancient craze, such as tulips, or on a modern one, such as postage stamps. But he *must* criticise closely, because the churches and their emissaries in the South Sea Islands are *not* satisfied to confine themselves to religious teaching. They unceasingly grasp at ecclesiastical, temporal, and political power. Power with them means persecution. Theocracy has always spelt tyranny, killed joy, and spilt blood.

Nowhere has this missionary spirit shown itself more clearly than in the history of the kingdom of Tonga.[1] The old story—grasping at

[1] I do not mean that Tonga has been worse than other places where religious bodies have had the temporal power to direct education and to inflict material punishment for ecclesiastical offences. In Fiji, for instance (I copy from a Blue-book the words of D. Wilkinson, Native Commissioner of Fiji), "Men have been publicly flogged for Sabbath breaking. I know a case of a man who on a Sunday killed, cooked, and ate a crab that crawled into his house, and was on the following day brought before a magistrate by his spiritual teacher, and whipped for his offence. Another, a case of five women whom I very narrowly saved from a public whipping for Sabbath breaking under the following circumstances:—They were proceeding to a neighbouring town to attend a service called in the Wesleyan Church a love-feast. They had to cross a stream of water, and because they took a bath the teacher brought them before the native magistrate, and I was just in time to hear them sentenced to receive three lashes." . . . "In some provinces of Fiji it was forbidden for those in church fellowship to assist at the birth and in the nurturing of children born out of wedlock. The chiefs in council forwarded to the Governor a protest—'This is a new thing among us, and it places both mother and child in a pitiable position. We have conversed together about it, and it seems to us that the nurture of these children is not a matter to be judged by the *Lotu*. It is rather a matter becoming us as human beings and as a people to decide, and we are of one mind to follow our old customs in respect of this thing, seeing it is right to care for children and their mothers.'" . . . The Governor's reply is refreshing: "The abstention from assisting mothers in childbirth, whatever the origin of the child, is so inhuman and repulsive to true Christian prin-

land, grasping at political power, creating new sins, giving fresh terrors to death, lashing bodies to promote a Christian spirit, forbidding amusements to save souls; driving at the sword's point to church to disseminate particular doctrines, tyrannising to promote brotherly love, inciting disciples to such a pitch of fanaticism that they attempt to murder priests of competing sects to keep converts in one right way to heaven; shooting the incited, misguided, religious assassins to bring the people back to the other; all combined with good works and much good law-making, honest administration, and prayer. The whole subject is as

ciple . . . that if any injury result from neglect of the kind referred to, those who have been guilty of it will be severely punished."—*Correspondence relating to the Native Population of Fiji*, 1885, pages 104, 116, 123. Were he to reappear, such people would flog the great father of Protestantism and famous anti-Sabbatarian, Martin Luther himself!

On the contrary, Tongan missionaries have been officially quoted as examples to be followed by their neighbours. In 1883, in a despatch to the Secretary of State, Governor Des Vœux writes of the Fijian missionaries, who completely control education, having 1942 Wesleyan and 143 Roman Catholic day schools to one Government and two aided public schools:—"It is a subject of regret that the missionaries have never published any reading books for their schools. The Bible and Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* are the only books to which Fijians have as yet had access. In Tonga the Mission College, under the Rev. Mr. Moulton, has published (in Tongese) books on geography, natural history, travels, even *Æsop's Fables*."

C. F. Woods, describing Rotumah in *A Yachting Cruise in South Seas*, 1875, writes (page 27): "With the advent of missionaries all is changed now. Cropped heads, no paint, no flowers worn, no songs, dancing, wrestling, sports."

Instances of oppression are almost numberless. . . . I will quote here only one more eye-witness:—

F. J. Moss, in *Through Atolls and Islands in the Great South Seas*, gives a piteous description of missionary despotism and tyranny at Manihiki. His evident tremblings of conscience at the idea of criticising these men of God make the more forcible the facts that he lets slip:—"In the old days the priests owned no land, but were supported by the people." (Oh! happy "old days!") "Now the native missionary pulls the wires and the Government becomes in effect a simple theocracy, tempered by representative institutions." Between ecclesiastical and secular offences "no legal distinction is drawn." Sabbath breaking and concupiscence are the two principal offences, and the ex-king's perquisite "is *half of all the fines imposed on sinners!*" For incontinency the offending man and woman are not only heavily fined, but are also drummed through the street of their village. "At first the criminals looked foolish, but now they are used to it; the man and woman dressed in their best go arm in arm before the drummer and the crowd, and even the *Turimen* (*the members of Parliament*) laugh too." . . . "Healthy amusement is discouraged, and dances have been rigidly repressed by missionary law." There is a system of constant espionage. On the Sabbath the hapless natives "kindle no fires, smoke no tobacco," and after going five times to church "spend the rest of the day listlessly lolling upon their mats or sleeping." With bated breath Mr. Moss ventures to plead: "Playing-cards are so strictly prohibited that I am almost afraid to say a word in their favour, but music surely ought to be encouraged." Alas! even the harmless accordion is confiscated in the name of God by these foreign tyrants. And all "this has been going on for twenty years!" Mr. Moss proceeds to suggest that "the old methods of

old as history, and as stale. Can any good come of its reiteration? I think so.

It is time to cease urging what is often urged, as if it were a sufficient defence when missionary misdeeds are exposed, viz., that abuses will arise in all societies, and that, like other bodies, religious bodies if not interfered with by an impious laity ultimately cure such abuses when made thoroughly aware of them. History warns us, and *it should never for a moment be lost sight of by the statesmen who rule our great empire, and aspire in the twentieth century to paint red (alas! with blood) even the huge continent of Africa*, that religious bodies at a distance from an enlightened public opinion, although often a salutary check on Jingoistic chartered companies and selfish traders, *are slow to purge themselves.* They were not always even a check on traders; they were themselves speculators in stores. "Missionaries," so runs their defence in my hearing by a Tahitian champion, "were first of all by necessity traders. When stores, luxuries tending towards civilization, or even Bibles were sent out, such arrived in large quantities owing to rarity of communication. Had the missionaries not taken possession of these bulk supplies and doled them out as required, the natives in their ignorance would have used all at once, or allowed surplus over immediate requirements to be wasted. Missionaries having established themselves thus in trade, antagonism arose instantly a secular trader encroached on the same field. The pioneer storekeeper was generally a man of many vices and few virtues. It was only natural that the missionaries, for the benefit of the natives and of the mission, should view his coming with alarm, and endeavour to get him away as soon as possible." Be their action in trying to monopolise the trading stations and to keep out objectionable white men right or wrong, it is certain that neither traders nor priests are fit to exercise irresponsible powers over the brown man, and of the two religious bodies are the less fit.

Tonga is a flagrant example of the dangers of a missionary domination. If the secular power of Great Britain, invoked originally, it is true, by one of the combatants who was being worsted, had not stepped in and stopped the scandalous religious warfare in that kingdom, even

missionary discipline are worn out." The reader will have difficulty in guessing his remedy. It is, "A convocation of missionary churches"!

I say there is only one remedy: Stop the subscriptions! STOP THE SUBSCRIPTIONS! Then each local church, instead of being part of a foreign despotism sustained independently of its subjects, will be a part of the people, and itself dependent on good-fellowship, on patient, loving care of the happiness of its congregation, conforming to secular humaneness, not to ecclesiastical thraldom, *and self-supporting.* The church officials must then leave, or starve, or *work!*

to the extreme measure of deporting Mr. Baker,[1] and had not overawed the truculent Wesleyan rebels and their instigators, in what a state of civil and religious anarchy would the Tongans be now!

Backed up by the convincing documentary proofs which I hold in my hand, I am of opinion that a fearless[2] statement of missionary tactics in the Friendly Islands may prove useful as a warning and as a sample of the rapid growth of religious intolerance when unchecked, and when bred in a congenial soil.[3] I am not at liberty to state how or where these papers came into my hands. They are official. Their authenticity is beyond dispute. That is the principal point. They are so full of self-accusation and counter-accusation that I have had little difficulty in selecting, and placing in chronological order, extracts that tell their own story without my help. These extracts are numbered for reference, and printed below as footnotes (*vide* p. 268 *sqq.*), or, more correctly, as a concurrent and correlative substatement.

The story, as I tell it, carefully referring to the original documents by notes of quotation, or by numbers to the footnotes, for corroboration at every step, simply fits the excerpts together in order to make them intelligible to readers who have not access to the voluminous whole. I will call it:—

[1] Those who desire to know a little of what has been written in defence of Mr. Shirley Baker should read chapters iii. and iv. of *Holy Tonga;* against him, BASIL THOMPSON'S *Diversions of a Prime Minister;* but neither book can, strictly speaking, be called history.

[2] As a flagrant instance of suppression of the truth and of cowardly shrinking from a "fearless statement" about the results of missionary work I cite Miss Bird, who, in the second edition of *Six Months in the Sandwich Islands*, withdrew some mild statements made in the first edition about mission work, because she was told that "they might discourage the efforts" (*Anglice*, stop the subscriptions) of mission helpers. This pious lady evidently feels satisfaction in their withdrawal, instead of the shame (presuming her first statements to be true) that ought to accompany the perpetration of a moral wrong. In noble contrast to this withdrawal of the truth is the fearless, temperate, and very ably written chapter on "Missionaries" in *South Sea Bubbles.*

[3] It is only just to point out here how difficult it is for missionaries to hinder enthusiastic proselytes from committing undreamt-of excesses. I copy again from *The Correspondence relating to the Fiji Native Population*, 1885: "Besides the cases of excessive zeal the mission have had some painful experience of chiefs willing to please and to excel their neighbours in their show of devotion to the *Lotu;* and perhaps the most extraordinary case is that of the slaughter by night of the innocent inhabitants of three villages in the district of Nadi, in order that the chief's provision for the children's school feast, the following day, should exceed that of his neighbours', who had only provided turtle and pigs for the teachers. *Navula*, chief of Nadi, having neither turtle nor pigs, determined to provide *bokola* or human flesh." . . . How grave a responsibility rests on those who excite such a people to a high state of fanaticism!

THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN THE WESLEYAN METHODIST CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY AND THE FREE CHURCH OF TONGA.

"Since it appears to be the will of God that man should be free as He has made all men of one blood, therefore shall the people of Tonga and all who sojourn or may sojourn in this kingdom be free for ever. . . . There shall be but one law in Tonga for chiefs and commoners, for Europeans and Tongans. . . . All men are free to practise their religion and worship God as they deem fit in accordance with the dictates of their own consciences. . . . The Sabbath day shall be sacred in Tonga for ever. It shall be lawful for all people to speak, write, and print their opinions. . . . The king shall govern for the good of all his people."—*Extracts from "The Declaration of Rights" of the Constitution granted by King George Tubou and his Prime Minister in 1875.*

Let us note some of the little things that may happen under so grand and so grandiloquently worded a Constitution.

This historiette begins, long before the date of the Constitution, with good King George I. of Tonga, fifty years ago the original "King of the Cannibal Islands" of fabulous history, converting Tongans and Samoans to the Wesleyan religion.[183] (The Church here, in later days, calls its Sectarianism, "Religion," and the creed of its opponents "the New Religion"[118. 87. 125. 120.] and "the work of the Devil.")[162] Conversion was effected, in those early days, by the persuasive means of battle, murder, and sudden death.[184] It meets with the unqualified approval and the pious blessings of the present Church.[164. 170. 185] The Wesleyan Church is thus settled comfortably in Tonga at the above-mentioned trifling cost; to which must be added an expenditure in all of (the Wesleyans say) over a million dollars in

Excerpts from Tongan Official Documents.

Mr. Moulton is charged with printing and publishing certain strictures on the Tongan Government in his introduction to a work called (1) *The Local Preacher's Paper*, No. 2, pp. 5 and 6, calculated (2) to lead the subjects of His Majesty King George to disaffection towards his Government, viz.:—(3) "Who is it that imposes burdens nowadays? Who put up the pound? (4) and forbade cricket? (5) and increased the taxes, and the educational tax, and such things? Whilst he was here" (meaning the Rev. Shirley Baker, Premier of Tonga) (6) "we awoke of a morning in disquietude as to whose land had been taken away (7) and what town would be pillaged, what good will be forbidden, and (8) what new law would be put up."

"The increase of (9) taxes and other laws being passed by the Legislature of the kingdom, Mr. Moulton was not acting in opposition to me only," replies Mr. Baker, "but to His Majesty and Privy Council, and also the Parliament and the law of the land, and has, therefore, in the opinion of the Tongan Government, (10) been guilty of abetting the people in sedition, and most seriously disturbed the peace of Tonga, and (11) indirectly influenced seditious action of the prisoners now awaiting their trial for sedition; for had they not had such conduct before them, and that from a missionary, it is hard to believe that even they would have acted as they have done."

Mr. Moulton in defence employs the *tu quoque* line of argument. "My reason for writing thus was the strictures of Mr. Baker that appeared in the *Boobooi* on the Church laying burdens (12) on the people, therefore I wrote these sentences to show how inconsistent it was for him to talk thus (13) while he himself was laying burdens on the people. For although they emanate from the Privy Council, yet who is ignorant of the fact that they are Mr. Baker's doings? With respect to waking in the morning in disquietude, wondering whose land had been taken away and what town had been pillaged, such was actually the case in Tongatabu. (14) Some

missionary commissariat, about half of which is subscribed by means of representations,[171, 178-9, 181] not always scrupulously fair, in England and the Colonies.[167, 77] It gradually "usurps as much authority as the Church of Rome did in the old days, and becomes as dangerous to individual liberty."[186]

The mainspring of this great enterprise, for a number of years and until very recently, was the Rev. Shirley Baker, an autocratic missionary of great parts, an able organizer, statesman, administrator, and leader of men, and the real author of the Constitution from which I have given extracts above. I will treat of his noble secular reforms in another place. From a religious point of view, his domination from first to last was a theocracy of iron[101] doctrine[12, 13, 16, 21] and ceaseless prayer; where subscriptions[72] were wrung[18, 67] from terrified natives[168] by armed[19] policemen;[17] and crops were seized[61] in the name of God;[15, 64, 80] harmless games were forbidden;[4] women were not allowed to smoke tobacco;* and where draconic laws punished, by conveniently heavy fines, that intercourse of sexes considered, from time immemorial, chaste by native custom. The strictest puritanic principles of the cold Covenanters of Scotland and of Cromwell's metaphysical Independents, were thrust down the throats of tropical native men and women to whom they were quite unsuited. The literal meaning of Tongatabu is "Sacred Tonga," so, under Mr. Baker's *régime*, the kingdom of George I. was known, in the profane colonial world, as "Holy Tonga." †

Going too far for the Wesleyan Missionary Society, ostensibly. in his theocratic government, really in the direction of being too independent in his manipulation of the enormous Church funds so obtained,[69, 72, 174] Mr. Baker is called upon to resign his position

premises belonging to David Tonga and Valu were taken from them by force. The Government asked them to give it up but they were not willing, and then the Premier took it from them by force and sent the convicts to clear it. With respect to the pillage of a town, it was reported all over Tonga that it had been proposed in the Privy Council to lead an army and pillage the town at Mua (15), and it would have been done but for Tuibelihake."

Mr. Baker, in reply, traversing the defence of Mr. Moulton's "infamous, seditious, and libellous article," gives us a peep at old missionary tactics thus: "In the *Booboo* I showed how, under the *régime* of an Independent District, would no longer exist the evil (16) of the old state of things, when the Government compelled the people, as slaves, (17) to build the churches, the houses of the native ministers and teachers."

In defending his new land laws Mr. Baker thus again criticises the old state of things: "It was a part of the system then in vogue, a semi-state aid, the churches, the missionaries' houses, and the native ministers' houses, being built by the Government; in fact, everything was done by the Government, and all had to unite—members, adherents, those willing and those unwilling (18)—and many a (19) native has been thrashed and punished for not doing his portion."

The new land laws are undoubtedly beneficial to the native race, as is shown in another chapter. But, according to this candid critic from their own flock, the old state of things in the land-sharking line in Tonga, as persisted in by Mr. Moulton, even out New-Zealands the old New Zealand missionaries in their monstrous land claims. Mr. Baker says: "Mr. Moulton's conduct is (20) thus most culpable in

* *Camping Among Cannibals*, by ALFRED ST. JOHNSTON, p. 36.

† Vide *Holy Tonga*, by "THE VAGABOND," a series of articles published in the *Melbourne Leader*.

in the Wesleyan Church. He immediately steps into the semi-circular, semi-religious, and in both all-powerful position of Premier to King George.

To his old place at the head of the Wesleyan Church, after awhile, succeeds an opponent worthy of his steel—a very tough customer indeed—the Rev. Mr. Moulton, who does not mince matters with either King or Premier, and who tells them, in refreshingly strong language, what he thinks of them,[56, 109, 95] Mr. Baker and the King retorting in equally candid strains.[20, 26, 55, 98, 129]

In retaliation[168] for his dismissal, or forced "resignation," to speak more politely, possibly combined with other excellent motives, no one knowing better than he the faults of his former Church, Mr. Baker persuades the King to have a Church of his own. George I. is a pious Christian. He is delighted with the idea of having his own gods and the subscriptions all to himself. And so the fight begins.

The King proclaims to his people that they are not to be Wesleyans any longer; that he is going to have a Church of his own, to be called the Tongan Free Church; and that those men and women

the extreme. If in opposition to the King's wish, and the wish of the Wesleyan Church in Tonga, and I may say of the native ministers and Quarterly Meetings. and also of the almost unanimous expression of the last District Meeting, Mr Moulton persists in carrying on the old state of things, (21) for reasons well known to many, is it right for him to try and create complications with the British Government, and thus try to compel the King and chiefs to unjustly (22) give up their lands by force? Would any missionary dare to (23) claim lands lent under such circumstances in Fiji or even in (24) New Zealand? Such a thing would be scouted (25) as a glaring robbery and an unjust oppression of the weak. . . . Mr. Moulton's explanations about disquietude and pillage only make matters the more serious and libellous . . . This statement ('leading an army to pillage Mua') I must confess," continues Mr. Baker, "shows (26) how little reliance is to be placed on Mr. Moulton's most solemn statements. The whole thing is a most perfect fabrication."

In a petition to Queen Victoria, translated into English by Mr. Moulton, appears the following, characterized by the Tongan Government (27) as "a malicious libel against the Premier": "Mr. Baker does not perform the duties of his office according to the laws, and yet it was he that composed the laws that now exist in Tonga, and he accomplished that work while he was head of the Wesleyan Church in Tonga, and now he is deposed (28) from that position for his wrong-doing."

It is further charged against Mr. Moulton that he "keeps up a continuous agitation by his sermons and his addresses, and is not only destroying the confidence of many in the Lotu, but keeping the islands in a state of agitation (29) such as would never be permitted in any part of the civilized world;" also that "the mission press has been used for other purposes than those for which it was purchased, and it has been (30) misused by Mr. Moulton; that the members of the Wesleyan Church, who pay for the press, have a right to explain to the Conference of the conduct of Mr. Moulton in his using the mission press for political purposes, and thus becoming, in opposition to the laws of the Church, a political partisan. . . . The *Nui Pakai* is a paper printed by the assistance (31) of Mr. Moulton's head printer, and by the use of the mission press, which press is paid for partly by me" (says Mr. Baker), "partly by monies collected by myself, partly by monies collected by native subscriptions and missionary meetings, and was given to the college to be used for mission purposes. It is useless for Mr. Moulton to say there are many things in it which he dislikes while stating it should not be forgotten that the High Commissioner said, 'He wished it could be read by King, chiefs, and people.' . . .

"If the High Commissioner ever made the remark" (sarcastically adds Mr.

who do not immediately join it must be prepared to take the consequences. Countenanced and encouraged by Mr. Moulton, many of the lieges object.

Mr. Baker institutes accordingly a series of petty persecutions directed against, not the Wesleyan religion, for which he continues to express feelings of Christian fellowship, but "the adherents of Mr. Moulton."[110, 134-7, 142] He puts on an education tax,[5] forbids cricket,[4] harasses them with new laws,[8] and lays burdens upon them.[13, 3] Lands, long occupied, he vexatiously takes away, on the plea that they are the private property of the King, and only lent till he require them for his own use.[6, 14]

Mr. Moulton on his part is not idle. At Mount Zion, an appropriate spot, the site of the old fort and battle-ground, he preaches a stinging sermon against Mr. Baker[48] from the telling, but not very polite, text, "For what is a man's advantage if he gain the whole world and lose himself and be cast way?"[49] backed up by an appropriate lesson,[50] in which a parallel is drawn between Saul and Mr. Baker.[57] Singular to relate, Mrs. Baker, who sits under the eloquent divine on this occasion,[51] seems most irritated by the

Baker), "he must have been grossly misinformed of the libellous nature of its articles; the (32) obscenity and filthiness of its language. . . . Whatever Mr. Moulton may call his periodical, it is not simply a literary magazine, (33) but a political pamphlet as well; that is, a newspaper, and a newspaper printed at the mission press at the expense of the Tongan Wesleyan Church. . . . The college is no longer an institution for training young men for the work of the Church, but is, as it is at present carried on, (34) a political institution beyond the control of the District Meeting or Methodist Church—an institution for the dissemination of Mr. Moulton's views and politics, yet supported by the funds of the Church."

In answer to the serious charge of anathematising King George as Uzziah, Mr. Moulton says:—"When I visited him (Albert) one day (35) I saw he was near his death; no medicine seemed to give him relief, and I thought that, perhaps, the reason was that (36) God was angry at the King's threatening the Church, for I am one that believe that God's dealings with His people are still (37) somewhat after the fashion of the Jewish dispensation; that is, that some sins are sometimes punished in this world, and I know that such has been the belief of (38) other missionaries also who have been stationed here. I also think it a very serious (39) thing to threaten the Church, so I went to see the King, and said if there was anything he was anxious that the Church should do that he should tell us, and we would give his wish every attention, but on no account (40) to threaten, for I was afraid lest his family should perish."

King George Tubou, after being cursed by Mr. Moulton, appeals to the Sydney Conference, Lifuka, 30th October, 1883:—"Am I not gray-headed (41) working for the Wesleyan Church, and does it become Mr. Moulton to speak thus to me? And not only so, but the work he is doing nowadays—his continually fighting the Government, and also the language he has just used in the district meeting now being held. Mr. Moulton is my enemy. I have fought him, I am fighting him, and I will fight him. Is there anyone who will expect that the land will be at peace, or the Church in a good state by such language or such work? If you grant my request to recall Mr. Moulton, I thereby promise that you will never repent it; but if you do not, it will be plain enough to me and my people (42) you do not wish for Tonga to be at peace and prosper; and therefore you must pardon me—although I have desired to finish my days in the Wesleyan Church—yet when my church, which I am building in Nukualofa, is finished, I shall seek a minister of another denomination to conduct my services and that of my people."

Mr. Baker: "Before giving my evidence about Mr. Moulton's conduct, I beg to protest against the person employed (43) by Mr. Moulton, the plaintiff, namely, Mr. ——, putting any question to me in consequence of his having grossly insulted

winding-up, rather pious hit, "Let us pray[60] for Mr. Baker, that his goodness may return." He preaches other sermons,[52] and issues[33] manifestoes,[92] and makes ambiguous statements, stirring up to rebellion,[29, 11, 96] quite in the Mark Antony style.[58-9, 86, 118-147] He goes about saying that Mr. Baker was dismissed from the Wesleyan Church for wrong-doing.[28] He issues seditious circulars,[10, 27] and uses the *Missionary Magazine* as a vehicle to write articles against the Government.[1, 9] He is editor of this paper, which is supported by general subscription;[30] and he is in some ways connected[31] with another paper, of which, I regret to record, his enemies say, obscene language is one of the weapons.[32] The college is used as a political engine.[34] The ancient abuses[81] of fleecing the natives[74] by forced contributions and contraband[83] trade are steadily persisted in,[21 61-63] and increased.[22-5 64-84]

His disciples and native ministers meanwhile have been joining in the fray.[183-4] So heated a partisan[43] does one gentleman become that he insults Mr. and Mrs. Baker by stooping down and[44] showing to them his posteriors. He is a European, and in an official position! A native minister also grossly insults[53] Mrs. Baker. The Reverend Premier, I am grieved to record, gives only to the lesser scoundrel a sound thrashing.[45]

"Thrash a minister!"[46] cries Mr. Moulton from the pulpit[47] with horror. "If a minister in Sydney were to be thrashed by the Premier of that country every pulpit would ring with it!"

The Wesleyan chief after this gets so exasperated that he loses his head and attacks the King. Not contented with the above-mentioned rôles of vituperator and (so his opponents style him) "inciter to

me, and also my wife, and in such a manner that is almost unpardonable, namely, whilst standing at the door of my house with my wife, Mr. ——, having entered the house at another door, and having first poked me on my hat with his stick, then turned round, and, according to native custom, insulted me most grievously (44) by stooping down and showing his posteriors—the greatest and filthiest insult that can be offered by a native. Any solicitor or lawyer guilty of such conduct to a lady would be scratched off the rolls; but as Mr. —— holds no such legal status, no professional usage can be brought to bear upon him.

"Mr. Baker: I accuse Mr. Moulton of uttering a gross libel against (48) my character in a sermon delivered by him on Sabbath, November 19th, 1882, when he preached from the text (49) Luke ix. 25, reading for his lesson (50) 1 Samuel viii. when Mrs. Baker was present. (51) . . ." And Mr. Baker goes on to say: "The case is all the more aggravated, inasmuch as Mr. Moulton has publicly (52) denounced me three times in his ministrations at Zion, and yet has never asked me for an explanation concerning the matter as to my laying the whip across David Finau's shoulders when he so grossly (53) insulted my wife in my presence. I consider Mr. Moulton has made a breach of all ecclesiastical usage, and has entirely (54) forgotten his position as a minister, and his ungentlemanly conduct in denouncing, before a lady in his public ministrations, her husband, whose only fault was to shield her from the wild insolence of an excited man, brands Mr. Moulton, not only as (55) a coward, but guilty of most ungentlemanly conduct, such as would only become one to ill-manners born. . . . He also, in his sermon, makes the following remarks about me:—'For Mr. Baker was a good man, a minister, had a position. We, all of us, both you and myself, acknowledge that he was very useful to you; but how do we see him now? (56) Isn't his goodness gone? As we read in our lesson, the evil of Saul (57) arose from his not restraining his jealousy, for he threw the first thing he saw—the javelin. Even this week I have have had letters and communications; even priests say there was never such a thing in the world as

sedition," he assumes that of an ancient Jewish prophet. In the presence of the old King's dying grandson Albert, Mr. Moulton denounces him, tells him that God has already slain his only son because of his persecution of the saints. This self-appointed prophet believes in his own power and authority to curse; yet, more death[35] to follow does he threaten as glibly as if the keys of life and death,[40] of heaven and hell, had been entrusted to the Wesleyan Methodists, and were then and there in the reverend gentleman's pocket. "*Koe Usaia koe; koeuhi kuo keala kihe Lotu.*" ("You are Uzziah; you have touched the Lotu.") The Lord has visited you. Your son, David Uga, has died; and your grandson Albert will die. God is angry with you for threatening the church," foams this modern Amos.

Prostrated with grief at the bedside of his sinking grandson, the old King replies meekly, but with great dignity:—

"I am not the only one that death has entered his house."

A grand old heathen gentleman! indeed the only person who comes at all creditably out of this affair.

Mr. Moulton has now gone just one step too far, and he soon finds it out. Idolised by a people and by their chiefs,[111] over whom he has reigned for more than half a century, accustomed to be treated with the deepest respect by priests, matabooles, and even by the sacred Tuitongas and their descendants, the old King is much disturbed in spirit. Naturally, not so impervious to superstitious fear of curses as would be a European monarch or an American President, he is not quite sure to what length the new God, Jehovah, may go in that direction if thwarted:—

"The Lord will roar from Zion," says Amos, "and the top of

to strike a minister. But although they ask me (58) to do this and that, I do not say (59) do it; but he has fallen into evil. He has not retained his goodness; but I say to you and myself (60) let us pray for him!'"

Mr. Moulton: "I sent David Finow to Mr. Baker to ask about three college students who were sentenced to six months' work on the roads for stealing. In the interview which followed (45) he was horse-whipped. I began to think how his cause could be taken up; the matter couldn't be judged. I knew no Tongan Court could try Mr. Baker, yet it was intolerable that a Tongan minister (46) should be horse-whipped without anyone standing up on his behalf, so I resolved (47) to do it from the pulpit."

In this dispute between rival Churches the miserable truth about the grasping missionary system comes out with a vengeance. I do not know which is the most damaging—the charges against Mr. Moulton, his defences, or Mr. Baker's replications.

Charge VIII.:—In having raised missionary monies at Niuafoou and Niuatobutabu by a system which met distinct disapproval of the New South Wales and Queensland Conference of 1880, viz., by pledging the growing crops of nuts (61), causing complications to arise between the Tongan Government and the foreign residents, consuls, and the mission, in consequence of the natives, from the system enforced, being unable (62) to pay their just debts and their taxes to the Government; for as soon as the nuts commence to ripen the names of the defaulters whose nuts have been pledged—in some cases by themselves, and in many instances only by their chiefs—are called out (63) from the pulpit on the Sabbath morning, and at meetings held during the week, and thus for very shame and in fear (64) of ecclesiastical punishment, they make the copra, or, in many instances, if they do not do it themselves, the native ministers, preachers, and teachers go (65) and make copra on their lands. . . . In case of Niuafoou, the circumstances are all the more distressing as the place is, and has been for some time, in a state

Carmel shall wither." "Is his *Jioaji Tuboús*, Free Church, the stranger offering incense before the Lord? Is the Lord roaring now from Mount Zion in Tongatabu through His prophet Moulton?" thinks the aged king, "and will He smite me as He smote the good King Uzziah for that simple error?" Jioaji Tubou I., King of Tonga, trembles. In old days his ancestor, *Finow*, would have quietly strangled so uncomplacent a priest. He contents himself with never forgiving Mr. Moulton, who, even in cooler moments, makes the old-fashioned, rather comical defence that "God's dealings with His people are still somewhat after the fashion of the old Jewish dispensation,"[37] and so say most of us![38]

In most touching language the King now, humbly as a neophyte writing to an ecclesiastical superior, begs the President and Elders of the Conference in Sydney to recall his persecutor,[42] and send a less truculent *tohunga*. He begins by recounting what he has done for religion; how anxious he is for peace. "I write this," he says, dating from Lifuka, Haapai, on 30th October, 1883, "with all respect and reverence to you. . . . Mr. Moulton has anathematised me, calling me Uzziah, and saying I have touched the Lotu, and therefore my son David Uga and my grandson Albert have both died. But what evil have I done? Is it wrong for me to desire for my land to be both a church and a Government? Is that a sin, in the sight of the Lord, for me and my house to be cursed by Mr. Moulton? Have love to me and Tonga, and

of famine, the people living upon roots, (66) their debts unpaid, whilst the mission store is full of copra (67) wrung from the people by the most unjustifiable coercion and ecclesiastical despotism.

Mr. Moulton's defence: "As to the missionary meetings at the two Niuas, I did as Mr. Watkin had done, and as had been done (68) from the commencement. As there is little money, and the visit is made in a time when the crops are not ripe, therefore the collection has consisted of promises. It is quite true this was formerly abused, and a charge (69) was brought against Mr. Baker for it; but I avoided all such abuse, and let each one speak for himself, and not let the chiefs promise for all the community. Besides, I did not allow them to be lavish in their promises as formerly. Formerly each island's contribution amounted to 10,000 dollars, (70) now it is not 5000 (71) both together."

(Mr. Baker's replication):—"If it were wrong for me to allow them (72) to pledge themselves for ten thousand dollars, it was certain equally wrong for Mr. Moulton to (73) allow them to pledge themselves for five thousand dollars; and I maintain a greater wrong, because what I did was to allow them to pledge themselves for their own benefit; for as the result of such pledging they have one of the largest and prettiest churches in the South Seas, beautifully finished, and a native minister's residence and study (*sic*) unequalled in any of the Wesleyan Mission stations of the South Seas. But what do they get for pledging themselves to Mr. Moulton? I answer nothing, (74) but fleeced to pay debts which ought not to have been contracted, and some I maintain were not owed. I refer to a great portion (75) of Mr. Moulton's expenses in England, and charges made for freight (76), per *Wesley*, for timber, which ought never to have been charged or paid, seeing that the mission received (77) thousands upon thousands from the islands, and it was the proper work of the *Wesley* to bring timber for the European missionaries' houses. I told the chiefs they were at liberty to give only what they liked at the missionary meetings. If these meetings are to be held by pledging the growing crops, that is, going into debt, I am right in commanding until their indebtedness be paid to the traders, that not one of the Mayors of the town shall give a pledge on his growing crops. . . . This I maintain I had a right to do. Since Mr. Moulton's visit and the pledging of the growing crops the Government have been informed that accumulated interest on the debts owing by the natives will be demanded by the firms to whom the debts are

recall Mr. Moulton, for I do not wish to see him or wish to hear him preach. He is no longer of any service in Tonga. Let the Reverend Mr. Watkin return to Tonga and reside with me." Ending with, "I trust you will have respect to the petition and tears of an old man, who has almost completed his year of jubilee in the Wesleyan Church."

The President and Elders, however, are not going to be moved by the tears of any old king, who, to put it plainly, wants to deprive them[94, 77, 131, 174-5] of money,* of lands,[176-7] and theocratic power, of salaries[82] and travelling allowances.[75] They think they see the firm Roman hand and sarcastic smile of their arch-enemy, the Premier, behind all this humility, and, possibly, they are not far wrong. They stick to their guns, and Mr. Baker and the King "go for" the Wesleyans in earnest.

Not only do they pass laws directly preventing freedom of religious speech[97]—that would be a comparative trifle—they take away[98] the water-tanks from Mr. Moulton's adherents—no joke in this climate—nail up their churches,[102, 103, 105] take away their food[90] and kava at the *fai-kava* or meetings for drinking kava, which is more dear twenty times to them than tea-drinking is to our Australian and New Zealand settlers; eject them from their lands,[91] order them not to stir abroad except at night,[100] banish native Wesleyan ministers,[104] expel others from their homes,[90, 115-7] beat with sticks[166] till the blood comes those who will not join the Free Church,[153]

due, and thus complications have arisen in consequence of Mr. Moulton's conduct, (78) and distress warrants will be issued as the result. If I were (79) reproved for allowing the natives to pledge their crops, then Mr. Moulton must be reprimanded likewise for allowing them to do the same."

The secret of the animosity of traders against missionaries is not only rival land speculation, but also rival tradings, and it comes out in the next paragraphs. Mr. Moulton is charged:—"With importing goods to some thousands of pounds into Tonga during the past year, including lumber, building materials, paints, carts, merchandise, (80) and selling the same to various trusts, and certain persons." His defence is an aggravation of the charge. He says: "What I have done in Tonga is what (81) has been done by all missionaries from the commencement. . . . I order from the colonies goods for the church, the native ministers, and the employés of the mission, such as carpenters."

Mr. Baker in his replication gives some startling figures about the increase of missionary trading:—"It is certainly true that formerly when the mission had the *Wesley*, and the Missionary Committee in Sydney paid the native ministers, the native ministers were allowed the same privileges as the missionaries, and their goods were ordered through the general secretary, and brought down without freight being charged to them. But that was a very different state of things from the present, when there is no mission vessel and they get larger salaries, (82) and are paid by the native churches and not by the Missionary Committee; and then the present law as regards trading (83) was not in existence, and circumstances were altogether different; but what has been done in a small way Mr. Moulton now orders (84) by thousands of pounds."

The usefulness of a proper, secularly-audited, missionary balance-sheet is here set out. It is just to state that there is no insinuation of misappropriation of funds for personal benefits on either side. Mr. Moulton is charged with failing to publish a detailed account of the monies received on account of missionary meetings at Niua-

* In addition to the large sums of money otherwise raised and distributed by the Australian branch of the Church, the surplus of subscriptions received *in* Tonga and spent *out of* Tonga by the Wesleyan Church, was admitted in 1876 to have exceeded £2000.—*Report of Sir Charles Mitchell*, 1887.

administer oaths with a Bible[152] and a Test Act—those who refuse to take the oath and who turn Catholics[151] out of spite (*the gentlemen of the cowl taking away the bone quietly, while the other gospellers fight*) being beaten till they are "livid, white, motionless"; beating women,[108, 121] dashing them[107] to the ground, cutting off the eyelids of children[180] and exposing the innocent victims to the sun (*an old settler tells me this was done in Vavau*); also, if Mr. Moulton be believed, threatening to tear up and destroy Wesleyan plantations;[114] to cut off noses,[89] hang,[88] drown,[122] and otherwise kill[113] the adherents of Mr. Moulton—men, women, and children,[123] and give some of them to the people to eat;[124] all, of course, with much expression of piety on both sides, and for the glory of God; also, as the British Consul indignantly writes, "connecting Queen Victoria's name[155-6] with oppression, which she has passed a lifetime in endeavouring to put down in every part of the world. Curiously enough no Titus Oates, or Judge Jeffreys, seems to have been bred in this congenial atmosphere. There are, however, indications that a few years more of unchecked theocracy would have yielded a crop of those gentlemen.[157]

Here Mr. Baker, in his turn, oversteps the bounds of prudence,

foou, Niuatobutabu, and Tongatabu, and also failing to present to the district meeting or home mission meetings an account of such monies. Mr. Moulton's reply: "As to not giving a detailed account of the Niua monies, I have simply (85) followed in the footsteps of Mr. Watkin and his predecessors. Had they done differently I should have done differently. . . ."

Mr. Baker writing to Mr. Moulton, 14th February, 1888:—"Sir,—A printed letter was brought to me this morning signed by you as follows: 'To the Tongan friends,—I write this to you on account of (86) the intimidation which is going on, and the setting up of the new religion. (87) I wish you to write me and inform me of any intimidating language which may be used, namely, to punish you, threatening to hang you, (88) cut off your noses, (89) take away your houses and premises, (90) and drive you out of the land.' (91) . . . I shall not conceal my feelings in the matter. I was greatly surprised when I read the circular, for I did not expect such a document would be printed by one who claims to be a minister, neither did I expect you would allow yourself to be so deceived by any collectors of lies as to print such (92) abominable falsehoods. In reference to this matter I would request most earnestly that you would inform me who has been punished by the Government? Who is expecting to be hanged? Whose nose is to be cut off? Whose premises have been confiscated? Whose house has been taken by force? And what man or woman has been exiled?

"You have often rushed (93) into Government affairs, but this is the very worst.

"I must thank you for exposing your intentions in the sight of all Tonga, besides appearing in your own true colour by appointing yourself protector of the people of Tonga, for them to appeal to you and not to the Government or the courts of Tonga, but to come to you, as another Absalom, with their falsehoods, through which you may be able to produce dissensions in the land, and say the Constitution and Treaty have been broken, and thus desire a man-of-war to come and judge the King and his Government. It will be better for you to give up saying 'New Religion,' for such is false, for the Wesleyan Free Church of Tonga is the same as the Wesleyan Church. For its principles, its services, its doctrine, its sacrament, its baptism, its class meetings, its preachers, its leaders are the same. In what respect, then, is it a new religion? It is you who are setting up new things in the church, whereas the Free Church of Tonga is following in the paths of the old missionary, Mr. Thomas. In these two things only is there a difference:—1. The Church of Tonga is independent of the Colonies. 2. (94) It has the management of its own funds. Do you think it wrong for his Majesty to say he does not wish any persons to have anything to do in the governing of the land who are supporters of a man who has cursed him by

and there arises a little cloud, in the shape of consular interference, which grows bigger and bigger, until it ultimately swoops down on him like a waterspout, envelopes him, and whirls him away to New Zealand. To that extent the final victory remains with Mr. Moulton. Mr. Baker's trial and deportation by Sir W. B. Thurston, the British High Commissioner of the Western Pacific Isles, are well-known matters of history. The ex-Premier has been calmly judged, and deliberately condemned by the highest authorities, as well as snapped at after his fall by many men of lesser ability. There is no need for me to judge him over again. My business throughout is more with his opponents, who have "laboured with such really courageous fidelity for the interests of the Methodist Church in Tonga," "and with whom the Conference in Sydney so deeply sympathizes, on account of the trials and unjust accusations to which they have been exposed."

It may be at once conceded that, as testified by a writer who knew him personally, "Mr. Moulton was a scholar and a gentleman, full of generous impulses and enthusiasm—a born teacher, whose field was the class-room." A friend who travelled in his company the other day says, "I would you had been there; he kept us

calling him Uzziah, (95) and of a man who translated a document libelling his Majesty by saying his Majesty is in his dotage, and does not rule righteously? And who is that man but you? Besides, who can say they were put down because they belong to the Wesleyan Church? No, because they supported you; and also on account of their inability to perform the command of his Majesty and set up the Free Church in their towns, for, of course, you would forbid them doing that" (96.)

The persecution of the Wesleyans begins in earnest in March, 1885. The law of the six is a regulation of the Tongan Parliament passed in 1885. "In order to prevent the disturbances which spring from the ecclesiastical arrangements of the present time, the King and the Tongan Parliament enact as follows: (97) It is forbidden to a religious body to preach a sermon in a town where there are fewer than six adults in all, men and women natives of the town. Anyone breaking this law shall on conviction be fined 20 dollars."

The following letters are selected from the correspondence between Wesleyan missionaries and the Premier: "I am sorry to trouble you about business at this time, but my men have been forbidden by Nafetelai to use (98) the tank of our preacher's house.

"I beg to call your attention, as Premier, to the extraordinary occurrence this morning at the Fai-kava All who are Wesleyans were told to go, after having taken their food, which was not (99) given back to them. Such action is certainly not characteristic of the Wesleyan Church, and I hope it will not be sanctioned by the rulers in the Free Church. . . . There is no need to say with what pain I heard a crier proclaiming that the Wesleyans were not to share in showing respect to the memory of their prince. That he would have approved such an act I do not believe. As for the order—the Wesleyans are not (100) to stir abroad except at night, and then again sending them away from the Fai-kava—these things show the spirit that actuates the Free Church, and will, with the exclusion from the funeral, stamp it as a (101) persecuting Church. . . .

"Lajike has taken possession (102) of our church in Ahau, and prevented our people from worshipping there, and has announced that after to-morrow the Wesleyans will not be allowed to conduct a service in the town. . . . The church where I am going to preach to-morrow morning, Haakame, has (103) been nailed up by the Bule, so I must ask you to send an officer with me to open the doors. . . . I am also informed that the Wesleyans in Homuka have been banished (104) from the Islands with their minister. Their embarkation was to take place to-day. . . . The church, too, (105) has been taken from us.

"Last night Lajike went to Bea to bind (106) and beat the remaining Wesleyans

spellbound by his graphic descriptions of island life." I, too, would have, perchance, been spellbound and would gladly have sat in all humility at his feet to learn from his greater experience and scholarship. It does not affect the matter. I deal here only with politico-theological actions, not with private character and worth. We do not need to be told at this time of day that a missionary may be an amiable, accomplished, cultured, and honourable gentleman, and yet totally unfit to wield political power over a superstitious and ignorant race.

Meanwhile the struggle deepens. Hitherto were only skirmishes, so to speak. Now we come to graver warfare, of which I do not know how to write too guardedly. It is asserted by the Premier, the King, and by his Minister of Police that on the 13th January, 1887, an attempt to assassinate the Rev. Shirley Baker was made by certain natives, aided and encouraged by "Mr. Moulton's adherents."[138, 143] On the other hand, it is denied that any attempt at assassination was ever made at all, or that any encouragement was ever given,

there. . . . Early this morning he sent the police to fetch Baula Letele and his wife. As they came out of the house, the policeman (Folauhaamoa) seized the woman (107) and dashed her to the ground. Twice did the inhuman monster treat the woman thus. . . . On coming into Lajika's presence they were shown the rope (108) and sticks with which they were to be beaten, and they were told to *tofaki*, or else the man would be bound and taken to the King. . . . You (Mr. Baker) are the Premier and responsible for the conduct of the officials. If this sort of thing continues your name (109) will be covered with lasting infamy."

Mr. Baker to Mr. Moulton:—"It will be well for you to remember that you are the sole origin (110) of all the present trouble in the Islands, and that the King and many of his chiefs are irritated beyond measure by your remaining here, especially when, under the present painful circumstances of the death of the late Crown Prince, they remember (111) your calling the King Uzziah. As to your remark that my name will be covered with lasting infamy, I am not afraid what the universal verdict will be when the true (112) facts of the case are known, and I need not say I intend they shall be."

More letters of complaint:—

"The Wesleyans at Eua were informed by Halahalo that the laws would not protect them, and that he might bind, (113) beat, or kill them at his pleasure. . . . Lajika at Ahau, at the *fona* there, also said that the plantations of the Wesleyans (114) would be torn up. He also ordered that the remaining Wesleyans should leave (115) the town, and one of them was immediately seized by two policemen (116) and led away to Kolorai."

"At this present moment some thirty people are in my *lo-to-a* who have been expelled (117) from their homes by Lavaka and the Boa people on account of their being Wesleyans."

Mr. Moulton's circular or manifesto to the Wesleyan Church of Tonga, 31st March, 1885:—

"FRIENDS,—I write again to you on account of the recent proclamations, for the aspect of the thing has been changed. I thought, notwithstanding the setting up of the New Religion, (118) there would be some little attention paid to the Constitution, allowing those who wished to worship in a different religion, and leaving us free to this. But now it has all been changed.

"The King has stated that we shall be sent away, and the chiefs have immediately rushed upon us, and seized the churches, and driven out our people, and in some places they have been taken by force for the New Religion. It is a strange thing, friends, and it is right I should write to you that you may know how we are to proceed. With reference to the churches and appurtenances they are sure to come back to us.

"I wish (119) to see the Government lasting on, after the time of Tubou,

or that there was any guilty knowledge of such intention in the minds of any of the Europeans, or native Wesleyans, who were closely associated with Mr. Moulton.

The only ascertained fact is that six unfortunate, misguided, or innocently accused, men of Tonga were condemned to death, taken to the uninhabited island of Malenoa, within sight of Tongatabu, and shot in cold blood at the direct instigation, as one side says—against the strenuous intercession,[150] the other maintains—of the supposed intended victim.

Public opinion in 1895–6, as far as I can ascertain it from old traders and settlers, is so confused and conflictory on the subject, and in some cases exhibit such unreasoning animosity against all missionaries as to be worthless; therefore I, simply and without comment, place impartial excerpts at foot to enable the reader to form his own conclusions. My opinion is valueless; but I cannot refrain from saying that I no more believe Mr. Moulton guilty of knowingly inciting his followers to assassinate his opponent, than I believe Mr. Baker guilty of trying, as

by one who shall be chosen by the chiefs. And it will be so if the Constitution is observed and the rules civilized, if not, Tonga will not last.

"And now see the fruits of (120) the New Religion. One fruit is the driving away of the people, so it is a religion turning away friends. A chief said to some women who were still standing firm, (121) they shall be thrashed; so another representative of the Government said in another part, 'The women should be taken and drowned in (122) the sea'; another went at children (indeed my blood warmed when I heard it, excuse me), a great, big fellow stood up and spoke to a little, trembling child, (123) 'Come over, if not you will be killed'; worst of all it is said that the people are to be eaten as food. (124) Is this religion? It is heathenism revived. It is indeed most apparent that (125) the two religions differ. I am surprised that the chiefs are not afraid to make such proclamations. Do they not know that it is the people of God they are ill-treating? And, as Jesus said, 'and shall not God avenge (126) His own elect?' Friends, I sympathise greatly with you in your sufferings, but, under the circumstances, what else can be done? (127) Shall we throw away the truth because of this persecution? Endure, for in a little we shall have it smooth. Remember the words of Jesus, 'I know thy tribulation and the speaking evil being done. Fear none of these things which thou shalt suffer; behold the devil (128) shall cast you into prison that ye may be tried, and ye shall have tribulation ten days.'"

Mr. Baker writes to the English Consul at Nukualofa, sarcastically:—"It is certainly a pity when it is remembered that it is in consequence of the unscriptural (129) and un-Christlike conduct of Mr. Moulton towards his Majesty the King that he should have concluded such a circular with such pious counsels and scriptural quotations, (130) which cannot but tend to bring religion into mockery and contempt." Then, seriously, "I would, however, observe that the Tongan Government has sufficient confidence in the British Government, and in the well-known love of fairness of the British nation, to suppose for a moment that those chiefs who have claimed the churches they and their people have built, and for which they say neither Mr. Moulton, nor the Committee, nor the Conference in the colonies has contributed (131) one farthing, will be deprived of them by force, in accordance with Mr. Moulton's wish (132), at the cannon's mouth, without having been permitted first to plead their cause in their own courts. The Tongan Government cannot for a moment suppose that the Methodist Church at large will consent to hold the undignified position as (*sic*) that a Church comprised of political opponents of his Majesty's (133) rebels and roughs, for such would be the position which it would hold, if it continues to remain in Tonga.

Report of the Minister of Police to his Majesty King George, May, 1887, *in re* attempted assassination:—

Almost all the prisoners who had been pardoned, together with their friends and

some old settlers put it, "to get Mr. Moulton strung up," or of actively condemning to death the six misguided fanatics, who indubitably made an attack of some sort upon him while he was driving past in a buggy with his son and daughter. Shots were fired. Miss Baker and her brother were wounded, either accidentally or of malicious purpose,[146] and the Premier escaped unhurt.

At last in 1888 the gentlemen in Sydney gave way. In a letter, breathing a Christian spirit of peace, they do not recall Mr. Moulton—that would be a confession of weakness—they permit him, "at his own request, to leave for Sydney and reside there, for the purpose of carrying on his work of translating the Scriptures into Tongese, a work which must be of inestimable value to all your Majesty's subjects"; and they sent the Rev. George Brown, as a messenger of peace, to heal the present unhappy schism. They praise the Wesleyan body all round.[158] Mr. Moulton they especially recognize in a resolution of confidence and sympathy.[159]

those who were known to be evilly disposed towards your Government, joined the secession, and although many of them had not for years been in a Wesleyan church, (134) yet, all of a sudden, became staunch supporters of Mr. Moulton. And when the four bushrangers escaped from prison and took to the bush (135) they at once assisted in securing them from the police. In consequence, as it afterwards appeared from their confessions, of Mr. Moulton's party at Mau (136) helping and secreting them, and also some Catholics, we were unable to catch them. . . . The bushrangers still kept to the bush, but they did not want for anything. They all stated their clothes were of the best. Their food was what became chiefs—the gift of some of the Europeans, and such was the way in which they lived, that some of the lads who saw how they lived, so as they might partake of the good things, (137) went and joined them. . . . On the capture of the prisoners the police found among their correspondence and papers the true meaning of the report, and that no less than upwards of one hundred persons were accomplices of the prisoners in their diabolical plan, and had agreed to join in the same; and at that time more than (138) one-third of Mr. Moulton's college boys. And in the sworn statements they made it appears it was the plan of some Europeans who were in connection with them to create a disturbance, so as to give the British nation some pretext for annexing Tonga because Tonga was not able to govern itself, and so as to accomplish their purpose every means was used to fill the minds of the Tongans who joined them with hatred against the Government, finding fault with all the laws and ordinances of the Government, trying to make them believe they were tyrannized over, and that if they accomplished their purpose, (139) and the Tongan Government was overthrown, there would be no taxes, or any other work to do; that everyone would then do as they pleased; and that it was usual (140) to shoot premiers, and that if the Premier and the principal Ministers of the Government were killed and war proclaimed numbers would flock to them, and in consequence (141) of such repeated advice the day was appointed, of which the police had documentary evidence to the same effect. And from the evidence in the possession of the police (142) it appears that some of the Europeans, and also of Mr. Moulton's adherents and of Mr. Moulton's college boys, only wanted the Premier, Minister of Police, and Inspector of Police killed, but not for war to be made, for they would be sure to be beaten, because the Free Church was so strong. The first plan made was for Mr. Moulton's college boys (143) to assassinate the Premier on Christmas-eve, and it was arranged one of them should go to the Premier's house and ask for medicine, and whilst the Premier's back was turned, for Lavuso to club him on the head with a kolo (small club), and then for them to escape. From the sworn statements of the witnesses, it appears that the committee of the outlaws—Tobui, Lika, and Aisea Kamoto—were the first to suggest to the outlaws the idea of killing the Premier, and they stated on oath that Mr. Moulton met Tobui on the Sabbath previous to the assassination, and had a long

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The new "messenger of peace" is quite able to carry on the work of his predecessor. Mr. Baker sarcastically remarks that "some are surprised that one[161] so well known" in the church militant should undertake the rôle of a peacemaker; and Mr. Brown, very naïvely (so writes Mr. Baker[160, 163] to the General Conference at Sydney) excuses himself for using intemperate language; for example, that "the Free Church was the work of the devil,"[162] by an admission of heredity. "Surely," Mr. Baker reports him to say, "nobody could look on my carroty beard without saying I was a hasty man."[163] I can quite understand that to a gentleman of this warm temperament it was irritating to have word sent him by a hostile New Britain chief: "I am coming to take your head and hang it up as an ornament in my house." The Rev. S. Fison is reported to have said that Mr. Brown was a man Judge Gould would have hanged; but Mr. Brown, it is only fair to state, was acquitted at Fiji by Sir Arthur Gordon for leading his disciples against the New Britain chief.

conversation with him, and they swear on oath Mr. Moulton said to Tobui (144) for Tobui to prevent the outlaws from doing anything. They had remained all the night and the next day, and at dark, on the same Thursday (January 13th, 1887), they went down to the beach with Lavuso, and hid behind the Norfolk Pine fences on the beach, near the Premier's residence, and they planned that, as the Premier was driving to his office, Fenoke should seize the horse, two others should catch hold of the driver, and two—Naisa and Tavake—should shoot the Premier, and Tuitavake was to go down with a lot of the college boys and rescue the outlaws if they were caught, and the password was to be "Paul." (145) One of the other assassins came and stooped down at the side of the buggy, and the Premier recognized him; and when Mr. Baker's daughter, Beatrice, saw that one of the outlaws was pointing his gun at her father, she got up in the buggy, as the man was from behind, and standing between the murderer and her father covered the latter with her dress, so as the former could not see her father, and when the murderer fired, he shot Shirley in the arm and Beatrice in her thigh, (146) but the Premier escaped. Your Majesty is also aware of the statement made on oath (147) by Mr. Edinborough that Mr. Moulton said to him in the presence of others, two days before the assassination, that he was afraid that the outlaws would do something, and that he (Mr. Moulton) would be blamed for it. But what I am both vexed with Mr. Moulton's adherents, and several of the Europeans who form part of his clique, is their telling the natives that the various premiers and kings in foreign lands are often shot at and killed, (148) just as if they wanted to put the idea into the minds of the natives to do something of the kind; and I have no hesitation in saying the prisoners who were shot were so shot in consequence of the bad advice given them, and because of such conduct on the part of (149) Mr. Moulton's adherents and several of the Europeans. The Premier asked your Majesty to have love to him and to his family—and remember what he has done in Tonga—and to (150) spare the condemned men, and not to have them hung or shot; and I also besought your Majesty to grant the Premier's request, and after some considerable time, when we found your Majesty only got more angry, the Premier said for your Majesty to retire, and that we would see your Majesty again in the morning That your Majesty would, perhaps, be in a better frame of mind then; and your Majesty locked the door and remained alone. But about two o'clock in the morning your Majesty sent the guard—Tomasi Tubuvale—to me, unknown to the Premier, for me to come to your Majesty; and when I came you commanded me to put on board the schooner at once the prisoners whose names you gave me, and to do it quietly, so as no one should know; and I did so, and took them to Malenoa, and did as your Majesty commanded.

R. B. Leefe, Acting Deputy-Commissioner, W. P., to the Premier of Tonga, British Consulate, Nukualofa, February 12th, 1887:—

"I have the honour to inform you that an affidavit was sworn to in this office this

One writer, who speaks of Mr. Baker with absurd bitterness and contempt, calls Mr. Brown "the able evangelic head of the Wesleyans," and "the gifted secretary of missions"; and asserts that "so long as he remained at Tonga the Wesleyans showed an admirable self-restraint, but when a Mr. C. took his place there was a change." Thus there seems a lower depth of Wesleyan truculence which I have neither space, time, nor inclination to plumb.

Luckily for the purpose of this historiette, Mr. Brown also hastens to commit himself on paper. Indeed, one of the remarkable things about the whole campaign in Tonga is the eagerness with which all wish to place their errors and weaknesses in black and white. Tired of cooling his heels in Nukualofa, making no progress to get the devil out of the Free Church, and bring the flock back to the Wesleyan fold, Mr. Brown writes a letter to the King, so delightfully impudent, so keenly answered, that I cannot refrain from voluminous extracts at foot.[164, 185]

He begins by recounting the object of his mission. He expatiates "how the Conference loves him (the King), and intercedes with the

morning by Mr. H. Fisher, in which he states (151) that a boatload of people were taken this morning from the Hahake district and landed at Tuji's place (Fakaogo people, lately turned Catholics). He saw these people thrashed. Tuji was on the verandah with about twenty men before him, to whom a man was (152) administering an oath with a Bible; that all but six or seven were dismissed; that a young man then commenced thrashing them with a cocoanut branch; that a man named Filipe Tonu Tukunta received the fourth blow across his face, and blood immediately ran down; at the seventh blow he rolled over (153) fainting, but was presently picked up, and a bucket of water thrown over him; that on the 8th instant he (Mr. Fisher) entered a house and saw a man, as he thought, lying dead. He was terribly bruised, (154) livid, white, motionless, and could not speak; he was one of the five Fakaogos handed over by the King to do what they liked with. That same Monday morning fully twelve natives told me that Queen Victoria had written to Tubou saying that he might do what he liked with his own people, some of them adding that (155) Mr. Baker told this to the Honeike's, and had the letter. I need not point out that it has become absolutely impossible to ignore these tremendous infractions of, I suppose, Tongan laws, and that you are treading on very dangerous ground indeed if there is any truth whatever in the allegation contained which connects Queen Victoria's name (156) with oppression which she has passed a lifetime in endeavouring to put down in every part of the world."

Again. "If, as your letter would imply, communications made in this manner and in this spirit are to be used by you as a means of taking hostile action towards individuals by any means, (157) Tongan or English, there will, as you must see, be an end of all intercourse but of the most formal nature."

1888. The recall of Mr. Moulton and the "Gospel of Peace" carried to Tonga by the Rev. Mr. Brown:—

"The General Conference (158) records its deep sense of the patience, zeal, and generous devotion with which the New South Wales Conference has administered Tongan affairs during the past three years. The unhappy division of the Church in Tonga has been the cause of the keenest and deepest grief to all the Wesleyan Methodist churches in these colonies. The Conference (159) further recognizes the loyalty and courageous fidelity with which the Rev. J. E. Moulton has laboured for the interests of the Methodist Church in Tonga, and deeply sympathizes with him on account of the trials and unjust accusations to which he has been exposed. It records its high sense of his high character and great ability."

The Premier to the General Conference.—His Majesty cannot but view the appointment of an additional minister, with the statements made in Conference (N.S.W.) by Mr. Brown, and the meetings which were to be held for the raising of monies for the Wesleyan Church in Tonga, the determination of the Sydney

Almighty for the Queen and the Royal Family and the Government, in all our churches in Tonga. They still praise God for His mercy to Your Majesty. If anyone denies what is said he is a liar, with all respect to your Majesty."

This seems a favourite expression with Mr. Brown.[166] He asks for the Wesleyan Church to be "allowed liberty to hold services at the proper hours, as is done by the Catholic Religion"; that those imprisoned for refusal to take the oath be liberated, those banished be allowed to return.

"If these requests be granted, I say that our two churches can be joined, a conference like Sydney set up in Tonga, and (last, not least) the leases and churches of both denominations be handed over to that Conference, to have jurisdiction over according to the laws of the General Conference of Australia." He tries to smooth over Mr. Moulton's fatal step about Uzziah by remarking, "I love and respect Prince Laifone. I pray to God that He may speedily restore him from his sickness."

Then he goes for Mr. Baker hammer and tongs, and daggers too;

Conference to (160) fight to the bitter end, and, as such, His Majesty is bound to accept the position and prepare for the same. I was certainly surprised by the disapprobation expressed by several of the ministers and representatives at the appointment of Mr. Brown as Commissioner. "That a man who had partly organized and headed the murderous assault at New Britain (161) on innocent women and children was not the man to send to Tonga to promote peace." One statement which annoyed the King was that Mr. Brown should have stated in Vavau "that the Free Church was the work of the devil."(162) There were also several other statements made, and I remonstrated with Mr. Brown about the bad policy of such action, and that no good whatever would come of it, and he replied that he was not the right man to send—that he was two impetuous, and that nobody (163) could look upon his carroty beard without saying he was a hasty man. From this time I consider the prospects of union have been considerably lessened.

1889, 9th June. Rev. Mr. Brown to King George Tubou.—The General Conference still remembers your good work (164) which you have done in our church. They do not wish to receive money from this country, (165) not by any means. That is a (166) lying statement, with all respect to your Majesty. From the commencement of the mission the Wesleyan Mission has spent money in Tonga. If the amount be calculated which they have brought out of their love to Tonga, (167) five hundred thousand dollars would not cover it, which they have given. And you know that Mr. Baker was removed because they were not pleased with the mode which he used to increase the dollars at the missionary meetings held by him. (168) That is the reason why he has an evil heart towards our church. I used to love Mr. Baker a great deal, and I love him still; but at the present I weep for shame at his (169) conduct. I cannot by any means forget your love to our church in Samoa, a land where I lived for fourteen (170) years, and I love your Majesty very much for the good work you did.

The King in reply.—I am greatly annoyed with the missionary meetings which have been held by you and that adulteress, (171) Rachel Tonga, through which my mind has been changed. Is that the way of the world to take about a woman convicted of adultery, like Rachel Tonga, to insult me, and my chiefs, and my Government? A woman who committed adultery with a man named Tubou, and was convicted, fined, and paid the fine for her adultery A woman who is suspected of having committed adultery with more men than I have fingers on my hands. Shall I again join a church which does such things, and countenances such lies as have been told concerning one thing and another? I am grieved exceedingly, Mr. Brown; you and your church may keep a woman convicted of adultery, but you shall not have me, George Tubou. . . But with reference to your words as follow, (172) I shall not show you any respect, but tell you right out that they are a parcel

for he stabs at his enemy's reputation wherever he can.[168, 172-3] In this whole letter, the paragraph that most becomes him is, "*Tubou*, I am afraid of this letter of mine to Your Majesty. Will you please pardon me?"

The King gives Mr. Brown quite as good a dressing down as he gets, indeed he hits harder in his delightful reply.

On the one hand, old settlers in Tonga and Vavau tell me that King George was too old and feeble[95] to write in such a virile manner, so we may imagine, if we like, that Mr. Baker dictated it, or at any rate translated it into English and forwarded it with great pleasure to Mr. Brown. On the other hand, the talented author of *Holy Tonga* —rather biassed, I fear, in favour of Mr. Baker—saw the King about this time and calls him "a man of stubborn will"; and Sir Charles Mitchell reports "his mind to be clear, manner decisive, and his whole bearing that of a man of independent character."

The King does not beat about the bush. He begins: "I inform you very plainly that I am very much grieved with the letter you wrote me on the 6th June, 1889; besides, the contents of the letter are

of lies when you say, "That any evil done in Tonga, which is detested by the world, Mr. Baker tries to escape by using my name, and says that is the King's doing, whereas it is patent to everybody that it is his doing; but if anything good is done he is anxious to appear in a favourable light, and take the credit of doing it." I tell you right out that is the language of envy and jealousy. Do you mean to say that I am not aware of what is done in Tonga? But what evil has been done in Tonga? I am aware that some things have been done by the people out of their love to myself and the Premier, on account of the preparation for murder, which has been attempted, which originated and was largely encouraged by your church. And who is surprised at what they did? I am surprised that more was not done; for who was killed? I know that many made a handle of the disturbance to gratify their personal enmity. But for you to say that Mr. Baker takes shelter by saying it is my doing: now, Mr. Brown, (173) I know everything which is done in the kingdom of Tonga, and nothing has been done by Mr. Baker without my knowing, and also my consent; and there is no reason for him to try and get out of it, for many things have been done which he was opposed to, but which we have done ourselves; and for you to say if anything praiseworthy be done he is anxious to take the credit of it as his doing. And suppose he does; is it wrong? Who prepared the constitution and laws of Tonga but him? Who succeeded in relieving Tonga from the heavy debts which well-nigh swamped us? Was it not him? Who has erected our buildings and laid out our roads? Was it not him? Who set up Tonga to be a kingdom? Was it not him? Who assisted me in giving liberty to Tongans, and setting them free? Was it not him? Who set up the courts in Tonga? Fie; your language is that of jealousy. If he boast let him do so, for it becomes him to do so, for he has accomplished something, and I even boast in him. . . . And for you to say that you don't wish to have money. It is with you. This I know, that you were angry when there was little money. (174) But if you did not wish for money why did you take forcible possession of the bells, pulpits, and other things of the chiefs, which you did not pay for, taking shelter by saying that they belonged to England? First do the right thing yourself, and then we shall believe in what you say. Besides, what about your statement, you don't wish to get money? Why then do you clutch the trustee monies (175) which were collected and kept by Mr. Moulton? Is it your money? Is it not the money of the chiefs and people? And there is another matter: I know you have a desire to get land, (176) for at the present time there are upwards of fifty church sites in different places, upon which stand as many churches, which are thrown away and useless. The bush has reached the eaves of the buildings, notwithstanding that this is contrary to law to leave them unweeded; and those premises have become water-closets of the villages, creating stench and sickness, besides making the villages

entirely false and incorrect. . . . I was pleased with what you did on your first coming and I had the hope that good would result, but it can't be said that I am pleased with you at the present time. I say that what you have done in the Colonies was very bad, and there can be no more friendship." He goes fully into the grievances and the false reports spread about him and his church, and defends his Premier in most powerful language.[172-3] He laughs to scorn the assertion that the Wesleyans don't come to Tonga to get money[174-7] and lands. He says, "They lie in their sermons and in their newspapers, and take bad people about to lie and get money from the widows and the fatherless[178] in the Colonies." (I think he is too hard[171] on his relative, Rachel Tonga, who is here meant. An old resident, on whose veracity I place confidence, tells me that, judged by native customs, she was a good woman. His wife, the daughter of a half-caste Tongan, was a friend of Rachel's, and thinks that she was very harshly treated by Mr. Baker when she was imprisoned with others at Vavau and banished, all her belongings to her very clothes and food being taken from her. It was with

unsightly. And you still clutch them, saying they are British property. And is such the characteristic of Great Britain, to become an object of dislike to the different countries? You don't want money? If so, why has Rachel been taken with her lies to Adelaide and Melbourne? You don't want land? Why then do you not return peaceably the sites of the churches, which are useless, according to the mutual agreement made? Why do you break the covenant, and fail to carry out the agreement which I made with your church—that at any time they were useless they should be peacefully returned? Are you not covenant breakers; and am I wrong when I state that you desire to get (177) ground? Why have the premises been remeasured? Why did James Latio measure again the land in Neiafu? Were your premises too small? Was there not room enough in those large premises for your handful of people, that you desire to enlarge it? The talk about the debts indeed; this talk of debt is nonsense. Could we not have paid the debt? If we had been treated properly we could long ere this have paid Mr. Moulton's debts; we are not poor, but it is more agreeable for you to take Rachel to lie and get money (178) from the widows and fatherless in the colonies, rather than grant my request. . . . But there is another thing which I feel makes me very angry, your reference to the newspapers. For who (179) has influenced the newspapers? Is it not you and Rachel? And if you wish to know the kind of lies printed in the newspapers about Tonga I will tell you about them. It was stated in one newspaper that the day upon which the bushrangers were shot that the Minister of Police, with whom the carrying out of the affair rested, was laughing and mocking the bushrangers, singing scornfully, and saying that after they were dead he should have their daughters; but when the Governor of Fiji held the enquiry the man who wrote that statement acknowledged that it was a lie, thereupon the Governor stated that the Minister of Police was entirely cleared of the charge made. This is the style of some newspapers. And it was printed in your church paper, and spoken of at missionary meetings held in Sydney, certain statements about my deceased brother, to the effect "that he commanded two women to jump into the sea in the rough heavy breakers off Kao." I requested the Governor of Fiji to enquire into the affair; but Mr. Moulton was not willing for it to be judged, and he refused. But I have not yet heard of your church paper publishing the refutation of it, though the woman who died recently swore on oath that it was a lie, and it is reported that David Tonga supplied the information. This is a sample of some newspapers. In another newspaper, which was circulated by your friends here, it was stated "that children (180) were bound in Vavau, and placed in the burning sun, and their eyelids cut." Yes, indeed, are you not a church which makes common cause with liars? And it will be as well for the church in the colonies to know what is being done by their friends here. You do not wish to be

the greatest difficulty that my informant's wife was allowed to go on board the vessel in which Rachel was deported and give her a few clothes, food, and other necessaries. But this by the way.)

The King proceeds: "I am puzzled to understand the conduct of your Church at the present time. This I know when I see Mr. Shirley, the son of Mr. Baker, with his arm hanging uselessly, and when I remember Miss Beatrice, who is still lying on her back, and not a word of sympathy has been sent them from any meeting of the Wesleyan Church or any Conference.[181-2] I say, 'Alas! this profession of religion!' . . . With reference to the people who are sent away to Fiji, it appears to me you do not understand the reasons. Besides the sedition it was their own wish. They threatened me by saying they would go and seek a land for themselves, where Mr. Moulton should be king and they would have no taxes to pay. And do I wish to have them again? No!" He ends: "It is with Mr. Watkin and the Conference what is to be done. I have nothing more to do with it. I am annoyed. . . ."

Mr. Baker is gone; Mr. Moulton is gone; Mr. Brown is gone. *Jioaji Tubou*, the grand old heathen warrior with a taste for churches, is dead. Interceded for by the Commissioner, the exiles have been allowed to return; the rebels under sentence have been removed to Fiji; a general amnesty has been granted, and all prisoners, even to the petty thieves, have been set free. And so ends this historiette. Are we not compelled, after reading it, to ejaculate with the ex-cannibal king, "Alas! this profession of religion"?

silent, but you are stirring the thing up, and making use of it as a (181) means of fishing for money until the thing is bad. I am puzzled to understand the conduct of your church at the present time; this I know, when I see Mr. Shirley, the son of Mr. Baker, with his arm hanging useless, and when I remember Miss Beatrice, who is still lying on her back, I say, what are the feelings of the people who say they are religious? But not a word has been sent them from any meeting of the Wesleyan Church and Conference, or any other meeting; not a word of sympathy with them in their trouble, expressing sorrow with their pain. Just so. Is this not a proof that they are in sympathy with . . . (*sic*) in the murder which was committed, which was known to be preparing but did not prevent? Alas! (182) this profession of religion. Had a word as small as your finger-end been said it would have been well; but this silence appears to be strange to me, but perhaps I am a fool and a Tongan. Quite true, Mr. Brown, I went to Samoa, (183) and I went to Niua, and compelled them to become Wesleyans, and you were pleased; and I fought with Tonga also, (184) and killed a great many to make them Wesleyans, and you praised me (185) and exalted me to the skies; but when I commanded them to become Free Church you are angry, and say I am a murderer; but who can say I killed anyone because he does not wish to be Free Church?

Mr. Baker to the representative of the *Melbourne Leader*:—"I would show that here the Wesleyan Church has attempted to usurp as much authority as the Church of Rome did in the old days, and has been (186) as dangerous to individual liberty."

The Free Church of Tonga remains in possession of the field and is self-supporting,[1] the only just position for any religion. The Wesleyans are free to worship in their own churches at their own expense, but at different hours from the other denominations, so as to avoid disturbances.

Mr. Watkin, a quiet-looking, short, elderly man, with iron-grey hair and a weather-beaten face, who, according as "historians" take sides, is called "a base betrayer of his employers in Sydney," or "a pious divine who has received a call from the Almighty" to become pastor of the big Free Church in the King's ground at Nukualofa, is walking slowly down the wharf in the hot sunshine to see the passengers land just as I have finished writing. I feel pleased to look at Mr. Watkin and to recollect that *Tubou*, in his last days, got the minister he wanted and had pleasant services in his handsome church. I step up to the rev. gentleman and ask permission to see through the building. This is simply and genially accorded.

Whether the statements made by Free Church and Wesleyan missionaries in Tonga about themselves and about each other be true or untrue matters little; indeed, to prove the statements to be all false must give additional weight to the assertion that, no matter how highly gifted missionaries may be, or how blameless in their private lives, neither they nor the great Church organizations which support them are fit to wield temporal and political power, or even to be the great landlords which it is their constant ambition to become.

The enthusiasm, so deeply rooted in some minds for *all* missionary enterprise, had originally good grounds. The pioneer gospeller suffered hardships and sometimes took his life in his hands to preach the glad tidings to benighted heathen, who worshipped stocks and stones and were steeped in gross superstitions and fears; he was a Sir Galahad. Single-hearted, though perhaps in his heart intolerant, he sought the Holy Grail in pure self-sacrifice.

Being single-handed he was of necessity a man of peace, of patient and boundless apparent tolerance, like Livingstone or Moffat. *He was as inexpensive an evangelist as the Apostle Paul.*

[1] And as far as the outer world is concerned honestly prosperous. "After only four years' existence as a separate organization, notwithstanding the difficulties thrown in its way" (says the *Auckland Herald* of 21st February, 1889, evidently inspired by Mr. Baker, but probably correct as to its statistics) it had ninety new churches, superior in every respect to those claimed by the Wesleyans. . . . £10,000 was raised last year without an iota of Government pressure or ecclesiastical coercion. There are 17,000 adherents, out of which number 6000 are church members. Every interesting experiment is being made as to the capability of the Tongans to carry on the work of the church with the European help reduced to a minimum. So far the success of the movement has been complete."

Nowadays the danger of being murdered—never very great to a man willing to learn their language, respect their prejudices, and treat natives fairly—is less. The heathen, if freed at all, is freed of his baser superstitions by contact with European ideas, much more than by doctrinal teaching. All barbarous races hail with delight the introduction of a new god with novel and interesting powers and attributes. They are eager to worship him with gesticulations and songs. To be raised to the importance of native missionary, to attend mass meetings where all are dressed in white uniforms, and where prayers and hymns are shouted, is to the brown man a delicious intoxication. As I have stated more fully in a former work—and I speak after a lifetime experience in Maoriland — many old New Zealand colonists believe that few Maoris who live among their own people and retain their own ancient customs and habits ever become Christians in the highest sense of the word. These experienced colonists deliberately hold that the heathen in the South Seas is better let alone, if we can only come to see it; and yet the expense of mission societies, and mission steamers, and mission stations, costly churches, and religious colleges, with their armies of paid officials, goes on increasing day after day. And so do their salaries. Ready (as I have shown) to stick at nothing in defence of its emoluments, a huge vested interest is created, fed by the subscriptions of unreflecting piety, and little good is done. That is not what is meant by "Go ye into the world and preach the gospel." Indeed, it is about as far away from the instructions in the 10th chapter of St. Matthew as it is possible to be.

No doubt even now in all missionaries there is at first—and in many of them, always—an honest feeling of ready self-sacrifice for a noble cause. Not only that spirit of adventure or longing to see strange lands, which is ingrained in every British heart, impels the bearer of glad tidings to leave home, luxuries, and friends and devote himself to teaching and converting interesting savages at the uttermost ends of the earth—there is deep religious enthusiasm as well.

But after a few years in the South Sea Islands the European, who is without the potent excitement of making money and looking forward to spending it in England—be he missionary, trader, or beach-comber—generally yields to the enervating climate. He basks in the sun, unfit for any other than the lazy, lotus-eating life he leads. Here the missionary has no care. He and his flock know no poverty; no struggle for existence. Clothes cost little; food almost drops

from the cocoanut, banana, and bread-fruit trees into their mouths. All the year round the sun warms them, and gentle breezes fan them with the fragrance of flowers. Neither toil, cold, nor hunger, nor excessive disease, pain, sorrow, crime, class tyranny, call upon and brace up the pastor's highest faculties to make a great fight against evil. In his pretty house, built with mission money—by comparison the aristocratic mansion among huts—a tropical garden kept beautiful by devoted disciples, his horse and carriage, or, may be, his clipper-boat, manned by obsequious, splendid sailors, in the society of his sweet white wife (for he manages to get the pick of the enthusiastic English girls, as of everything around him), in the balmy air among luscious fruits; his handsome church, with English-made wooden walls, windows, pulpit, and seats, and picturesque native-thatched high roof, or of dazzling white coral lime with massive buttresses strong enough to last out the race, and large enough to contain the whole population of the island—a merry, affectionate people, who ceaselessly laugh, talk, sing, and visit each other; his imported European delicacies of food and æsthetic furniture paid for by Exeter Hall contributions—in the midst of all these his soul rusts. Would he quit them for a real struggle with real heathen to battle with cold, hunger, disease, crime, parental cruelty, infant life insurance, sweating, toil, tyranny, among the fogs and fœtid dens of Europe? to dare preach to a rich West of London congregation the true self-sacrifice—that vulgar, radical, thankless, unromantic doctrine, the yielding up of unjust privileges and monopolies, and himself, perhaps, a man of aristocratic birth and culture, lead the way by earning his bread by his own labour—a modern apostle without mummeries[1] and with frugal simplicity,

[1] Of all religious mummeries perhaps the most repulsive I ever saw was the Anglican Easter service at the Church of St. Alban's the Martyr, High Holborn. Shorn of the rich artistic surroundings and stage effects of Rome or Seville, without the halo of past greatness and present picturesqueness and calm fanaticism to the death that lights up Mahommedan mosques and Buddhist temples, or the trembling, very real, fierce "devil worship" of the savage, it appeared to me a mummery without soul—a satire acted in the face of hundreds of thousands of souls steeped in hopeless poverty and vice. . . .

The church is crammed with fashionable worshippers and spectators, men on one side of the aisle, women on the other. First, in the opening procession comes a youth in red short gown over white robe, swinging a censer; next a silver cross, a banner-picture of "Our Lady" topped with a cross and attended by lighted candle-bearers. After her one of God, holding in his hand a globe, choir boys singing, men blowing silver trumpets, high priests in attitude, extended hands joined in prayer, bring up the rear, their rich gold and other coloured robes held up on each side by attendant priests and acolytes. During services orchestra fiddles, drums roll, a priest-conductor wields the bâton while the censer is swung

following in the footsteps of his great Master? I never heard of one who had a call to do so.

And the pious ladies in plain black bonnets, who have £40,000 or £50,000 snugly invested in Consols, and sit in the front seats at missionary meetings, will they dare throw a stone at the laziest missionary alive if, by a miracle, they be convinced of the truth? What pin's-prick of real self-sacrifice have they who give lavishly of inherited wealth to bolster up the missionary system and live on as before, while within twenty miles' drive by cab from their powdered footman-guarded door perish, unjustly, in cold, hunger, and despair, thousands of their fellow-citizens whom they have never once seen?

Are they likely to seek for the truth? Nay, for truth leads to discomfort. The searcher after truth knows how much pleasanter it is to live in a comfortable fool's paradise of political or religious credulity than to carry the sad burden of the cross of doubt. He cannot rest contented with

> "A faith sincere
> Drawn from the wisdom *that begins with fear*"

of inordinate punishment and with greed of inordinate reward. Happiness is not his aim, but rather to press on through the darkness to the dim distant light of truth, which can alone regenerate the earth.

The cultured priest, aye, and the well-informed subscriber to missions, in their inmost souls, *must* know if *they think for themselves at all* that they can do little, except injury, to native races. Their higher intelligence whispers to them that singing hymns is not religion but only opera, that the idea of shame, translated into scanty supply of clothes in excess of native habit and costumes, *as inexorably ruled by natural surroundings and climate*, is not modesty, but really lasciviousness to aboriginal imagination.

To European vices, ten times more murderous than cannibalism and tribal feuds combined, the brown man falls an easy prey. Keep out these by a miraculous missionary fence, and still the loftiest European ideals he cannot even comprehend.

unceasingly and fills the church with its smoke. Is our God Elohim or Jehovah? Is He the one who showed to Moses His back parts that He should now be pleased to sniff scented smoke and listen critically to the two-four time of the priest-conductor?

Oh, Anglican State Church censer-swinger, banner-bearer, silver-trumpet blower, priest's gold-lappet lifter, wine-goblet raiser, fiddler, drummer, bâton-beater, almost ye persuade me to doubt whether ye believe at all in the existence of the true God and of Jesus the great teacher of humility and simplicity of life, the great denouncer of vain forms and ceremonies and of a rich priesthood.

To him the cultured ethics of a Farrar, a Ruskin, a Spencer, a Huxley, are as the buzzing of flies. Attempt to change the habits and customs, *even the individual injustices which are as hereditary as his life*, and he ceases to multiply. At contact with the white man he dies, as dies the wild bird, when handled with even the most loving care. Everywhere interference with the slow evolutions of nature, even when it is actuated by the best of motives, seems always to bring demoralization and death to barbarous races.

On the other hand, what marvels of beneficence would arise were the lavish expenditure, the self-sacrifice, the fearlessness to the death, now wasted on foreign and savage races, employed at home in relinquishing, and in forcing men and women by constitutional means to relinquish, the privileges, royalties, monopolies, and vested interests that breed such frightful results in modern society—to be the Sir Galahad and the Lady Godiva who would offer up to the good cause not ostentatious or unostentatious alms, not their life or their modesty in one great heroic action, but a far more difficult sacrifice, the sustained sacrifice of class pride, of exclusiveness, of the spirit of thanking God that they are not as other inferior persons are, the sacrifice of the swelling joy vanity feels of being "up" in the world, while others have no right to be anything but "down," and very humble and thankful for whatever the "ups" condescend to do for them; in short, the sacrifice of the numberless unfair advantages which keep the few in idle luxury, and the many hopelessly toiling to maintain the few.

In truth, it is more delightful to sit on the palace balcony as did the Roman noble, in soft raiment after a good dinner, and hear the gnawing, struggling, scrambling paupers, to whom servitors threw the remains of the feast, cry, "Oh, noble Roman! Oh, great Fabricius!" much more self-pleasing to have a foremost seat at a missionary meeting, give a cheque for a thousand pounds, and imagine the blessings of poor (?) Buddhists or South Sea Islanders poured out to heaven for the giver, than to help restore by law to the common uninteresting English labourer his land rights, and give him greater powers of combination to strive for a larger share of the product of his own toil; to cease to make big imports and exports our god, to shut out unfair foreign competition, to strip ourselves of unjust monopolies and royalties—of land entail, for instance—to give him back, in short, what has been unjustly wrested from him by the powerful few.

"Oh! that would be very shocking, quite different from subscribing to a charity or a foreign mission," I hear some readers say. "We

might have to give up our carriage and be rather uncomfortable, actually to work at something for our living! And that kind of person would not thank us one bit, probably be even rude and disobliging. Our very servants would get independent-spirited, not respectful enough, and not do half as much work as they ought to do. and want more wages."

Ah! Sir Galahad. Why should the oppressed man thank you for the restitution of his rights? Why should you earn nothing, be idle and useless, and have obsequious fellow-mortals to cringe and work for you, Lady Godiva?

The plain truth is, that while such misery exists at home it is a crime to uselessly lavish money on foreign missions. Some few years ago I was struck by this view of the matter while I listened—breathlessly, I confess—to that wonderful orator, Canon Farrar. My whole soul filled with the uselessness, nay, the harmfulness of the individual and concerted eleemosynary system, the wasted life-devotions—oh! the pity of it all. I had stepped straight out of the horrors of a residence in the East of London into Westminster Abbey to hear him preach. He was appealing for more money to be spent on foreign missions. In glowing words, strengthened by hard figures, he described the wealth of England, its increase during the reign of Queen Victoria, the millions of anti-Christians, the hoardings of the British nation, £240,000,000 a year,[1] and yet so little, hardly a one-hundred-and-ninetieth fraction, given to preach the gospel to all the world, as reasons why more missionaries should be sent to Buddhists, Mahommedans, and South Sea Islanders.

The effect on me was very different from what he intended. I shuddered to think that in God's grand, costly, chief house in England He should be reminded of our wealth, while the cry of the children in many cities of the kingdom was continually rising to Him from myriads of filthy dens. I thought what a crushing indictment all this forms for ill-treatment of our own! A great portion of these vast hoardings is the blood-money, the sweat, the life of our own poor. Far better, if there be a heaven where we are to meet Him who brought the gospel of glad tidings and communism *to the poor of His own nation first*, that we never had been born, than be forced to confess at the Day of Judgment: "I coined the unnatural toil and hunger of my fellow-countrymen and women into gold (or, I lived on the gold so coined by others), but I gave a cheque for £10,000 to the Tongan Mission!"

Because the state of the paupers in England is bad, is the gospel not to be preached to the whole world? Because one thing should be

[1] Some statisticians put this at nearer £100,000,000.

done, must all others be left undone? This is an old-fashioned cry; I will answer it by an old-fashioned fable.

"Once upon a time a philosopher sat in a glass house where he could see all around to a great distance, but his eyes rested on a large bunch of grapes overhead that hung down within reach.

"He sat in an easy chair, smoking some very good tobacco (to kill the insects), and rocking with his slippered foot a neighbour's healthy baby in a cradle.

"To him another man with vehement gesture exclaimed,—'Help! help! Your house is on fire! Your children are perishing in the flames!'

"'Do *you* save them, then,' was the philosopher's calm reply. 'If I leave this child, who will rock him?'"

First of all efforts let the national combined Christian effort and the national wealth, and, if you will, if it cannot be otherwise rendered acceptable to the national conscience, let all the nation's theological hierarchies be directed to rescuing our own children from ignorance, vice, and want.

But, then, are we not told to carry the gospel to the heathen? And how? As Jesus would have done it. Not by a power, wealth, and land-grasping, fulminating, terrorising theocracy, by huge churches and an *imperium in imperio*, but by humble, patient, individual effort by simple men who go and live among the savages, merely carrying in their souls the humane precepts of the lowly great Teacher (how few and beautiful these are when separated from man's cruel superstructures and selfish interpretations!)

Such missionaries must go, not as conquering invaders, nor as satraps governing for foreign masters and wielding the unlawful fiery sword of anathema, not as land and power speculators, but without scrip or purse, as fellow-men living among the natives humbly and peaceably. *They must gently incite to work and a fuller life by themselves working in native manner for food, clothing, and suitable refinements of life.* They must adopt, as far as possible, other customs of the natives so as to appeal from a comprehensible standpoint, and gradually awaken and direct into new channels the virtues which are present, though half-dormant, among the most benighted; convincing more by example, as daily occasion arise, than by long sermons of thundering and incomprehensible church doctrine! showing good example, and teaching the humane precepts of love and forgiveness and *pureness of spirit* given to His disciples by Jesus. That is preaching the gospel of glad tidings to the heathen! What have suddenly forbidding all their ancient customs, sweeping away all their ancient

pleasures, interfering with their ancient laws and codes of honour, and their very food, drink, and clothing to do with those precepts? The huge theological superstructures on those precepts may suit nineteenth century European civilization, but are spiritual, mental, and bodily death to the brown man in the South Pacific Islands.

Alas! the wealth of millions of mistaken Christians in England is spent, not in spreading precepts of love and pureness of spirit, but in spreading the harmful tyranny of church dominion abroad, while the state of our own poor, *relatively to the increasing riches and knowledge of our well-to-do classes*, grows worse and worse!

Oh! is it nothing to you all ye that pass by, rich idlers, busy merchants, prosperous traders, successful skilled workmen and women, students, members of churches, fussy members of "Institutions," of local bodies and of Parliaments? Is it nothing to you, ye favoured few, lofty ones of the earth, princes of culture, great poets, novelists, painters, sculptors, to whom the contrasts of poverty and riches are priceless pictures of art! Ye jingoists of empire who ceaselessly cry, "How great is Britain of the nineteenth century!"—is it nothing to you? Are your souls so anodyned by the spurious, make-believe, self-sacrifice of alms and public charities; so blinded by wasting money like water in sending misguided enthusiastic theologians to devote their lives uselessly among Chinese, and Persians, and Tongans, who may be as God made them, that you cannot see the accumulating *debt of restitution* you owe to the people of your own race and kindred, who assuredly are as God did *not* make them?

Held by you in deliberate, cold-blooded slavery and deprivation of rights, worked and starved to keep you in luxury, all the comfort, the joy, the self-dependence, the physical and mental health, which distinguishes the poorest South Sea Islander that enjoys immunity from injudicious Christian interference, is so crushed out of the English pauper that the likeness of God in him has disappeared.

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